The Saturday Evening
POST
March 29, 1958 – 15¢

MAR 2 5 '58

RELIGION ON THE CAMPUS

THE MAIL-ORDER SWINDLERS ARE AFTER YOUR DOLLARS

Jack Sanford of the Phillies

LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
2-5-58
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The Fisherman Who Got Hooked *by Wm Steig*

There was this ardent fisherman who went car-shopping. He saw a great big dreamboat and went for it—hook, line and sinker.

But he found that he had bought a whale for gasoline. And for parking. And for garaging. Said the fisherman: "I've been hooked."

So he looked at an economical little foreign car. But it wouldn't hold a tent, ten fishing rods, and five boon companions.

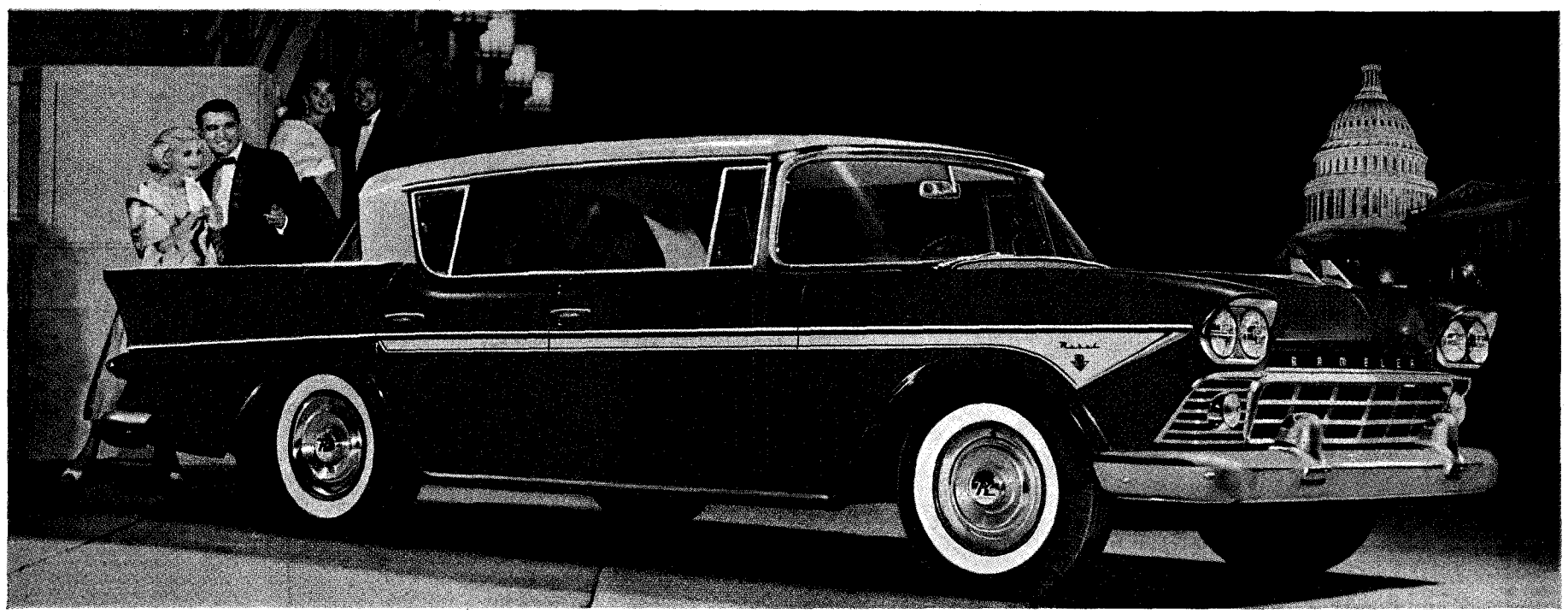
Then he looked at the new '58 Rambler, saw jet stream styling, Pushbutton driving, and room for six tall fishermen with their waders on.

He saw Airliner Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds, and the lowest-cost air conditioning. He heard about Rambler's proven fuel economy.

"I'll take the new '58 Rambler Economy 6," said he. "But reserve one of those new Rambler Rebel V-8's for my wife. She's tired of being a fishing widow."

1 Get American big car room and comfort **2 Get European small car economy, handling ease**

Get the Best of Both—Go Rambler!

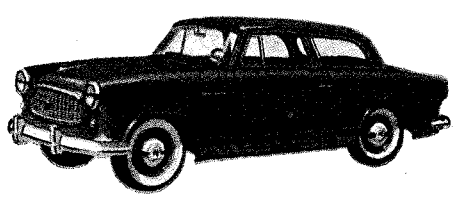


See the all-new Rambler with the all-new differences! All-new jet stream styling. All-new Pushbutton transmission with amazing Telovac control! All-new self-cooling brakes. All-new Powr-Lok anti-slip V-8 differential. All-new 100% full-dip rust-proofing to keep your Rambler sparkling new much longer. All-new interiors. Airliner Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds. Lowest-cost, more efficient All-Season Air Conditioning. See the Rambler that's first in sales gains, first in trade-in value. Be smarter. Buy Rambler and save!

American Motors Means More for Americans

AT ALL RAMBLER DEALERS

100-INCH WHEELBASE RAMBLER AMERICAN



$1789

Suggested factory delivered price of Rambler American Deluxe at Kenosha, Wisc., including fed. taxes. Flash-O-Matic transmission, white wall tires and other optional equipment, if desired, state and local taxes, if any, extra. *Los Angeles-Miami, with overdrive

35.39 MILES PER GALLON NASCAR RUN*

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NOW! PARLIAMENT with Recessed Filter IS BEST!

No other popular cigarette delivers less nicotine and tar!
Only Parliament's recessed filter gives you so little nicotine and tar from the smoke and absolutely none from the filter!
You get pure tobacco flavor!

All filter findings confirmed by the United States Testing Co....one of the world's leading independent testing laboratories.

1. OVER 30,000 TRAPS

No other popular cigarette delivers less nicotine and tar than Parliament.

2. NO TIP-TO-LIP CONTACT

Only Parliament's filter is recessed to prevent trapped nicotine and tar from touching your lips.

3. FLAVOR-PURE PROTECTION

Parliament's exclusive recessed filter protects the pure tobacco flavor. No bitter taste of concentrated tar and nicotine—just the friendly satisfaction cigarettes were invented for.

NEW HI-FI FILTER PARLIAMENT

NOW_POPULAR PRICE!

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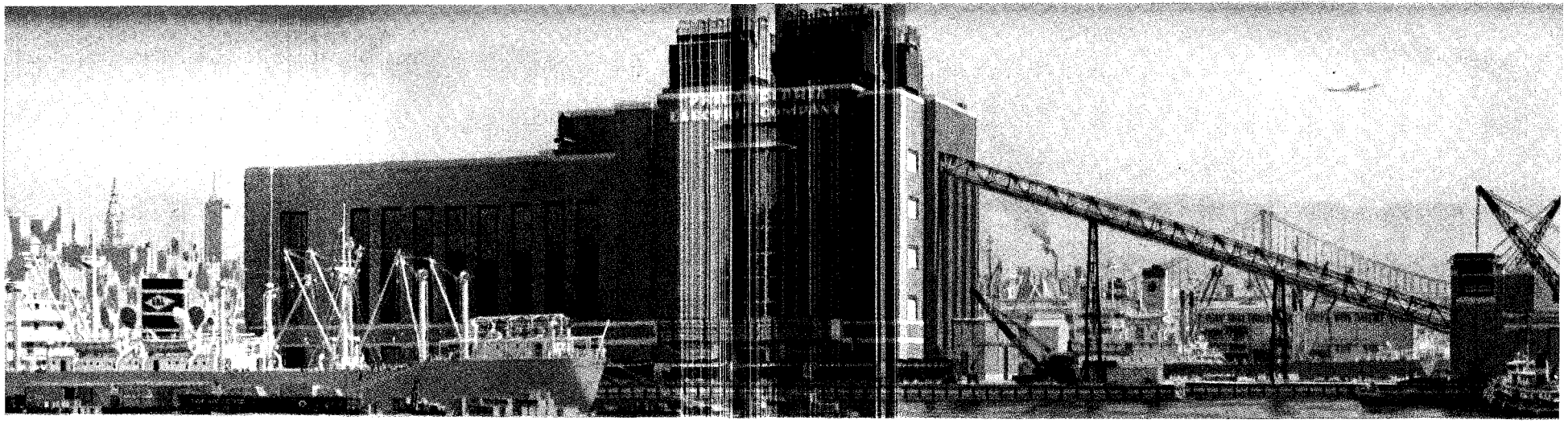
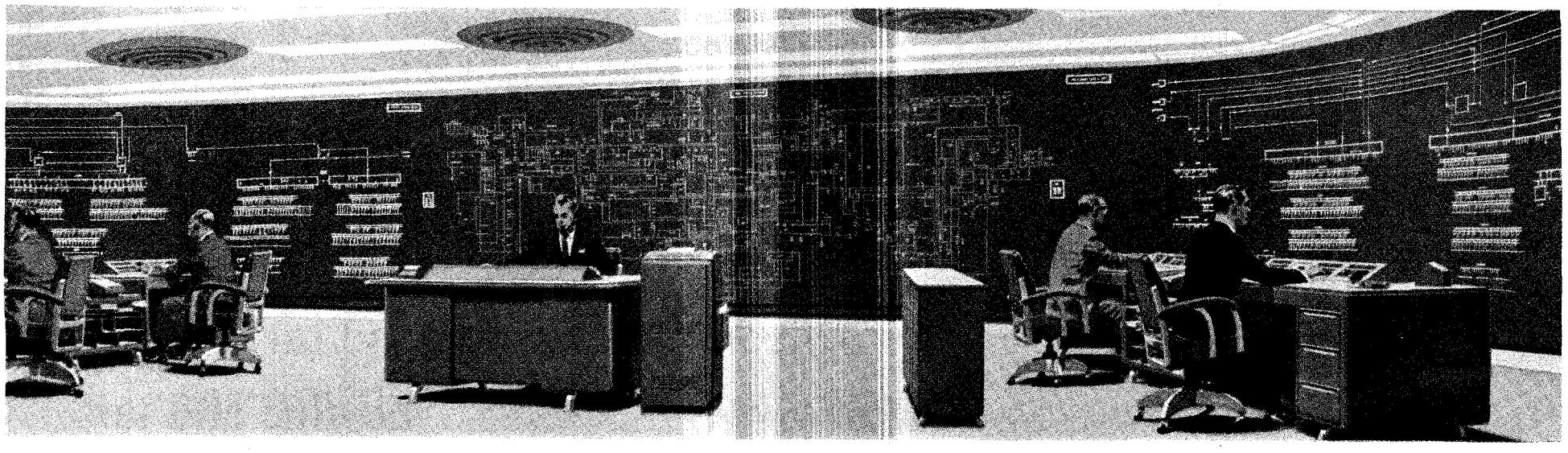
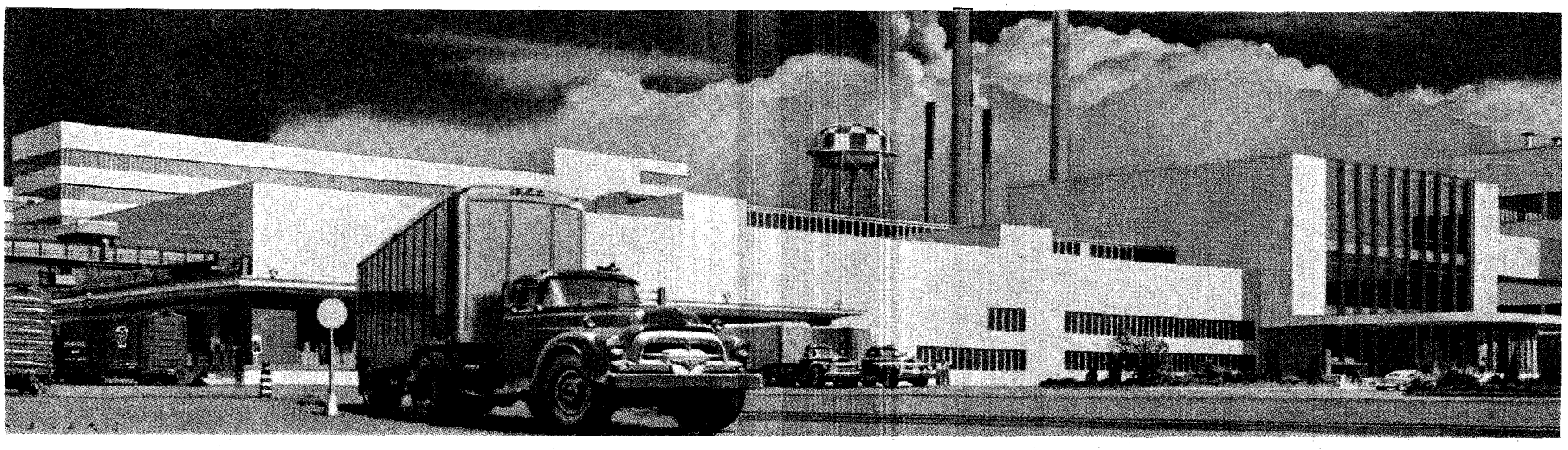


Power for industry is plentiful

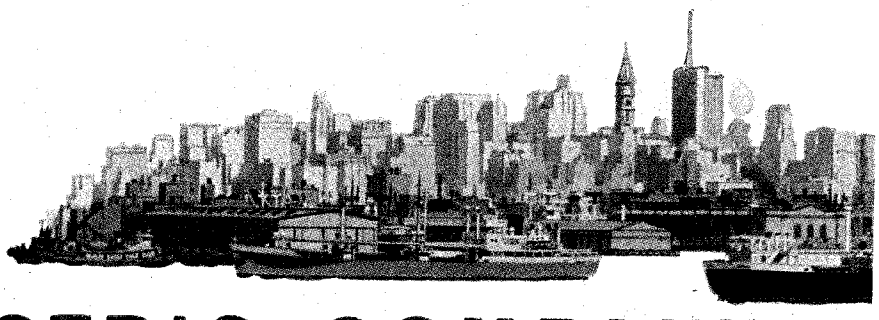


in Greater Philadelphia



where progress never stops

One of the great assets in the Greater Philadelphia area is the vast electric power pool available to industry. Philadelphia Electric is making certain that power continues to be plentiful and low-priced. Within the past decade 600 million dollars have been spent on new plant expansion. Three hundred million more will be spent by 1960. Greater Philadelphia's advantageous power situation, combined with other big drawing cards—such as a thriving seaport, a large and efficient transportation network, attractive living and working conditions—make this area an ideal place for any progressing industry to locate its plant.



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THE COVER

The problem is dough for do-nuts. The total available capital seems to be $.05, and if the Special! To-day only! price is, say, 50c doz., their investment will yield—h'm, let's get a pencil and paper and do some number work—will yield 1⅓ do-nuts. Which is better than 0 do-nuts. The lads can divvy one three ways and slip the fraction to the dog—so Fido can wipe that worried look off his face. But Mrs. Baker will probably pop two whole items into that bag, partly because she doesn't sell pastry in fifths, mostly because she's a warm-hearted, boy-loving soul. Sorry, but Artist Ben Prins' theme brings to mind a gloomy thought about the orneriness of life: young, hungry boys don't have enough do-nut money; old, fat boys have, but shouldn't eat 'em.

when you have
Solex Green Tint
Safety Glass
in your new
RAMBLER*

EYESTRAIN and sun-glare are natural enemies of driving. You can greatly reduce these hazards . . . get more fun from motoring . . . by having your new Rambler equipped with SOLEX *Green Tint* Safety Glass.

SOLEX in your car cuts down glare, makes driving easier on your eyes, absorbs solar heat so your car stays cooler.

Ask your dealer to make sure that your new Rambler is equipped with SOLEX Safety Glass. And when you need replacements, have SOLEX Safety Glass installed.

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a product of
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

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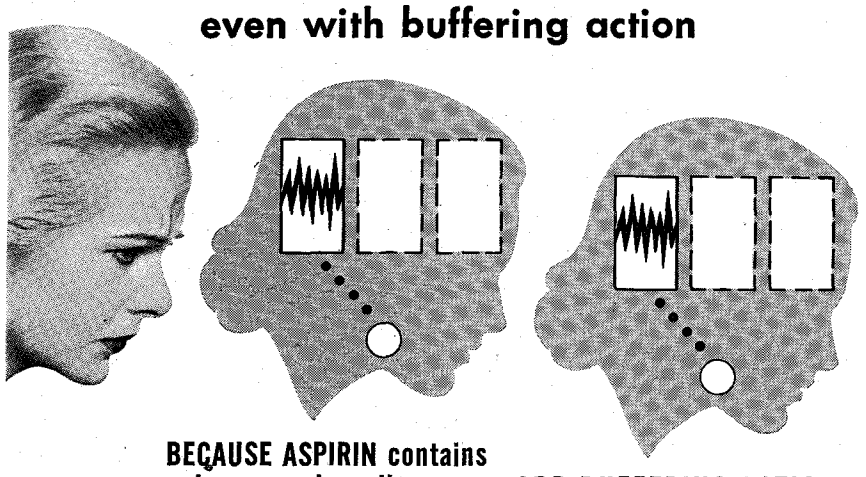
gives more complete relief from

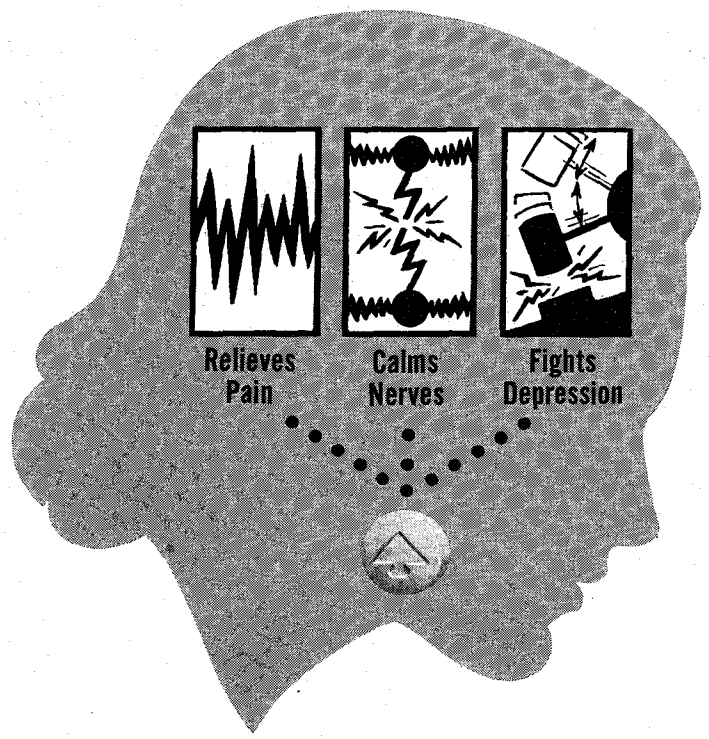
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

better than aspirin . . .
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever.....

ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one.



BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression. Leaves you more relaxed

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — *leaves you more relaxed.* (3) Fights depression. That's why Anacin gives you more effective and better total results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

Letters

Trouble in Paradise

Dear Sirs:

I have just read Harold H. Martin's article, FLORIDA THINKS SHE'S GOT IT MADE, Feb. 15. It is too bad that he did not mention the principal disadvantage of Florida—the terrible summer climate. From about May 15 to October 15, one has to put up with the blazing sun, which turns the days into steaming hell, and then at night one must endure clammy dampness which makes everything soggy with moisture. This is not just once in a while, but monotonously the same, day after day.

ROGER A. BOZARTH
Venice, Florida

Dear Sirs:

What with the unprecedented cold weather, the 100% tax increase on intangibles and the further threat of more tax increases . . . many retirees are asking: "Why did we ever come to Florida, anyway?"

C. H. SMITH
Ormond Beach, Florida

Dear Sirs:

Several million dollars have been lost this year in frozen vegetables, more millions in starving, pneumonia-ridden cattle. And the migrant workers are begging for food and clothes from all and sundry. . . .

. . . If the winter visitor enjoys living in an unheated motel at 30 to 40 degrees in this "subtropical" land, let him by all means come down here. It's wonderful.

ROBERT IRWIN
Delray Beach, Florida

Dear Sirs:

The article states, on page 99: "The tax on intangibles is only one mill, which leaves relatively unmolested the stocks, bonds and trust funds on which many retired folk live."

Actually, this tax was increased 100% early in 1957 and made retroactive to January 1, 1957. It is now, and has been since Jan. 1957, two mills. . . .

It costs money to live anywhere, and Florida isn't the low-cost Paradise that her political leaders would like you to believe.

MAXWELL KENNEDY
Fort Myers, Florida

● *Reader Kennedy and ten others who wrote are right about Florida's tax on intangibles.* —ED.

Unhappy Crooner

Dear Sirs:

My heart bleeds for Vic Damone (WHAT A MESS I'VE MADE OF THINGS! as told to Dean Jennings, Feb. 22). It may interest him to know that after reading the article I asked a total of 25 friends what they thought of it. The answer was: "Who is Vic Damone?" . . .

L. HAGERTY
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I don't care what Vic has done, as long as he keeps making good records (he's one of the few left who can make that claim); I think he is probably the best young singer around.

FRANCES ROSS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs:

Cheers to the Post and Vic Damone. . . .

In my opinion, any celebrity who would divulge his "personality flaws" in such a straightforward manner is certainly a person of great humility.

MRS. WILLIAM F. OVERLY
Neenah, Wisconsin

Dear Sirs:

What a pile of hogwash.

W. ST. PIERRE
Simcoe, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Please. Mr. Damone whines. Miss Allyson whines. If you can't find some movie stars happy with their lives, let's just skip the whole business.

MRS. G. E. MCELWAIN
Newville, Pennsylvania

Where the West is Still Wild

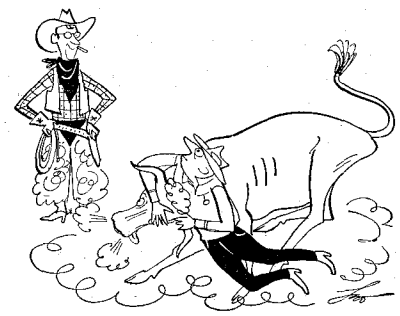
Dear Sirs:

Paul Schubert's ROUNDUP IN BLOODY BASIN, Feb. 15, is the best cattle history in years. Hundreds of thousands of cattlemen in many "wild corners of the Old West" appreciate his understanding portrayal of their chosen way of life and the big job they are doing providing the nation's beef. Zane Grey could do no better.

LYLE LIGGETT
American National Cattlemen's Assn.
Denver, Colorado

Dear Sirs:

You could'a' waited until the Dude Season was over before printing that story



about Bloody Basin. Now all them dudes will be flocking up there, gettin' scorpion stung and rattlesnake bit. . . .

E. H. BARRETT
Phoenix, Arizona

Kids in Japan

Dear Sirs:

It is interesting to note (after reading MY JAPANESE-EDUCATED CHILDREN, by Margaret Hopper Taylor, Feb. 8) that foreign schools have fewer problems in discipline, culture, athletics, health and courtesy. Can't we take a page from their book?

MRS. F. J. STENGEL
Millburn, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Such well-written articles do more to help us

(Continued on Page 6)

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PROTEIN!

Kellogg's discovers a great new high-protein food in a delicious new ready-to-eat cereal form

Growing-ups use up to twice as much protein (for their size) as their parents. Special K gives them a good start on their daily needs.

On a diet? Special K contains only 105 calories per serving (1 oz.). Recommended for high-protein, low-fat, low-calorie diets.

This thoughtful young mother has found the answer to a family problem—getting her brood (including dad) to eat a good breakfast. One with plenty of protein.

She found it in the package with the big red K on the front and the nutrition facts on the back.

Special K is a concentrated protein food. More protein in a single 1-ounce serving than any other leading cereal, hot or cold.

Another nice thing mothers are happy to discover—that a food this wholesome can taste so good. It comes in a new form that's more than a flake and more than a puff. Easy to eat and digest.

A wonderful idea to wake on—and one millions of mothers have taken to. Why not put it before *your* family. Kellogg's Special K.

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

©1958 by Kellogg Company

New Special K Handi-Pak. Eight personal-portion "individuals" in each Pak. Look for the Special K Handi-Pak at your grocer's.

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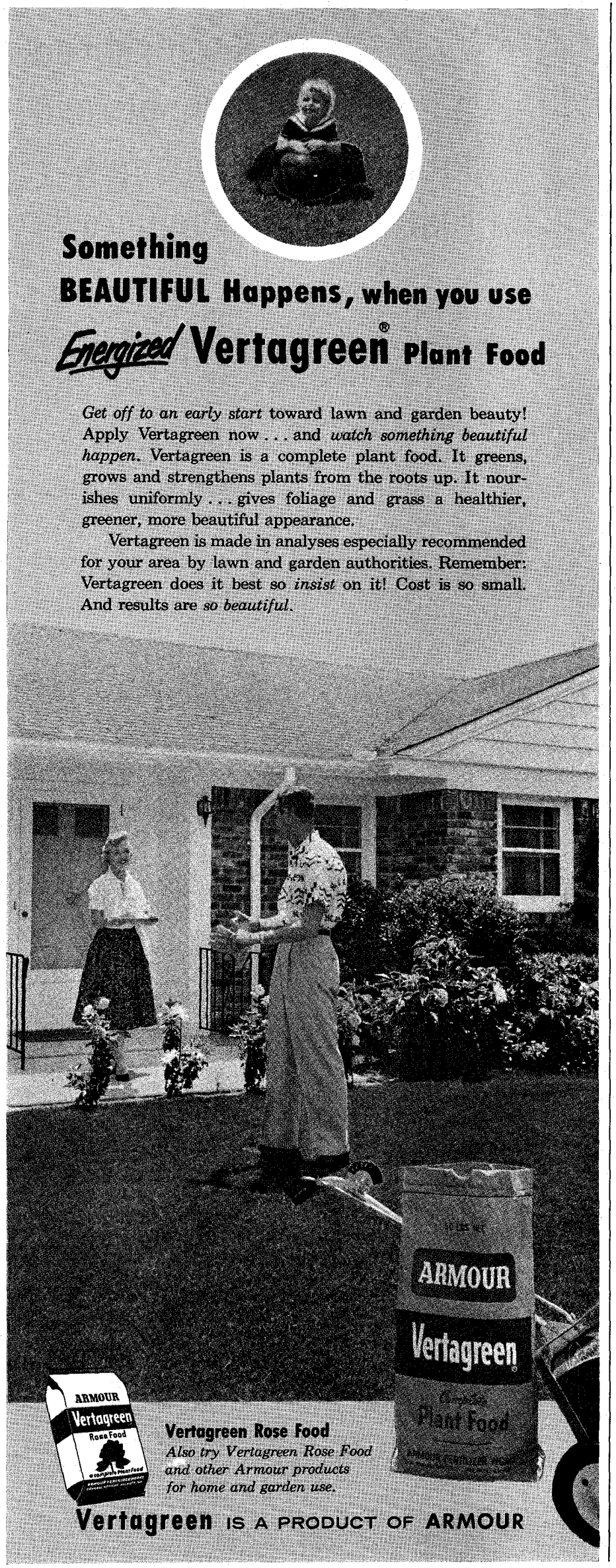
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BEAUTIFUL Happens, when you use
Energized® Vertagreen Plant Food
Get off to an early start toward lawn and garden beauty! Apply Vertagreen now . . . and watch something beautiful happen. Vertagreen is a complete plant food. It greens, grows and strengthens plants from the roots up. It nourishes uniformly . . . gives foliage and grass a healthier, greener, more beautiful appearance.
Vertagreen is made in analyses especially recommended for your area by lawn and garden authorities. Remember: Vertagreen does it best so insist on it! Cost is so small. And results are so beautiful.
ARMOUR
Vertagreen
Rose Food
Vertagreen Rose Food
Also try Vertagreen Rose Food and other Armour products for home and garden use.
Vertagreen IS A PRODUCT OF ARMOUR

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

understand and love our neighbors than all our billions and politics combined.

E. H. DADMUN
Richmond, Virginia

Dear Sirs:

Margaret Hopper Taylor . . . asks, "Where is the Occidental who can outdo a Japanese in courtesy?" The answer is, "Practically anywhere."

A few examples . . . are the drivers who crowd other cars off the road, because it is a loss of face to give way; the motorcyclist who runs down a pedestrian, refuses to dismount to render or seek aid, because of the responsibility involved; the grinning throngs at any street accident, grinning because it isn't polite to show sadness or concern. . . .

Mrs. Taylor is quite correct in attributing a ceremonial courtesy to the Japanese. But after living in Japan for more than two years, I find far preferable the Occidental courtesy which is really human decency in daily living.

MRS. WILLA LOONEY
Biloxi, Mississippi

Dear Sirs:

If the Japanese are striving to be modern and are adopting many American ways, why do they not have an English course in their schools?

LEONORA C. STRYKER
North Hollywood, California

● *Japanese children begin studying English in the fourth grade.—ED.*

Art and Snobbery

Dear Sirs:

Re. THE HIGH PRICE OF ART, by Ernest Hauser, Feb. 22, snobbery must have reached the heights, when, to be in fashion, people with too much money will pay fantastic sums for such a bunch of crude junk as is reproduced in your article, with the exception of the Alba Madonna and Pietà—and the price of even these is beyond reason. Barnum was right, there is one born every minute. And how those "art" dealers must chuckle.

A. A. SMITH
Shellbrook, Saskatchewan

Dear Sirs:

It makes me sick to read of Mr. Henry Ford II paying $200,000 for an inferior Renoir. A dozen American artists could paint a better one in two hours.

If Mr. Ford had commissioned 100 top American artists to paint one picture apiece at $2000, what a show he would get for his money. Perhaps some of us struggling artists could even buy a secondhand Ford car.

JAMES K. BONNAR
Newtonville, Massachusetts

Dear Sirs:

As a former art critic from Europe, I owe you a great deal for your beautiful pictures in THE HIGH PRICE OF ART.

Snobistic buyers—one of whom wanted to buy the whole collection of masterpieces at wholesale!—were depicted to perfection.

JOVAN D. SAVICH
Chicago, Illinois

Nobody is Neutral About the Yankees

Dear Sirs:

Thanks so much for your wonderful story THE YANKEES KNOW ME NOW! by Lew Burdette, as told to Joe Reichler, February 15th.

It's about time that phony Yankee myth was exposed. Champions, bah! They just never met the real champs till '57.

I predict the Braves will do it again this year (with Burdette's help), but this time to the Chicago White Sox. Cheers for those wonderful Braves!

KAY HOLLERAN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs:

Long live that intangible something called "sportmanship"! It is that magnificent aura surrounding a champion

which makes him avoid the pitfall of conceit. It is the goal or mark which all athletes strive to achieve. However, Lew Burdette has missed the mark. . . . Reading his article . . . brought me to the conclusion that he, himself, personifies those qualities which he attributed to the Yankees ("pompous, arrogant and cocky"). It seems to me that Mr. Burdette should guard his valuable pitching arm more carefully—he may injure it while patting himself on the back.

JACQUELINE A. LOFARO
Corona, New York

Dear Sirs:

Some people may say Lew is tooting his own horn. I say let him toot, he has earned it.

H. A. WOOLLEY
Riverside, California

Dear Sirs:

Lew Burdette . . . sure has a chip on his shoulder and I hope the National League batters knock it down his throat this season.

JOAN KEITH
Okolona, Mississippi

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Frank Ross, Gene Lester. • 20–Two by George Burns; Frank Ross. • 21–Frank Ross, George Burns. • 22, 23–Edwin Georgi. • 24–Colin Simpson, Norman Williams. 25–Three by Colin Simpson; Norman Williams. • 26–Fred Otnes. • 27–Hy Peskin. 28–Sid Avery, Nolan Patterson. • 29–Sid Avery. • 30–Ollie Atkins, International. 31–Morgan Kane. • 32, 33–Jack Fields. • 34, 35–Stan Galli. • 36–Frank Ross. • 37–Frank Ross, Royal Barry Wills, two by Frank Ross. • 38, 39–Coby Whitmore. • 43–Stan Galli. • 100–Ollie Atkins, anonymous, Saurez Photos, International.

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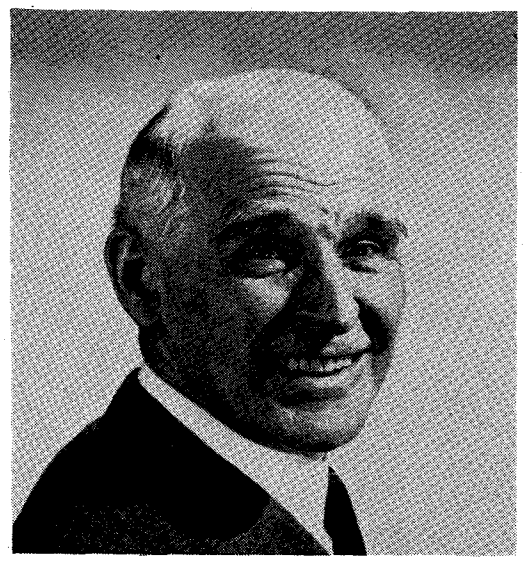
Over and over again—It's the same old story...

Finally a formula that really works



"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"

I ALWAYS felt simply "run down." People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport." I didn't know why until my doctor put me wise. He told me that I acted like a man much older than myself, and explained *why* I felt "tired," *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away, *why* my friends and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man.

He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency in my diet could bring on these symptoms—rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep-building vitamins and minerals. Thousands of others had found new energy, new youth, new happiness by adding these essential factors to their diet.

Well, I put off doing anything about my condition—until one day I read the Vitasafe ad in a magazine offering a 30-day trial supply of high-potency Vitasafe C.F. Capsules! I figured *I had nothing to lose,* so I mailed the coupon. When my trial supply arrived, I began taking one Capsule a day. In a short time, I began to feel like a new man! My pep and vigor came back, I continued with the Vitasafe Plan—and I felt stronger—younger—more energetic!

Today, no one thinks of me as a "worn-out old man." I've got pep and energy to burn, and I have fun like a fellow half my age! *And you may, too!* Why don't you take advantage of this sensational trial offer to see for yourself whether you, too, can feel peppy and full of life! Accept this *no risk offer* as I did by mailing the coupon *today!*

"Thirty days ago I turned back the hands of time!"

IF anybody told me that a little capsule could make me feel 10 years younger in just 30 days . . . full of pep, energy and happy well-being, I would have thought he was joking. I felt like so many people around me, just all tired out by the day-to-day pressure of modern life. I could hardly keep up with my work. Everything seemed an effort. My friends and family said I acted like an old lady.

Then one day I came across a Vitasafe ad. It explained that many people nowadays may be well-fed and yet be under-nourished because of the lack or destruction of certain vital elements in their food due to storage, processing, freezing, cooking, etc.

It told how thousands of folks who have lost their full vitality because of this very common lack of balance in their diet, now enjoy full, rich, happy lives again—thanks to high-potency Vitasafe C. F. capsules.

Well, since they offered a 30-day trial supply of this high-potency nutritional supplement, I thought I might as well see whether it could help me. I sent in the coupon. *Believe me, that was the smartest thing I ever did.*

Now, I have the pep and healthy glow I last had years ago. And I enjoy my work, my family and friends more than I can ever remember.

If you just don't feel 100% up-to-par, you may also be suffering from this common nutritional deficiency. YOU would be smart to see how much younger and peppier you may feel by taking safe, pure Vitasafe capsules. So why not send for a trial 30-day supply, *right now!*

25¢ *just to help cover shipping expenses of this*

FREE 30 days supply High-Potency Capsules

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C, and D —*five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1, and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, a remarkably potent nutrient that helps nourish your body organs. Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, a natural substance derived from wheat gluten and thought by many doctors to help nourish the brain cells for more power of concentration and increased mental alertness. And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid – the anti-cold factor that has been so widely acclaimed. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else *at any price!*

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

You can use these Capsules confidently because U. S. Government regulations demand that you get exactly what the label states—pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY – FREE!

So many persons have already tried VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES with such outstanding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours.*

AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of this amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. *You are under no obligation to buy anything!* If after taking your free Capsules for three weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy postcard that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low money-saving price of only $2.78 per month *(a saving of 45%).* Mail coupon now!

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS	
Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.
Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Calcium	75 mg.
Phosphorus	58 mg.
Iron	30 mg.
Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Copper	0.45 mg.
Manganese	0.5 mg.
Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Iodine	0.075 mg.
Potassium	2 mg.
Zinc	0.5 mg.
Magnesium	3 mg.

Compare this formula with any other!

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario

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43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in this magazine.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ **Man's Formula** ☐ **Woman's Formula**

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

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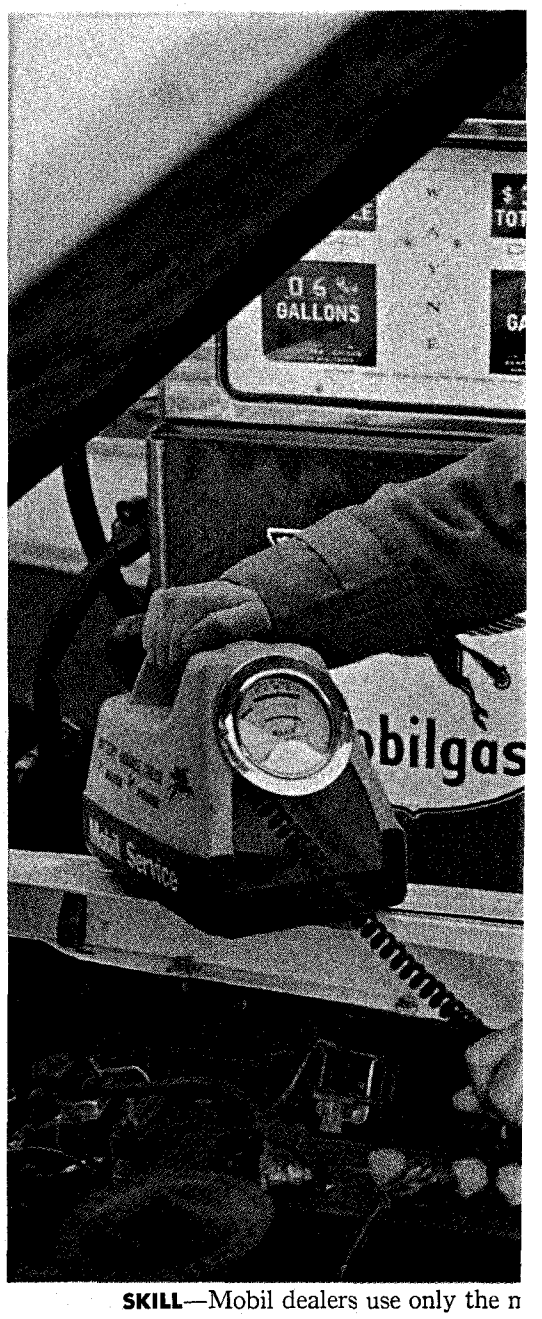
Now going up everywhere—new Mobil Sign of Friendly Service

His skilled hands mean safer

Expert training is important when it comes to servi ing today's new cars with all their latest development Extra-high compression engines, new automatic drive high-pressure cooling systems, new methods of su pension—even twin headlights—all demand speci knowledge, special products to keep them operatir efficiently. That's why—whatever make or model car you drive—*you're miles ahead with Mobil!*

TRAINING—Mobil dealers are schooled in the latest phases of car servicing



SKILL—Mobil dealers use only the n

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more economical driving for you!

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His products are tops—Mobil research makes certain that the products your Mobil dealer offers are continually improved—unsurpassed in quality. Typical are *Mobilgas Special* with new high energy refined right into it for *top miles per gallon . . . Mobiloil Special* to keep your car *young far longer*. So see your experienced Mobil dealer—his training, skill and quality products mean safer, more economical driving for you!

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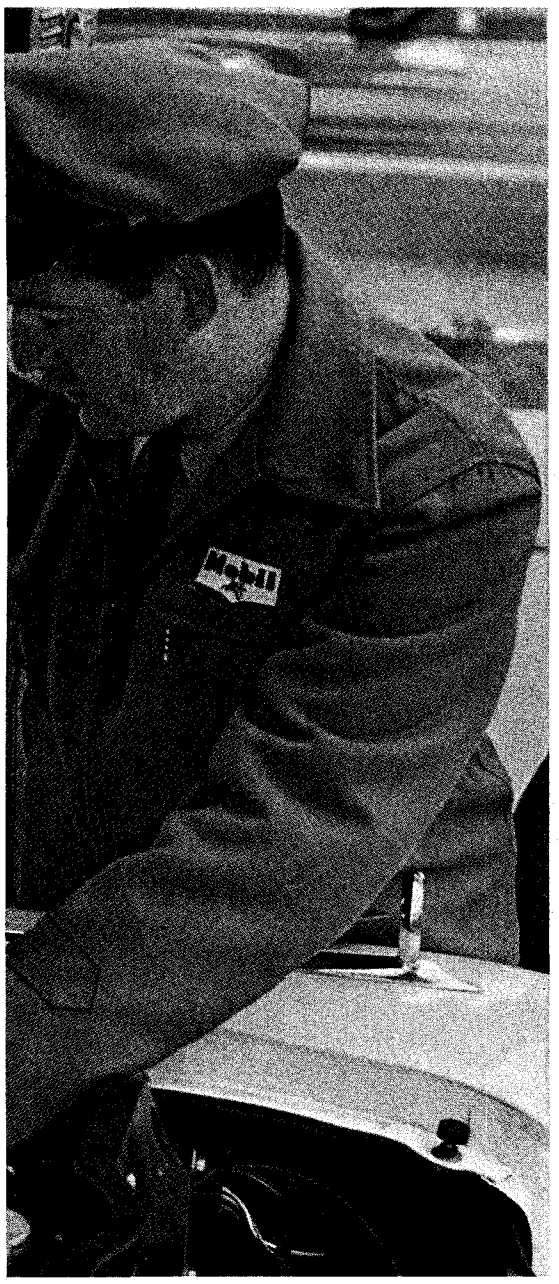

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Editorials

Don't Put Hobbles on Schools That Really Educate!

Some of the things wrong with United States education would cure themselves if aggressive "progressives" would stay on their own side of the balk line. For example, we have a letter from a science professor in a small American college. The professor reports: "Each year I meet the following situation. A student approaches me on registration day saying, 'What course in biology would be most valuable to me? I plan to teach high-school biology.' I suggest that he ought to take all the biology he can, plus other sciences. . . . The student agrees that he would like to major in some phase of science, but the head of the education department insists that he must major in education or psychology."

As a consequence, reports this science professor, "many young people set out to teach science whose only contact with science has been a watered-down course offered especially for prospective teachers."

All this is, of course, an old story, and it has many variations. For example, there is the experience of the Holland Christian High School, of Holland, Michigan, a small denominational school which, like many other American high schools, has sent its graduates to colleges where they have done well. Last year the school learned that it was to be "disaccredited" by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which sets the standards for schools whose graduates are accepted without examination by universities in nineteen states. The reason for withdrawing this privilege was the refusal of Holland Christian to include in its curriculum courses in "home economics" and shop training which the school regarded as expendable surplus. The board of the North Central Association argued that Holland Christian was neglecting the needs of the two thirds of its students who do not plan to go to college.

The pupils of Holland Christian, by and large, get their home economics in the home. In school, parents and school authorities agree, the children should concentrate on a curriculum of mathematics, languages, science and history. In any event, why should a board whose function is supposed to be the selection of schools with sound college-preparatory courses concern itself with students who aren't going to college? Surely the parents and the local authorities can decide whether or not "cultural" subjects should be offered only to the privileged minority.

Perhaps a program like that favored by Holland Christian would not be suitable for *all* children everywhere. But why the penalty marker for a school whose clients want basic education in a community which appears cool to "progressive" frills?

A reaction is already building up against the type of education which rates "togetherness" and "social adjustment" as equal, or even superior, to ability to read, figure and spell. The truth seems to be that bright children are bored with boondoggling and "self-expression" in fields where they have little to express. They respond to tasks that involve a challenge to their abilities. In games, a boy wants to be the one who does the hard work, the one at bat or the one carrying the ball—not the "well-adjusted" umpire explaining how to get along with the other team. These instincts should be encouraged in school hours as well as on the playground.

It will be impossible to change direction, where this is necessary, all in a fortnight. The logical beginning, it seems to us, is to take the hobbles off the many schools which are trying to supply basic education. The "life adjustment," anti-three-R's people will hang on in many school systems, but it seems only reasonable to ask them to practice a little tolerance toward the traditionalists, who, after all, weren't doing so badly before Dr. John Dewey *et al.* took over the plant.

What's Given Away When Private Capital Builds a Power Dam?

Hard to down is the notion that a license to an electric-power company to build a dam or power plant on a river site represents a conscienceless "giveaway" of the people's priceless resources.

In a recent article in Human Events, the Washington newsletter, L. Robert Driver, a tax consultant and former official in the Securities and Exchange Commission, has done a really effective job on the giveaway myth. Mr. Driver's argument is simply that, when a utility company is licensed to build a power dam on a river site, all it gets is the right to produce electric power at rates which are regulated by public authority. Furthermore, says Mr. Driver, "the profits of the corporation are limited to a 'reasonable return' on the company's investment, and that investment cannot include a nickel of the alleged 'value' of the site which is supposed to have been 'given away' by a power-company-dominated Administration."

"As far as its ability to produce electric power is concerned," writes Mr. Driver, "the 'value' of a canyon or a waterfall is strictly scenic until somebody builds a dam or a power plant to make use of its latent energy. The question is: 'Who should make the investment necessary to put this priceless natural resource to work?'"

When private companies are given the job, thousands of individuals participate in whatever profit accrues from the operation; the Government collects taxes—about $1,100,000,000 annually in Federal taxes alone—and the taxpayer is not asked to contribute a cent to this operation.

For the real giveaway, Mr. Driver puts the finger on public power, of which TVA is the outstanding example. Over the years, the American taxpayers have invested about $1,614,302,195 in the power side of the TVA operation. "Of this vast investment by the public, no income has been received at any time; no local taxes are paid on its vast property holdings, although certain modest contributions have been made *in lieu* of taxes; no corporation tax, such as private companies engaged in precisely the same kind of business must pay, is paid by TVA." Who is giving away what?

With $100,000,000 of new capital to be invested in electric-power plants over the next twenty years—according to the Federal Power Commission—it is vitally important that the people of the country understand the issue of how the investment is made—by profitable, taxpaying, private investors or by bureaucratic, tax-eating public authorities.

The Red Cross Took a Beating on the Disaster Front

The American Red Cross, whose annual membership campaign is now under way, is asking the nation this year for about $95,000,000, which is actually about $6,000,000 less than the amount spent by the Red Cross during the fiscal year 1956–57. Indeed the calls upon the Red Cross for emergency aid and relief during that period were so great that the organization's disaster reserves were completely wiped out. In short, the Red Cross needs a more than usually generous response to its appeal if it is to continue to stand ready to meet the emergencies with which man and Nature are likely to confront us.

The Appalachian floods, which swept over a wide area in Eastern Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia early in 1957, involved long-term assistance by the Red Cross to 9560 families and immediate mass care for 36,000 persons. The cost of that operation alone was $3,913,000. Hurricane Audrey, which killed 371 persons in Western Louisiana and Eastern Texas in June of the same year, cost the Red Cross about $2,500,000. It is easy to see what became of those disaster reserves!

This grim picture does not, of course, represent the complete program of the American Red Cross. Its work among the armed services, the blood-donor program, first-aid education and nursing service must go on as usual. But the extra-heavy burdens which have been imposed on its workers and its funds in recent months call for more generous contributions than ever.

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CANCER 1958

what is the outlook?

While cancer is still one of our nation's greatest health problems, several recent developments are very encouraging.

• For some time the mortality rate from cancer among women has been declining. The total decrease is substantial in degree—no less than 15% in the last ten years alone among several million women ages 25 to 74.

• The proportion of cancer patients surviving 5 years or more after diagnosis has measurably increased, according to a recent survey of cancer patients. This improvement is recorded for most major sites of cancer, and is especially large for certain cancers among women and for cancers of the digestive system.

Such facts indicate that still greater gains against cancer are possible. In this connection, the American Cancer Society states:

"One half of all cases of cancer could be saved with present knowledge if individuals would seek medical attention early enough, and if the latest and best means of diagnosis and treatment can be made more generally available."

So, pending a major break-through against this disease, *you are the first line of defense against cancer*. And here are the things you should do to make your defense as strong as possible:

1. Know cancer's seven warning signals. They are listed here and can be learned in a few minutes. Should one of these signals appear, no time should be lost in seeing your doctor. In the vast majority of cases, a danger signal turns out, upon examination, to be a symptom of some other condition.

2. Have regular health examinations. According to the American Cancer Society, in 99 out of every 100 people examined, no cancer is found. People who seek examination are relieved of worry if they do not have the disease. Those who have it, and are promptly treated, have a materially better chance of cure.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

Remember, a substantial percentage of all cancers occur in parts of the body which a general practitioner can readily examine in his office. Should you notice changes in normal body functions between examinations, have another check-up.

3. Avoid any treatment except your doctor's. Cancer "quacks" are still at work. Cancer is cured only by skilled physicians using surgery, X-ray, radium and other forms of radiation. In many forms of cancer, the majority of cases can be saved when diagnosed early and properly treated. In fact, 95 percent of all cases of skin cancer can be cured.

Above all, don't take a fatalistic attitude about cancer. More and more cases are being cured every year. Besides, current research on the causes of cancer, its prevention and treatment give even greater hope for the future. But it is still important for you to be alert to cancer's danger signals and get prompt treatment should one of them occur.

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Please send me the free booklet "*What You Should Know About Cancer*," 4-58-E.

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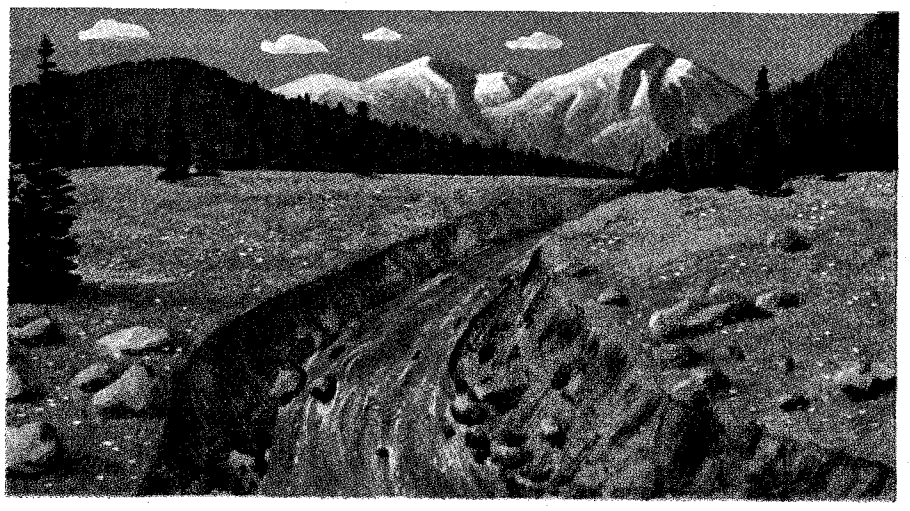
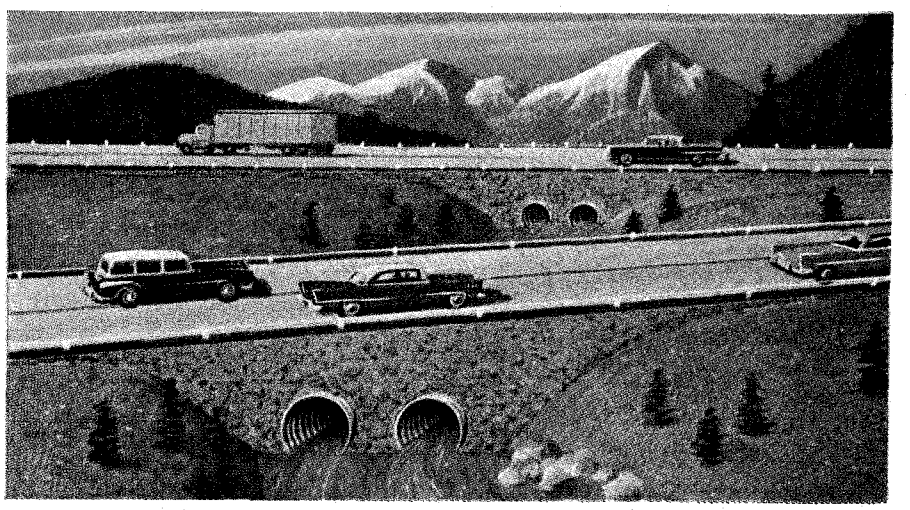
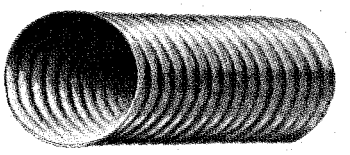
Problems by Nature... Solutions by Wheeling Metal Culverts



Problem: How to tame the rushing water of this deep, fast-flowing stream. Flash floods from the nearby mountains are a constant threat here... the very life of the highway hinges on good drainage.

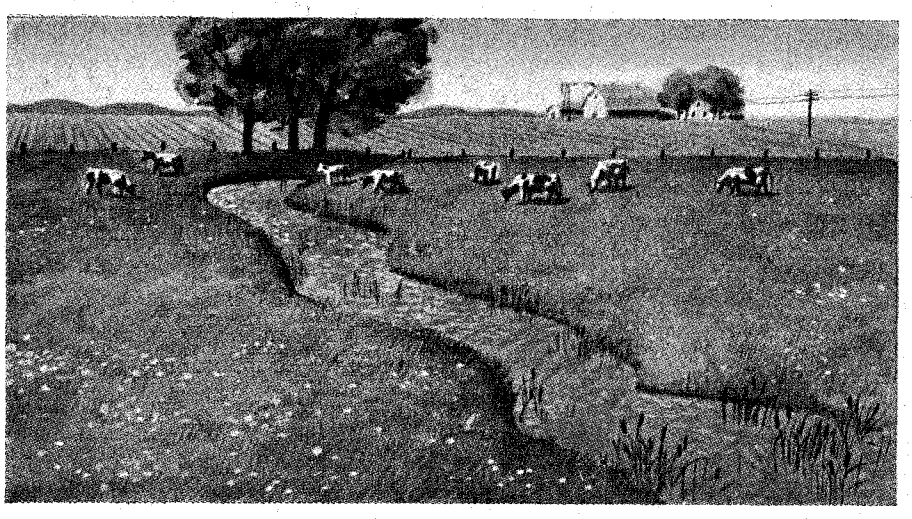




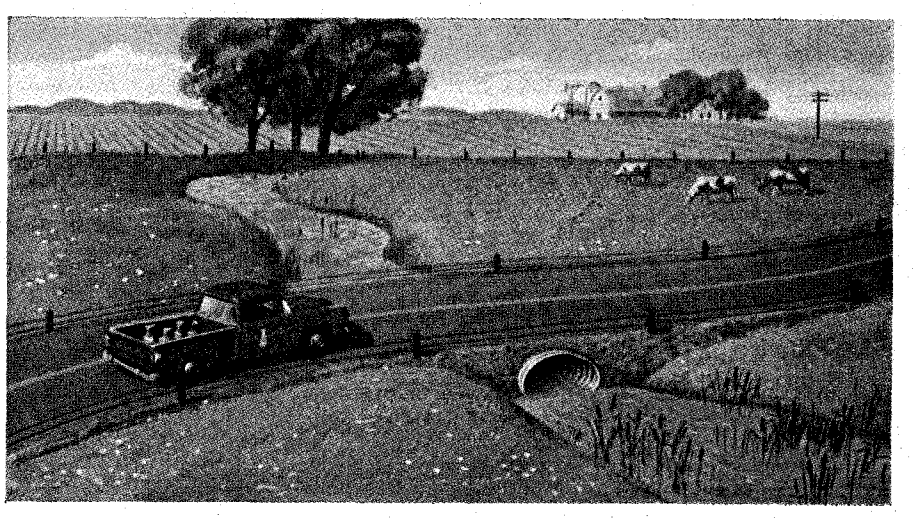
Solution: *Large-diameter Wheeling Corrugated Metal Pipes. They'll easily control normal water flow, harness floods as well. Metal pipe absorbs traffic pounding.*

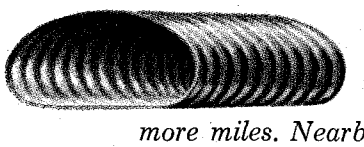
Problem: How to drain the backed-up water in the ditch along this road. The nearby farm land must also be protected against the damage of water that over-flows during heavy rainstorms.

Solution: *A small-diameter Wheeling Corrugated Metal Pipe. Designed to outlast the road itself, Wheeling Pipe comes in long, light, easy-to-install sections.*



Problem: How to channel the flow of water in this shallow, meandering farm creek. Effective drainage space under the road is limited because of the creek's shallow, sloping banks. In a stream like this, standard round pipe would take up too much room.





Solution: *Wheeling Pipe Arch, a wider, flatter type of metal pipe. Economical metal pipe stretches tax dollars over more miles. Nearby Wheeling culvert plants supply pipe promptly. You can always rely on steel... Wheeling Steel!*

Wheeling Corrugating Company, Wheeling, West Virginia—*It's Wheeling Steel*

WHEELING WAREHOUSES, SALES OFFICES OR CULVERT PLANTS ARE IN: ATLANTA BOSTON BUFFALO CHICAGO COLUMBUS DES MOINES DETROIT HOUSTON KANSAS CITY LOUISVILLE MADISON MARTINS FERRY MINNEAPOLIS NEW ORLEANS NEW YORK PEORIA PHILADELPHIA RICHMOND ST. LOUIS.

Wheeling

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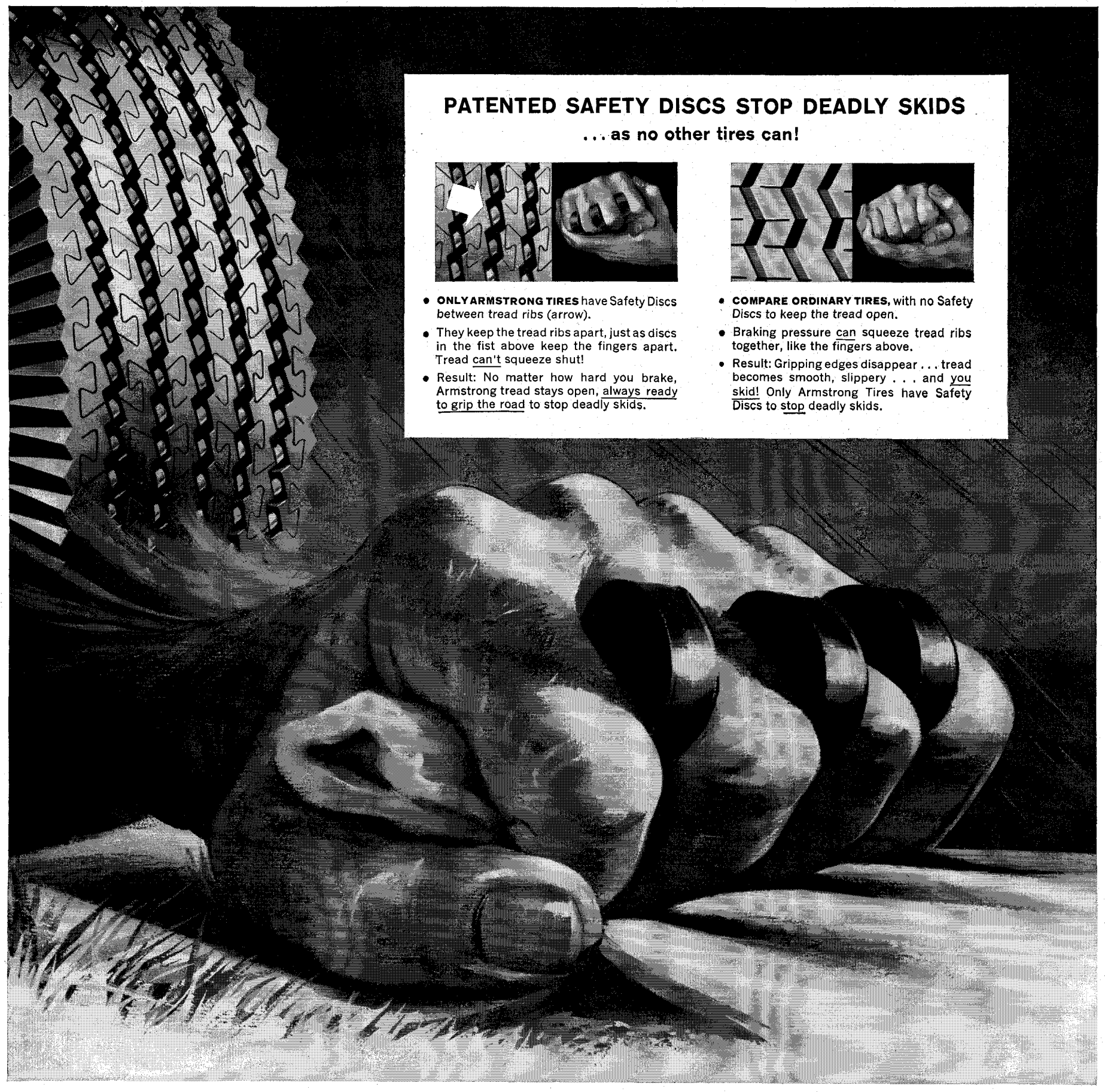
"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



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. . . as no other tires can!

- **ONLY ARMSTRONG TIRES** have Safety Discs *between tread ribs (arrow).*
- They keep the tread ribs apart, just as discs in the fist above keep the fingers apart. Tread can't squeeze shut!
- Result: No matter how hard you brake, Armstrong tread stays open, always ready to grip the road to stop deadly skids.

- **COMPARE ORDINARY TIRES,** with no Safety *Discs to keep the tread open.*
- Braking pressure can squeeze tread ribs together, like the fingers above.
- Result: Gripping edges disappear . . . tread becomes smooth, slippery . . . and you skid! Only Armstrong Tires have Safety Discs to stop deadly skids.

LIFETIME ROAD HAZARD GUARANTEE! — not 12, 18, 24 months, but for as long as you use the tire

Compare the Guarantee Armstrong gives you with that on ordinary tires! "Rhino-Flex" construction makes Armstrong Tires so rugged they are guaranteed *for the entire lifetime of the tire* (adjustment, prorated for used tire tread) . . . even against such extreme road hazards as spikes, potholes, etc. Armstrong Tires cost no more.

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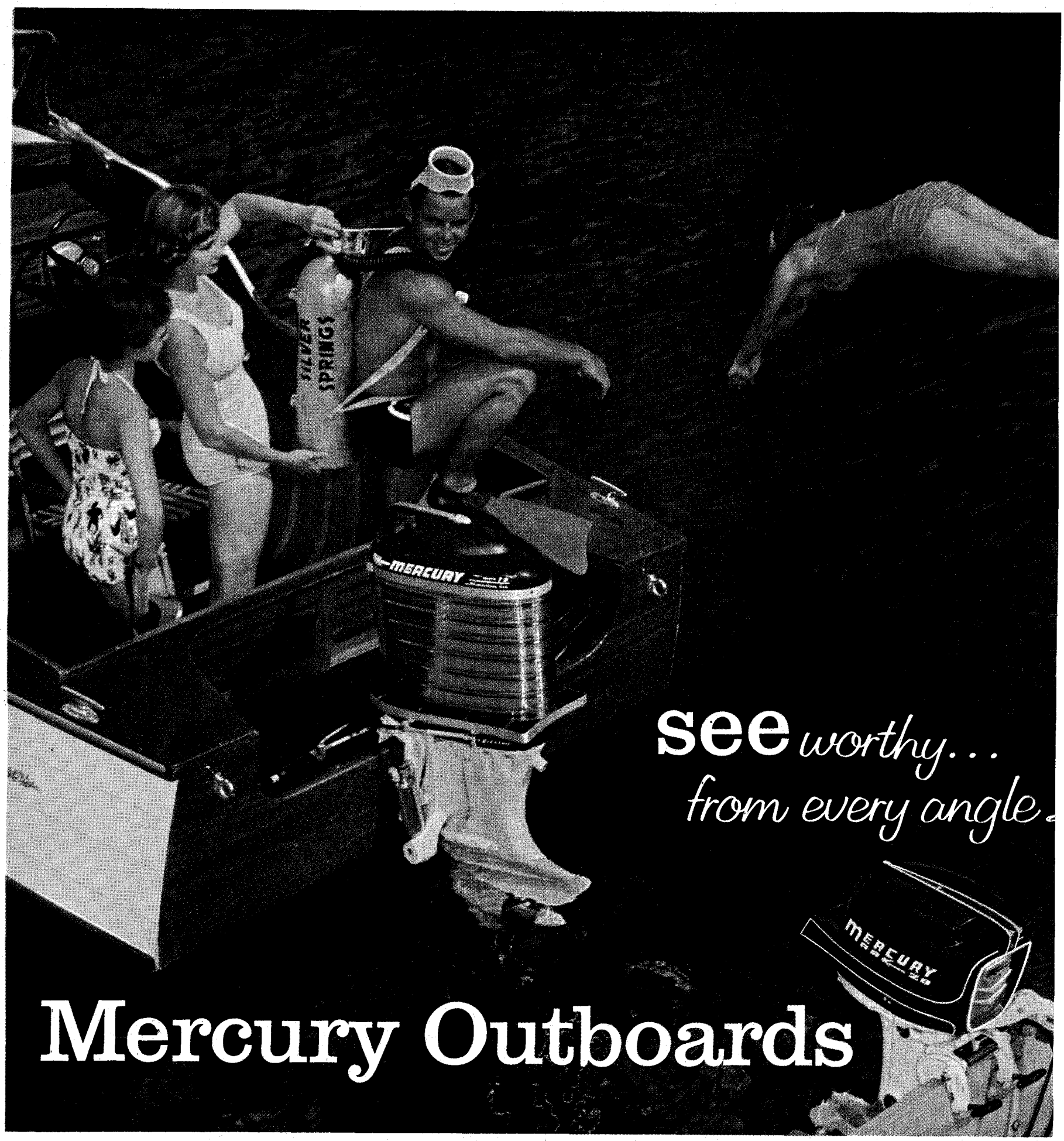

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Three All-New Models — Available No
All-New Mark 78, 70 h.p. six-in-line...world's most pow
ful family outboard with customer *proved* and *accep*
six-cylinder design. Never before has any outboard reali
such immediate success and complete acceptance. All-N
Mark 58, 45 h.p. four-in-line...a new high in the o
four-cylinder design proved and improved over ten ye
and millions of miles. All-New Mark 28, 22 h.p. twin...
bigger than a "10", with power a-plenty for water skii
yet throttles down to the smoothest, slowest troll.

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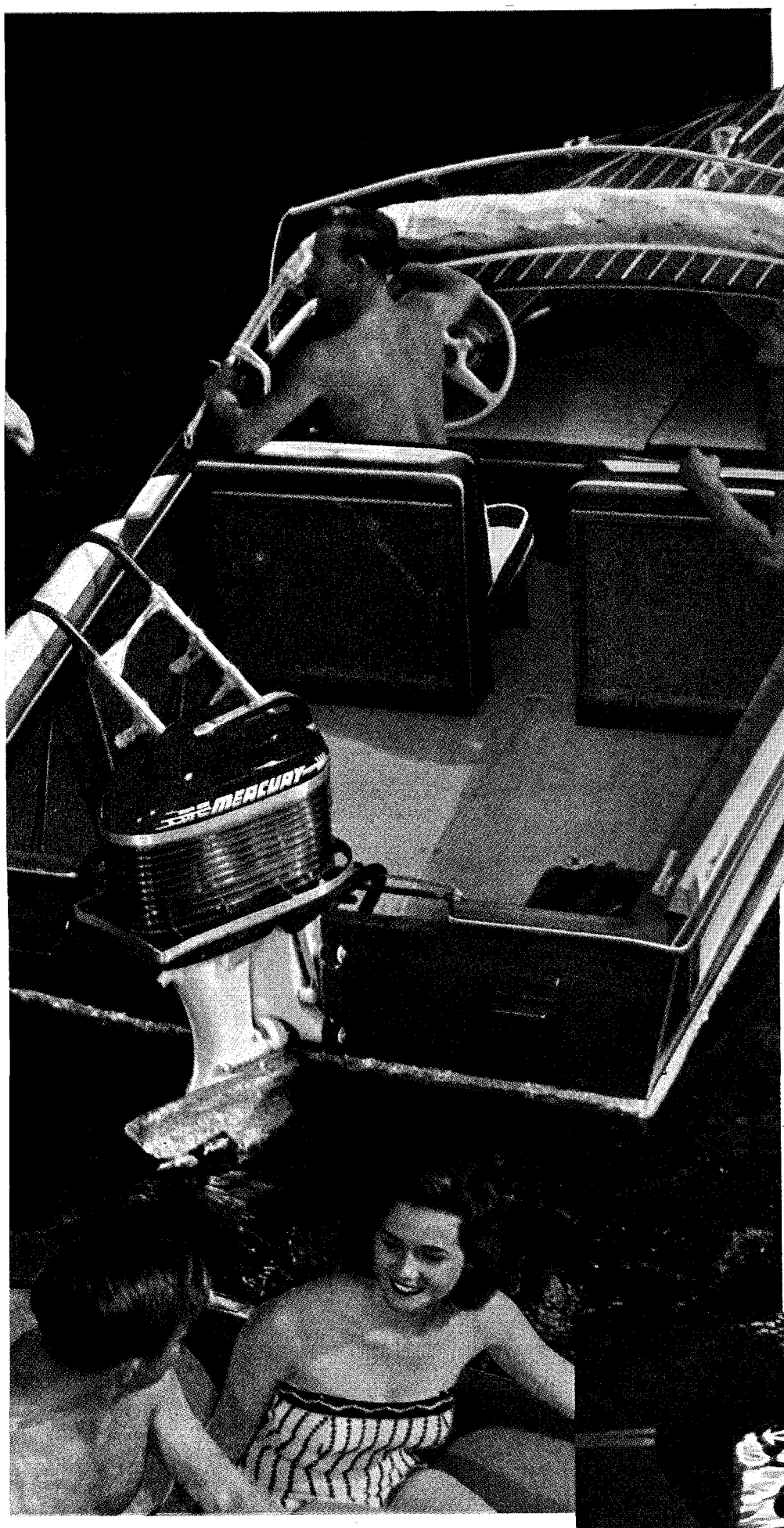
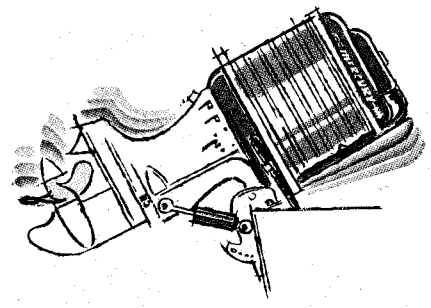
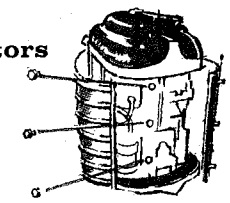


Features of the Future ...TODAY!



Hydraulic Dyna-Shock Absorbers ...absorb energy of impact when engine strikes a submerged object, then bring the violent tilting of engine to a gentle stop and return it to running position. SAFETY-TILT SWITCH automatically cuts off ignition when engine tilts out of water, restarts engine when it re-enters water without losing boat steerage.



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more new ideas, more YOU idea

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You see our YOU ideas in the unusual beauty of our styling. You feel them in the luxurious comfort of our interiors. You sense them under the hood where there's smooth-flowing power and performance. We call them YOU ideas because they give you what you want at the price you want to pay. Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

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Something special for someone special

Give her a Sampler on Easter, April 6th

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SO FAMOUS,
SO SURE TO PLEASE

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
B. Franklin

Chaplain John Whitney and Penn State University undergraduates exchange ideas in a dormitory lounge. No longer, says the author, do students consider religion "a lot of superstitious nonsense."

Religious Revolution on the Campus

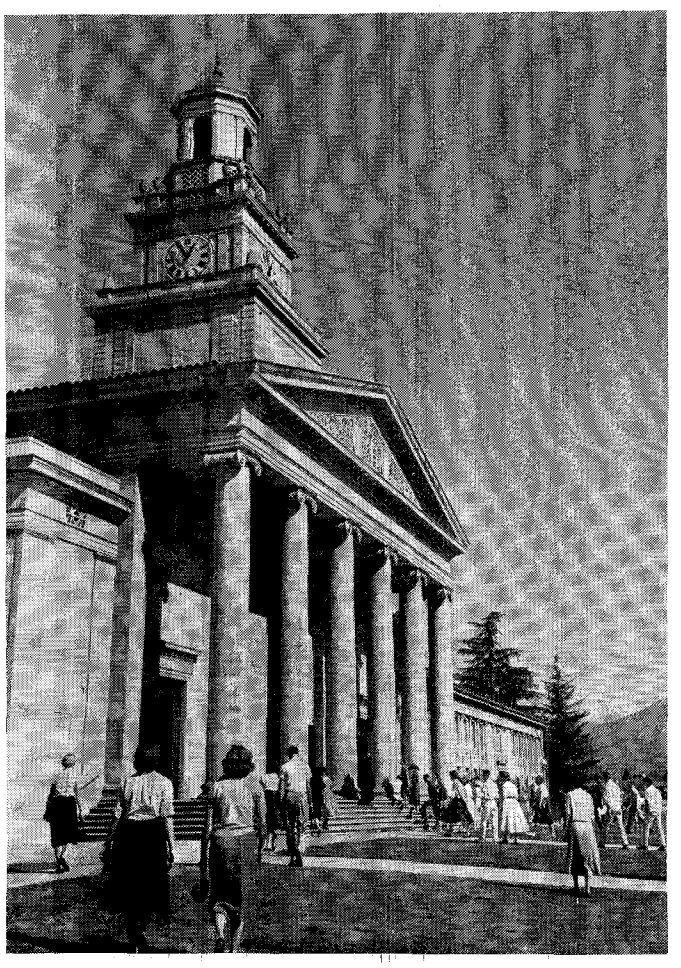
By JONES B. SHANNON

A college chaplain tells what's behind the startling resurgence of religion among our students, and why cynics have gone out of style.

Something exciting and heartening is happening on the American college campus these days: A revival in religious faith that may come as a surprise to an older generation which remembers college as a place where ties with churches were weakened, where a rebellious youth felt that science had most of the answers to the problems of mankind and scorned as "Christers" the relatively few students who took a serious part in religious activities.

All that has changed. Today's campus definitely has gone religious, students and faculty alike. Perhaps this development has gone unnoticed by the public amid big headlines worrying about such things as atom bombs, Sputniks and juvenile delinquency, but the

"Religious Emphasis Week" at the University of Redlands, California, draws crowds of youngsters.



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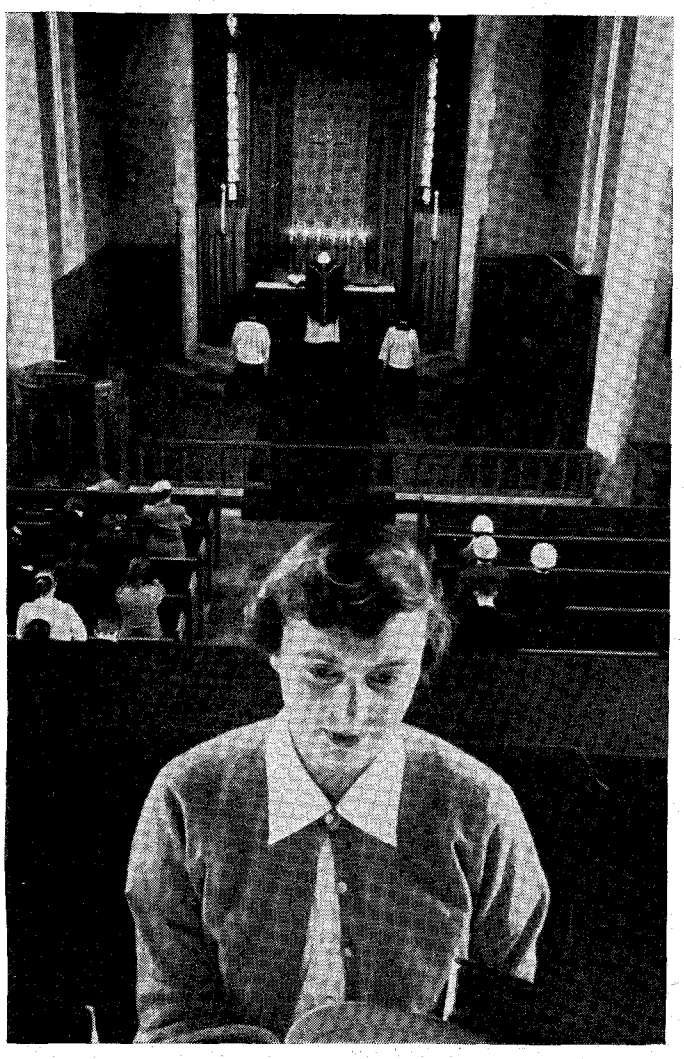


Students are helping in the church itself. Carol Alton plays the organ for an Episcopal service at Cornell and two other students assist at the altar as acolytes.

evidence is there just the same. "Now it is the 'done thing' to take a date to church on Sunday," an Ivy League student says. A thoughtful coed adds, "It was the simple witness of faculty members which led me to a mature acceptance of God; people who were obviously mature, some of them intellectual giants, who were not ashamed to speak of God, were not too grown up or 'busy' to go to church." At a large Midwestern university, a chaplain reports that his church has increased the number of Sunday services from two to six—and still standing-room-only conditions prevail at several of them.

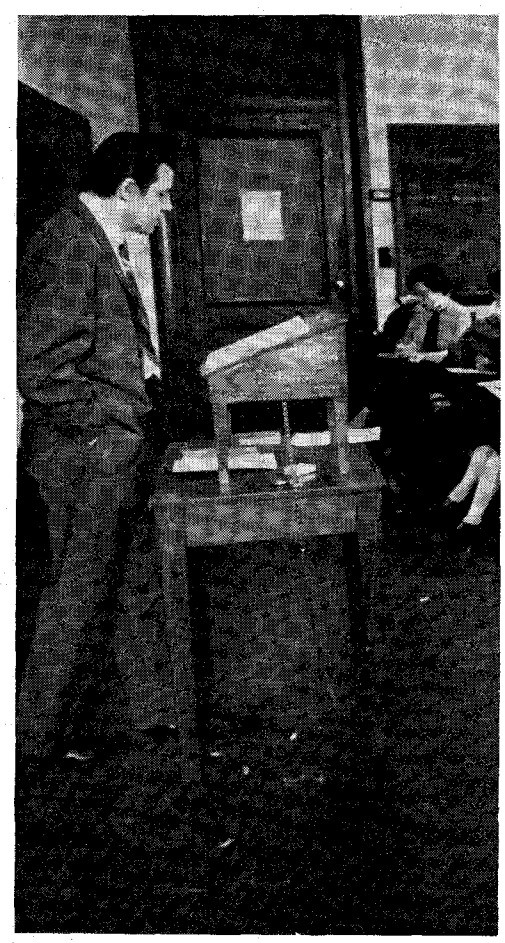
Many young people are taking an eager part in campus religious organizations. All the major churches sponsor student organizations or "foundations" which meet for worship, study and recreation. "Student religious groups are more active than at any time in the almost forty years I have been here," writes a longtime official of Purdue University. Henry Pitney Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary, New York, observes that "Nowhere do the tides of religious awakening flow more powerfully than among the younger generation, especially on college and university campuses. Visiting preachers never have known such large, eager and responsive student congregations. Chaplains and teachers of religion are in short supply."

Perhaps more significant than mere numbers are the hopeful signs that faith is putting down hardy roots on the campus these days. Educators, ministers and students alike testify to this. Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, president of Johns Hopkins University, recently wrote a friend: "In the last few years I have observed a much deeper interest in religious matters. Perhaps this is the result of stresses and strains in our society . . . certainly, there is a connection between it and the cold war. But this is too superficial to explain it entirely, for the religious interest of the young people I know is based on intelligence rather than emotion."

As a one-time college chaplain myself and now executive director of a church society for college work—a job which takes me to many schools—I agree with Doctor Eisenhower that many, though not all, students are looking more and more to their churches for deeper understanding of life and its ultimate meanings. Most students do not, I believe, look upon college religious organizations simply as an added social outlet. They are hungry for something substantial and don't shy away from serious theological questions. One girl surprised her college chaplain by arguing against a proposed expansion of social programs by a church group, saying, "The work of the church on the campus should be to fill the religious needs of the students—not to compete with sororities, fraternities and other social organizations."

In fact, the student demand for a more mature approach in religious matters has called for a new type of college chaplain or pastor. As a chaplain at the University of Texas explained to me, "Previously the tendency was to select a sort of sweat-shirt-and-whistle type who could lead square dancing, or else a dilettante who could discuss the poetry of T. S. Eliot with a soulful look." But now college religious workers must be well trained as teachers and pastors, with ability to explain the fundamentals of their faith and to lead in its practice. They must be equipped to give religious guidance to groups who request it—and these days student organizations not ordinarily considered as concerned with

(Continued on Page 62)



As a member of the Christian Association of Russell Sage College, Ruth Ulrich helps at a children's home in Troy, New York.

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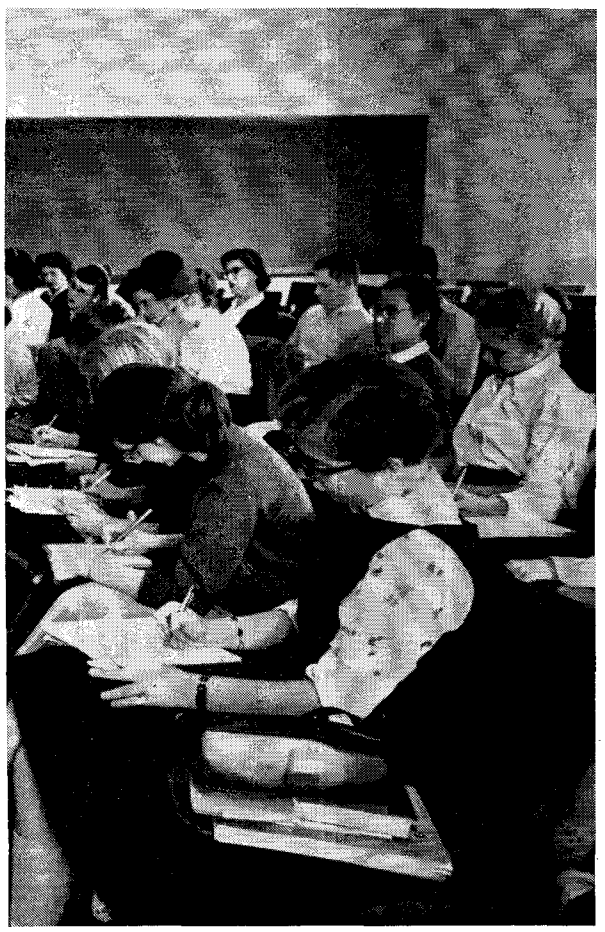
Holy Communion at Penn State. "The collegians of today . . . have grown up in a time of world unrest and war. Sensing that man has built his house on sand, they are hopeful that the church is built upon rock."



Courses in religion are in demand. At Columbia, Instructor Frank Wekerle's "Introduction to Religion" has an enrollment of six times as many students as it did ten years ago.

"Going to church is now 'the thing to do' among students. . . . But it is far more than a fad."

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DEATH STALKS THE BRIDE

What was her husband's secret? Why did he tell her so little of his past? Was there something to be ashamed of— or even to be afraid of?

Beginning a new serial by NANCY RUTLEDGE

PROLOGUE

The October sun was bright without warmth. It gave the white sands of the beach a yellow tone which they did not normally possess. The dunes also took on a glow, slightly more brown. Shadows lengthened grotesquely, too thin and too long, stretched across the wind-smooth surface of the dunes. Small waves licked softly up the sand. A slight wind swept offshore into the lake, bringing with it the fall smell of rural Indiana—goldenrod and dry birch leaves, wood smoke and bursting bittersweet.

Across the wide clump of dunes came the sounds of the nearby state highway to the city of Chicago, which was a few miles to the west and north. Though the highway traffic was not visible from the beach, sounds reached it irregularly—the raucous impatience of a horn, the straining of a big oil truck or moving van up a grade, the jamming of brakes or skidding of tires at the curve.

It was too late in the season for bathers, too chilly for sunbathers. The great beach, thronged by thousands in the summer, stretched forward to meet Lake Michigan with only one car on the hard-packed part of the sand used for parking. It was an old black car of uncertain vintage, its right front fender badly crumpled, a long scraping streak of red down its right side.

The car held two people—a small girl, who slept with her golden hair on her arm, and an old man, also sleeping, his head back, his thick white hair ruffled by the wind. On the seat beside him was a large wicker picnic basket. Its broken top showed the contents to be depleted—plastic tablecloth that had been carefully folded, and a few remaining wax-papered sandwiches. A peanut-butter one, half consumed, lay on the seat beside the child's sleep-opened fingers.

Far down the sand to the east, a small red-haired woman and a large dark man walked. He was tall and muscular, walking with an impatient, springy step. She was small—barely a hundred pounds, with a truly beautiful little body, which she knew how to use. Her long hair, dark red, had only a slight wave, but it provided a striking contrast to her light skin and sharp black eyes. She walked barefoot, in perfect comfort; as she talked she gestured with dainty movements of her small hands.

In a clump of willows nearly out of sight to the west, another young woman lay on a plaid auto blanket. Though her blue wool sweater lay within arm's reach, she did not move, even when the chill of the wind whipped at her tight-fitting gay wool slacks and shirt. Her face was coldly, austerely beautiful; her body, long-limbed and graceful even in repose—young and thin, but somehow suggesting a strength that was belied by her slightness.

There was a small straight knife in her lovely throat. She was dead.

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

I

Jessamine came hurriedly down the wooden steps of the settlement house. Already the early darkness of December was descending, and this part of Chicago's near North Side was not a good place for a woman alone after dark. Particularly a slender young brown-haired woman in a well-cut tweed suit, obviously expensive, with money in her purse. Jessamine wished that she had been able to park her car here on the lighted street, instead of around the corner in the darkness. She had lingered longer than she meant to, after her cooking class for teen-aged girls, to discuss with the director the Lunt House yearly fund-raising campaign, of which Jessamine was chairman. Jessamine smiled wryly. Her older sister, Willi, had once said that the first thing Jessamine would do on arrival in heaven was to start a drive for new wings for the underprivileged baby angels, and if Jessamine should be so unfortunate as to land in any other place, she would doubtless promptly undertake new suits for the little devils.

Jessamine heard the sound of her sensible heels on the pavement. She turned to look behind her, but the sidewalk was empty. From the settlement house came the gay sounds of the piano music, the stamping feet and clapping hands of the folk-dancing class in the gym. From the depths of the basement came the clatter and hammering of the shop work. Above, on the second floor, sounded the scraping of the new orchestra, rehearsing with more force than concord. A busy and happy place, Lunt House.

Jessamine rounded the corner of the dingy old frame building into the darkness. Her car, being a convertible with the top down, was not locked. She pulled the door open and slid across the cold leather seat. Her sister, Willi, said the yellow convertible was Jessamine's one sign of madness in an otherwise depressingly sane and ordered existence. Jessamine admitted the intense impracticality of an open car in Chicago's climate, but she loved to drive along the lake (Continued on Page 90)

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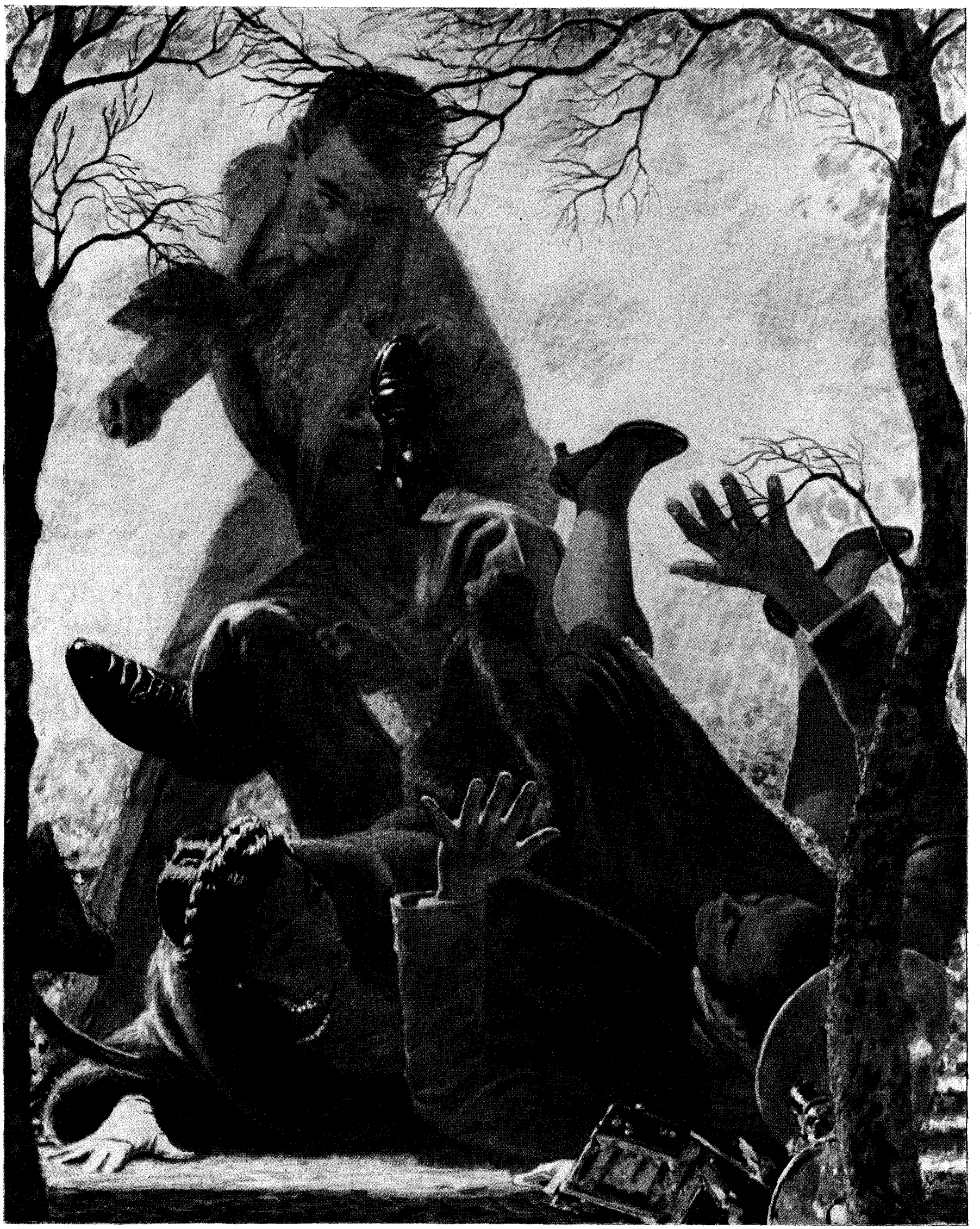

Eric, violently angry, suddenly turned on the photographer.

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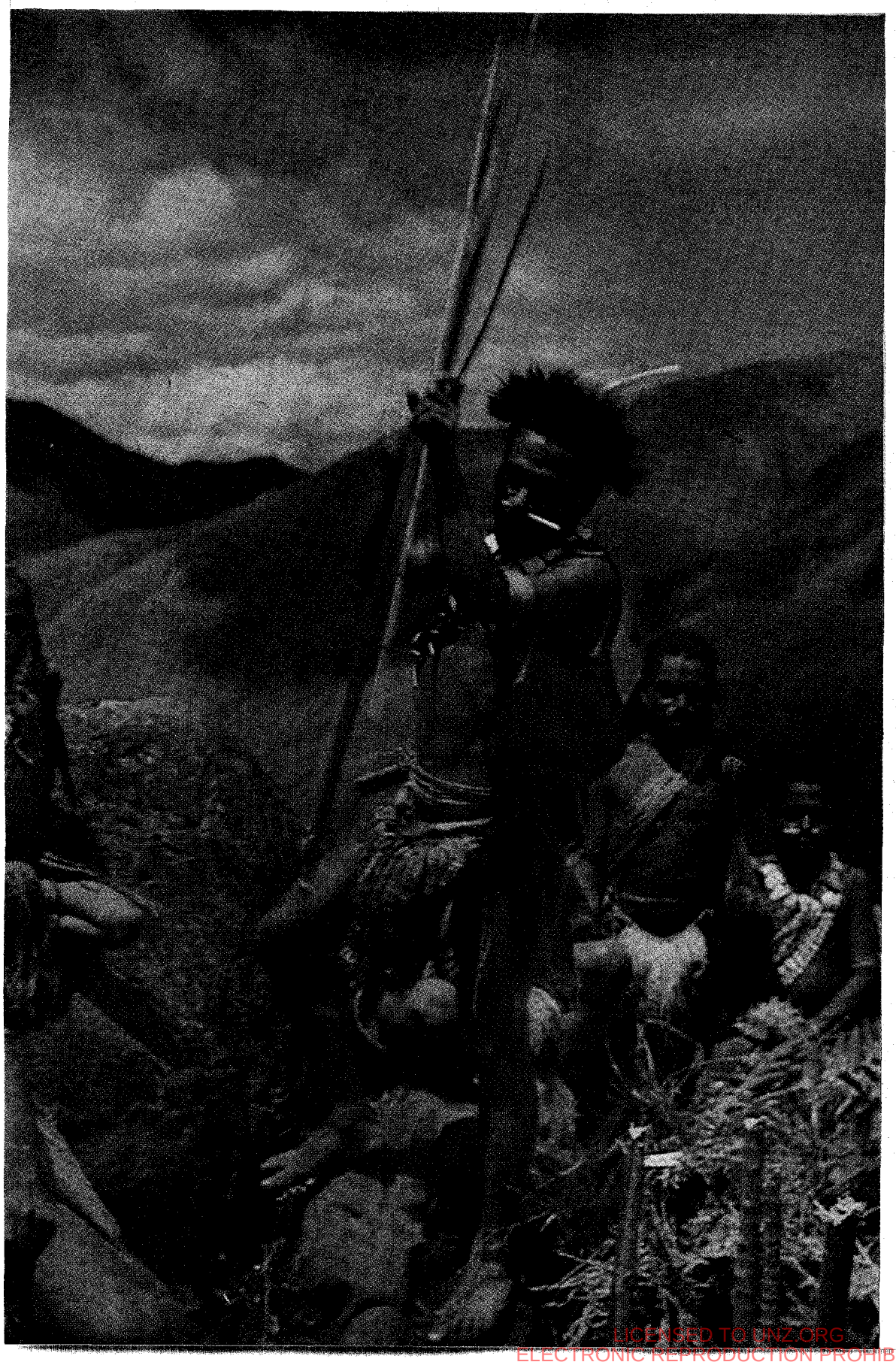
THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

Stronghold of the Kukukuku

The fiercest of all New Guinea tribesmen murder each other for the fun of it. The white man's problem: "To find something to replace killing as a sport."

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Brandishing his deadly black-palm bow, a Kukukuku leader named Mamakau harangues his tribesmen.



PART TWO

The huge island of New Guinea could be called yesterday's tomorrow, since it embraces a great deal of both with the present just called to attention. A man who was eating his neighbor nearly last week may hitchhike a plane ride from Menyamya, high in the hills, to go to Wau to seek work in a plywood factory, which is situated less than thirty miles from the most fierce fighters and worst cannibals of the area as of twenty years ago. This factory can reduce a towering *klinki* pine to plywood in about twenty minutes, using native help, and it sold $10,000,000 worth to America two years ago, and another $10,000,000 to Australia and New Zealand.

Lae, with its airport and its lovely harbor studded with rusted Japanese hulks, is a big town now—a couple of thousand where there were hundreds during the war. The Hotel Cecil, on the water front, is still classic in its human flotsam. There would be the doctor who quit a thriving practice in Port Moresby to go in seriously for the concert piano—who failed in his big effort and, sweating profusely, is now curing sweat-rot and more colorful diseases. There would be a man who still makes his living from recruiting—they used to call it blackbirding or slaving—by bribing chiefs to produce bodies for work on the plantations. There would be the remittance man so far gone in drink he has lost the laces from his shoes, and whose eyes swim in mucus. There would be the one lady of no certain address or profession, and a flock of Qantas pilots just in from Brisbane. Top of the town would be the village and the Chinese quarter. In the hotels there would always be the heat, the tepid shower down the hall, and interminable gin-and-tonic, beshorted men, and black boys in *lap-laps* demanding the chits to be signed. A sad egg atop a mound of rice, cold papaw and sort of indescribable chops would be the fare, and the chickens always seem to die from malnutrition. The memory of actor Errol Flynn as a blackbirder, or recruiter of native labor, is still bright, because it was Flynn who got boys when nobody else could. He took his boat up the coast and up the rivers and demonstrated magic. He showed the chiefs a new alchemy—how to turn a penny into a half crown. The magic was a simple thing called quicksilver.

But always the planes come and go, and in the Highlands momentous things are going

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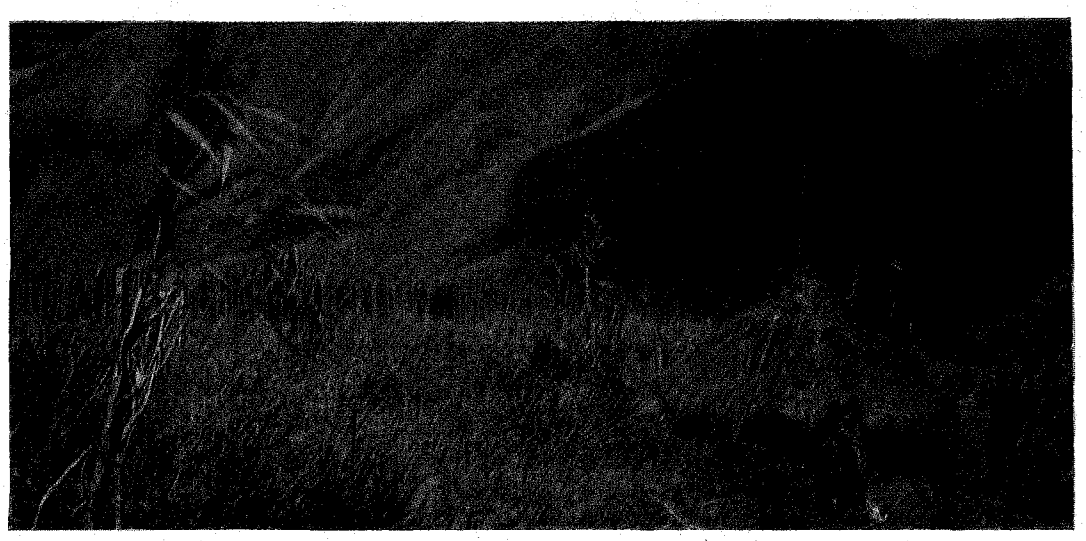
Patrol officer Peter Moloney takes the first census in the village of Huata, where he was peaceably received. Here he encountered a Kuk named Tsigaiyatymanggakatanggwa.

on, and things are going on in Dutch New Guinea, and coffee is being grown, and new lands discovered, and wars are being waged, and people are still being eaten, and gold is being mined, and patrols are off in the bush, and towns are being built.

Mrs. Doris Booth, an M.B.E. (Member of the British Empire), runs her own private gold mine at Wau. It is of interest that Mrs. Booth, a nurse, walked from Salamaua to Wau in 1923, accompanied only by native bearers in order to get to the gold strike at Edie Creek, when a new Klondike was discovered at the confluence of the Bulolo-Mami-Karonga rivers. There are two classic stories about Mrs. Booth, who today is a charming, attractive, gold-mine-owning, British Government-decorated lady. One is that she received a smoked human (Continued on Page 77)



Headman's hut in the Highlands. There are few animals for him to hunt in these grassy mountains. Some anthropologists believe that a scarcity of protein drives the Kukukuku to the practice of cannibalism.

Kuks show off their crimson betel-nut quids. The tribesmen are inveterate chewers of this nut, which has a mildly narcotic effect. The habit blackens teeth and stains lips.

This picture was taken from the mountainside on which the tribesmen cache smoked human bodies. Below is the Menyamya Government Station.

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The doctors still can't explain the strange thing that happened after the

IMPOSSIBLE ACCIDENT

By PHILIP MacDONALD

This is the improbable story of Tom Van Bibber and Chalice O'Brian: of how they met and of what happened to them afterward. It is also, of course, the unlikely tale of Doctor Pennypacker and Otto Stettinus Harbinger, to say nothing of Mulligan.

It all began with Mr. Harbinger and his accident—which occurred at the **s** curve in the road below the pasture which slopes up to the small Van Bibber house and the large Van Bibber stables.

Mr. Harbinger, alone in the high-powered convertible, shouldn't have been on this road at all. But, deep in plans for the greatest merger ever known to big business, he had taken a wrong turn five miles back. He knew this now, but didn't mind. He liked to drive at night; he liked to be alone when thinking. He was bound to strike a main highway soon. And anyway, Gist and Saunders must be right behind him in the other car.

Big Oak Bend, as it is locally called, begins in a deceptively gentle curve, and it was very suddenly that Mr. Harbinger—driving much too fast—came into the **s**. His swinging headlights showed him a rush-lined stream to one side, white-fenced grassland to the other—and then, squarely in his path, a gigantic oak whose branches spread over the narrow road like a fretwork roof.

The right front wheel of the convertible hit the concrete support of the tree's primitive guardrail. Hit it very hard. And a lot of things happened at once. By some freak of stress, the hub cap flew off and rocketed upward, clanging among the oak boughs and severing one so that it fell from the trunk like a stone. The car lurched, but recovered. And Mr. Harbinger bounced so high off the driving seat that the base of his skull met violently with one of the steel struts upholding the top of the convertible.

Mr. Harbinger toppled into an untidy and motionless heap squeezed between wheel and floor boards. He wasn't Otto Harbinger any more. He was a small speck of fiery light which rushed away into spinning darkness—and then found itself

(Continued on Page 57)

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Clearwater, Florida: 1957's National League Rookie of the Year warms up for '58. The batter is up there only to establish the strike zone—hence no mask on the catcher.

Baseball's Oldest Youngster

After years of frustration on farm teams, rookie pitcher Jack Sanford finally cracked the big leagues at 28. Can the Phillies' new star make up for lost time?

"I don't think I ever really had confidence until last year. And one good year doesn't convince me."

By Harry T. Paxton

Back in 1947, a year when the Philadelphia Phillies were giving big bonus deals to such flashy young pitchers as Robin Roberts ($25,000) and Curt Simmons ($65,000), they signed another hard-throwing kid named Jack Sanford to a Class D contract for $125 a month. By last season the celebrated Mr. Roberts, at thirty, was coming to be regarded as a veteran on the downgrade, and the bloom also was off the twenty-eight-year-old Simmons. For Jack Sanford, on the other hand, 1957 was just the beginning. At the age of twenty-eight he suddenly popped up as the National League's Rookie of the Year.

Sanford was voted this title by a special twenty-four-man selection committee of the Baseball Writers' Association. He earned the honor by topping all big-league pitchers in strike-outs, with 188, and by winning nineteen games while losing only eight for a fifth-place team. Luck had very little to do with that fancy victory total. Of Sanford's nineteen wins, fifteen were complete games, and in thirteen of these he held the opposition to two runs or less. In his two other complete games he allowed three runs in one and four in the other.

Sanford's performance was so solid, in fact, that few people could understand why the Phillies hadn't brought him up long ago. "Where has that fellow been all this time?" manager Mayo Smith demanded when he got his first look at Sanford in September of 1956. Pitching coach Whitlow Wyatt, now with Milwaukee, wanted to know, "Why in the world hasn't a (Continued on Page 74)

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They Believed I Was an Arab Prince

Gullible Hollywood bowed and scraped to this American, who posed as visiting royalty. He tells the surprising consequences of a stunt that went off almost too well.

By William Peter Blatty

June Allyson and Dick Powell fell for the author's pose and invited him to dinner. Here, in a re-enactment, the "prince" (left) stuns his hosts and actor Regis Toomey by stating he has many brothers—"forty, I sink."

Dick Powell, George Gobel and Leo Durocher were as startled as Geronimo in a department-store window to find out my name is William Peter Blatty and not Prince Khairallah el Aswad el Xeer of Saudi Arabia. But that's not the important thing.

The important thing is that I've always been curious about how Americans really feel about royalty, and, like Alice in Wonderland, I got "curiouser and curiouser" when King Saud of Saudi Arabia came to the United States recently and got a classic concrete-and-steel cold shoulder from New York's sky line and New York's mayor. Was New York speaking for America?

Obviously, there was only one sure way to get the answer. I became royalty! With the aid of a distinguished-looking straight man and a

Below: Mary Morrison, who owns the Mocambo, greets "Prince Xeer." When this picture was taken, the great impersonation was still going on.

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The "prince" charms girls from the Bob Cummings Show at a TV studio. When the word spread that royalty was in town, the author was swamped with invitations.

pair of dark glasses, for ten ridiculous days I hoaxed Hollywood as "Prince Xeer, black-sheep son of King Saud of Saudi Arabia," and if King Saud really has a son by that name—well, that's quite a coincidence and no offense, prince.

You see, it was December. I was in a convertible, coasting along Hollywood Boulevard. Beside me in the driver's seat was Frank Hanrahan, an old Georgetown chum and an ex-FBI agent. Frank looks stern. Frank looks distinguished. Frank has never been known to play a practical joke since coming to Los Angeles. This is important, as you'll soon see.

Bright-eyed and unaware, we were on our way to an afternoon gathering of Frank's friends in the Hollywood hills, when "Great screaming Teddy bears!" (or something like that) exclaimed Frank. "With those sunglasses on, you look just like an Arab sheik!" This was not surprising, as both my parents are Lebanese, but right then I knew my moment had come.

"Do I look like an Arab prince, maybe?" I prodded Frank.

"Whaddya mean? Whaddya mean?"

"Do you think I could pass for an Arab prince with your friends?"

Frank gently braked the bathtub and pulled up to the curb. He squinted at me in the glaring California sunshine. "Say something in 'prince,'" he said finally.

"Yesss—sank—you—very—mush," I hissed haltingly.

Frank's unblinking stare brushed over my face with light, inscrutable finger tips. "We're in," he said, and roared into first gear.

By the time we had whooshed up to adman Reg Spurr's (Continued on Page 96)

At a television rehearsal, George Gobel was taken in by the "prince" and his "aide," ex-FBI agent Frank Hanrahan, who was in on the gag from the outset. As a victim, George was a good sport.

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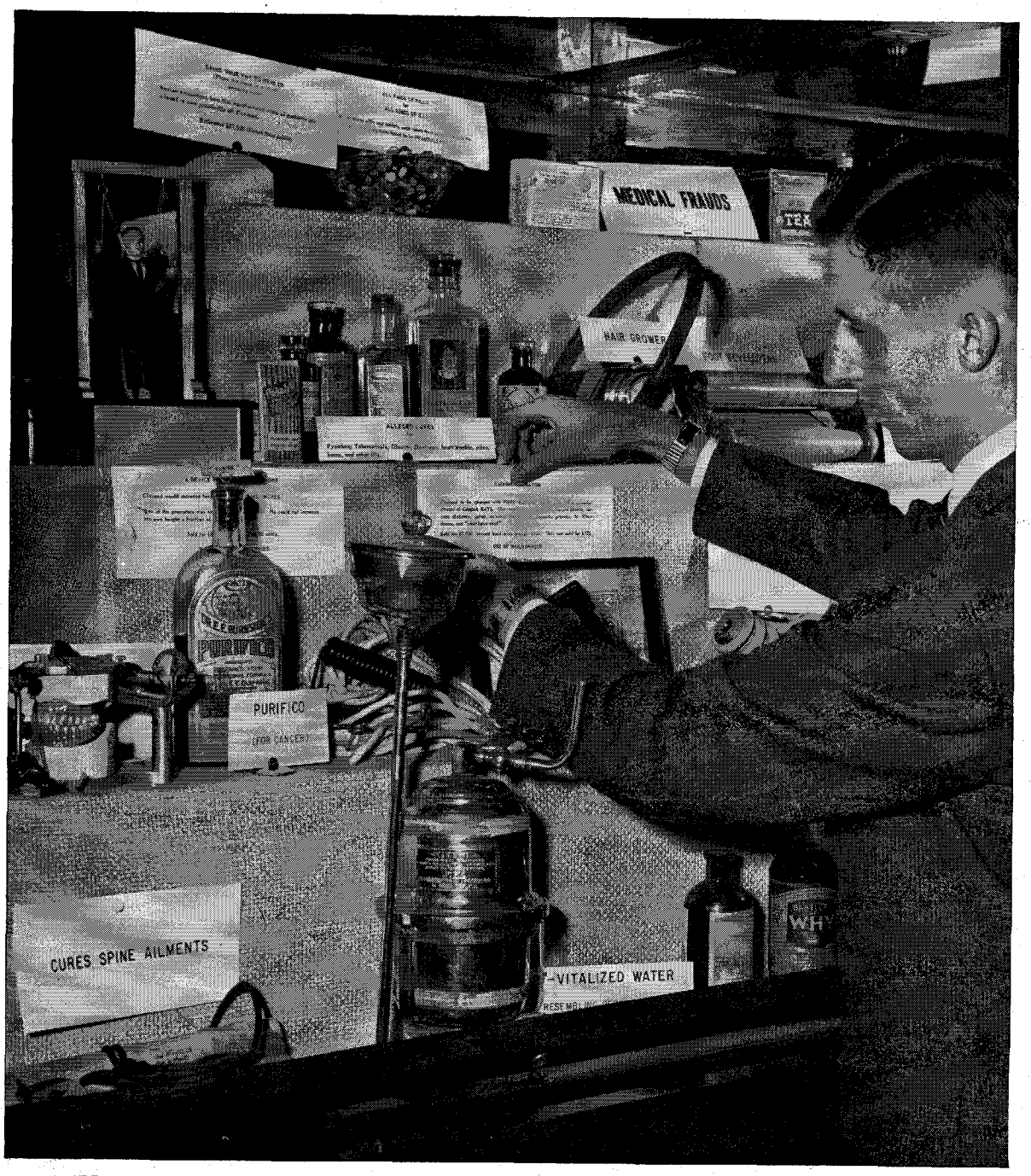
Don't Fall for the Mail Frauds

Suckers pay millions of dollars to swindlers for nonexistent merchandise and for phony charities. Here are the come-ons to watch out for.

By BEN PEARSE



"No matter how silly a scheme is, somebody will bite."
A gullible public plunks down over $50 million a year for phony remedies and cures—like these on display at the Postal Inspection Service in Washington.

When the critical eye of William F. Callahan, chief of the Post Office Department's mail-fraud investigators, came across the following advertisement in a magazine recently, he instinctively reached for his telephone:

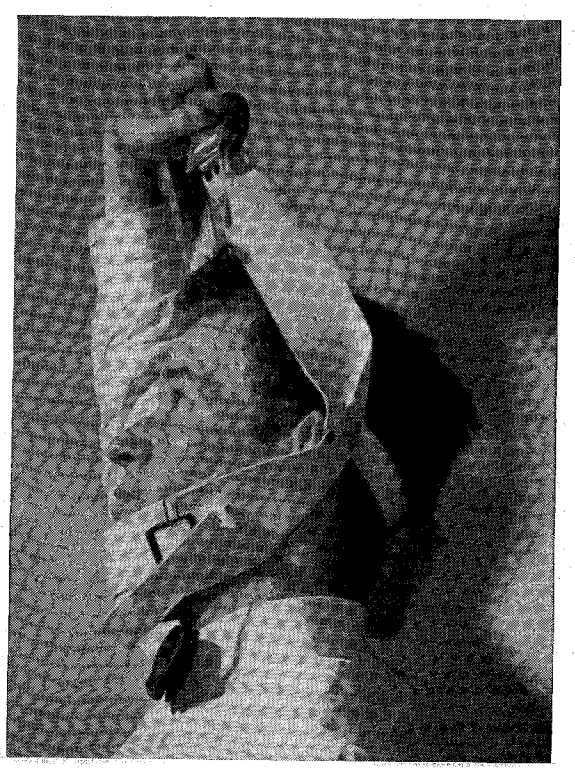
MONEY MAKER—Why earn It at the sweat of your brow? You feed strips of white paper into this machine and out come real bills of any denomination. Only $1. Kindly add 25c to cover postage.

No reputable magazine will accept this kind of advertising, of course; but some publications can't—or, at least, don't—check up on advertisers as carefully as they might. Since the machine offered in this ad was obviously illegal—a counterfeiting device if it worked, a fraud if it didn't—Callahan called the postmaster in Brooklyn to halt mail delivery to the advertiser. Yet, though the magazine had been out only a few days, more than 100 replies had already been delivered to the fast-buck artist. After a candid chat with an inquiring postal inspector, however, this worthy agreed to discontinue operations.

"No matter how silly a scheme is," Callahan observed philosophically, "somebody will bite."

Somebodies all over the forty-eight states, the territories and possessions have been biting so avidly of late on screwball schemes that mail fraud is becoming the nation's biggest swindle. The annual toll is hard to estimate, but it certainly runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. During the past twelve months, in the medical field alone, more than 150 firms or individuals have been barred from using the mails after bilking the public at the collective rate of $50,000,000 a year. This was a record high, and fraud complaints are currently pending against other sharpies grossing an approximately equal amount.

Add to the nostrums for improving your health an infinite variety of schemes purporting to make you happy, lucky or just plain rich and the toll mounts by leaps and bounds. The Post Office Department has twenty-one headings and fifty-nine subheadings for mail frauds. Some are as old as (Continued on Page 71)



A postal agent demonstrates a device to "add inches to your height." It sold for $8.75. The promoter who offered it through the mail was 5 feet 4 inches tall. He was fined $1000.

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BROTHERS' QUARREL

Neither approved of the other's way of life. It was time to settle their differences once and for all.

By KENNETH LANDON

Benny Robinson drifted into his father's laboratory that Indian-summer day because he liked its sharp odors, flickering lights, and the mysterious gurgling of pale-colored liquids in long angular tubes.

The moment his father called, "Benny!" the boy realized his mistake, but crossed obediently to the office and stood without speaking beside his father's desk.

Gilbert Samuel Robinson, chief chemist of the Allegheny Railroad, sat aloof from his creation, like a god, while controlling its destiny with a firm hand.

Gil Robinson's office was a caboose attached to a series of conjoined freight cars, which formed the laboratory. There he acted as arbiter of the materials consumed by the railroad: coal, oil, paint, steel, bronze. Even the water, which caused boiler scale in the big engines, was there made to confess its degree of hardness.

A black derby, inevitable badge of office of a railroad official, was shoved back on his bald head until it seemed to hang by an ear. Benny had never seen his father without the derby except at dinner, in bed or in church, and even in church he kept it on his knee.

"Benny!" The man finished sorting a handful of reports and looked keenly at the boy. "I've got to go down to Kingston to see brother Joe."

"Why?" Benny asked, and instantly regretted having allowed himself to be prodded into speech.

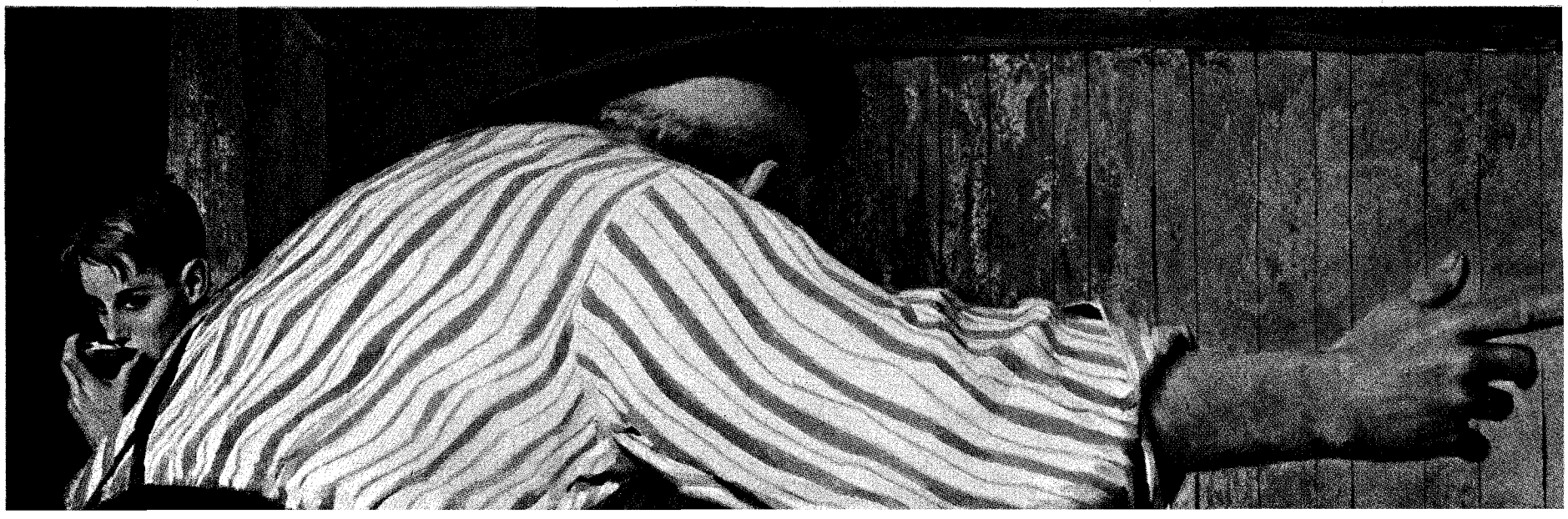
"Because it's my duty," his father answered tartly. "Because if I don't go down there and jack him up at least once a year, he fritters his life away, that's why!"

Uncle Joe wasn't so bad, the boy thought to himself, but risked no further words, waiting for the trap to be sprung. He was a slight boy of thirteen, still in knee pants. His finely cut features gave him a delicate appearance that was misleading. Even in the long contest with his father, victory was not always to the man.

Gil Robinson sat frowning at the rows of track beyond the window, and his son edged quietly toward the door. "Benny!" The boy stopped. "I'm taking you with me."

The pronouncement jarred Benny to anguished speech. This (Continued on Page 44)

"Now, Joe," Gil said, "tell me honestly, did you ever see an artist that wasn't a bum? Long hair, dirty clothes, no money?"



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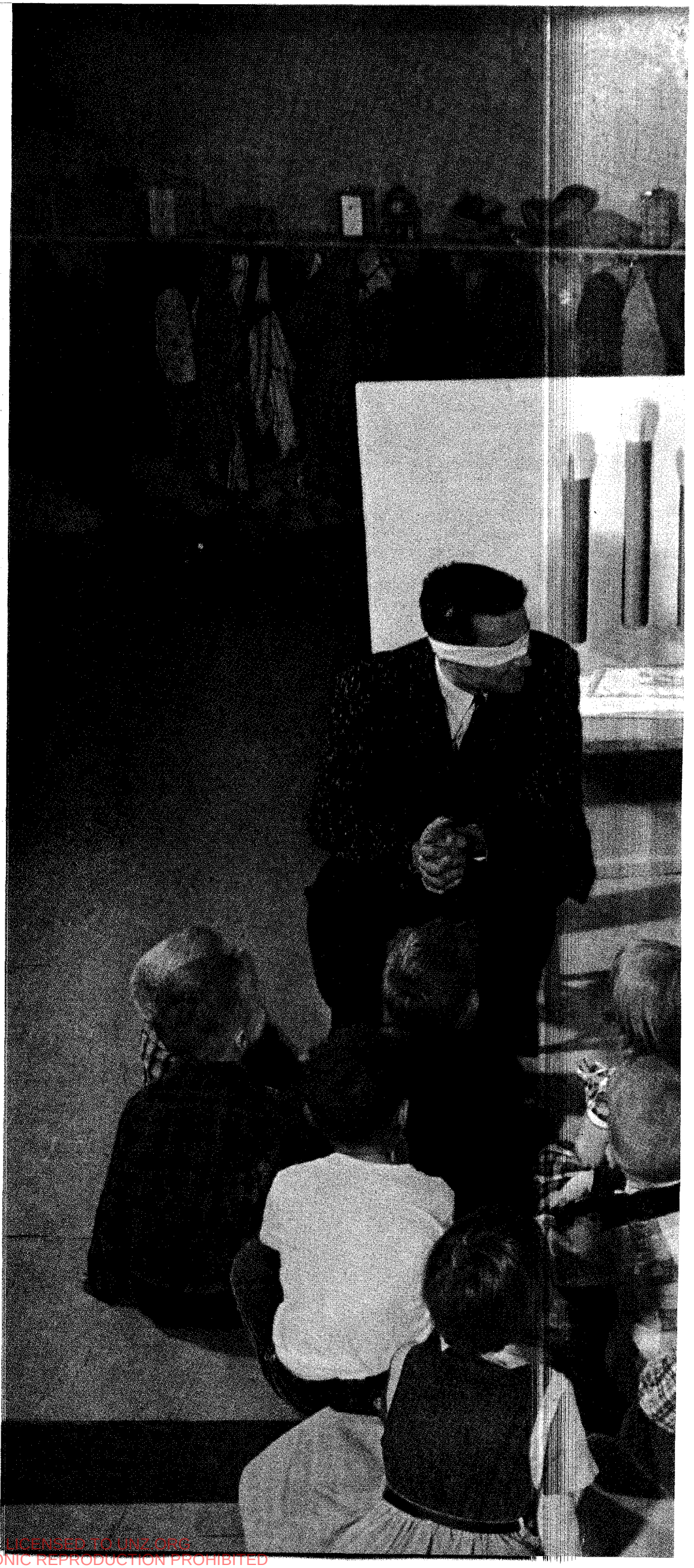
The Face of AMERICA

Dear Teacher:

The kindergarteners thought up the plot. There are forty-one of them at the Hillview Elementary School in Menlo Park, California. They conspired with much whispering and suppression of giggles; their victim was the principal himself, John Martin, a remarkable young man who knows intimately, by name and background, each of the 619 children he has been entrusted with. Martin was born on January 7, 1925. He has five children of his own. He didn't think it unusual, on the morning of last January seventh, when the children asked him to sit as a model in art class. He sat, and went about his duties. Later the kids asked him to come see their sketches. He was led blindfolded into the room. This picture was taken just before the blindfold was removed. John Martin heard the voices singing; he saw the delighted shining faces, portraits of himself on the wall under the merry greeting of the day, and a birthday cake at his side. Sometimes teachers are ill-rewarded, but not this day, not John Martin. He couldn't have asked for more. • Photograph by Jack Fields



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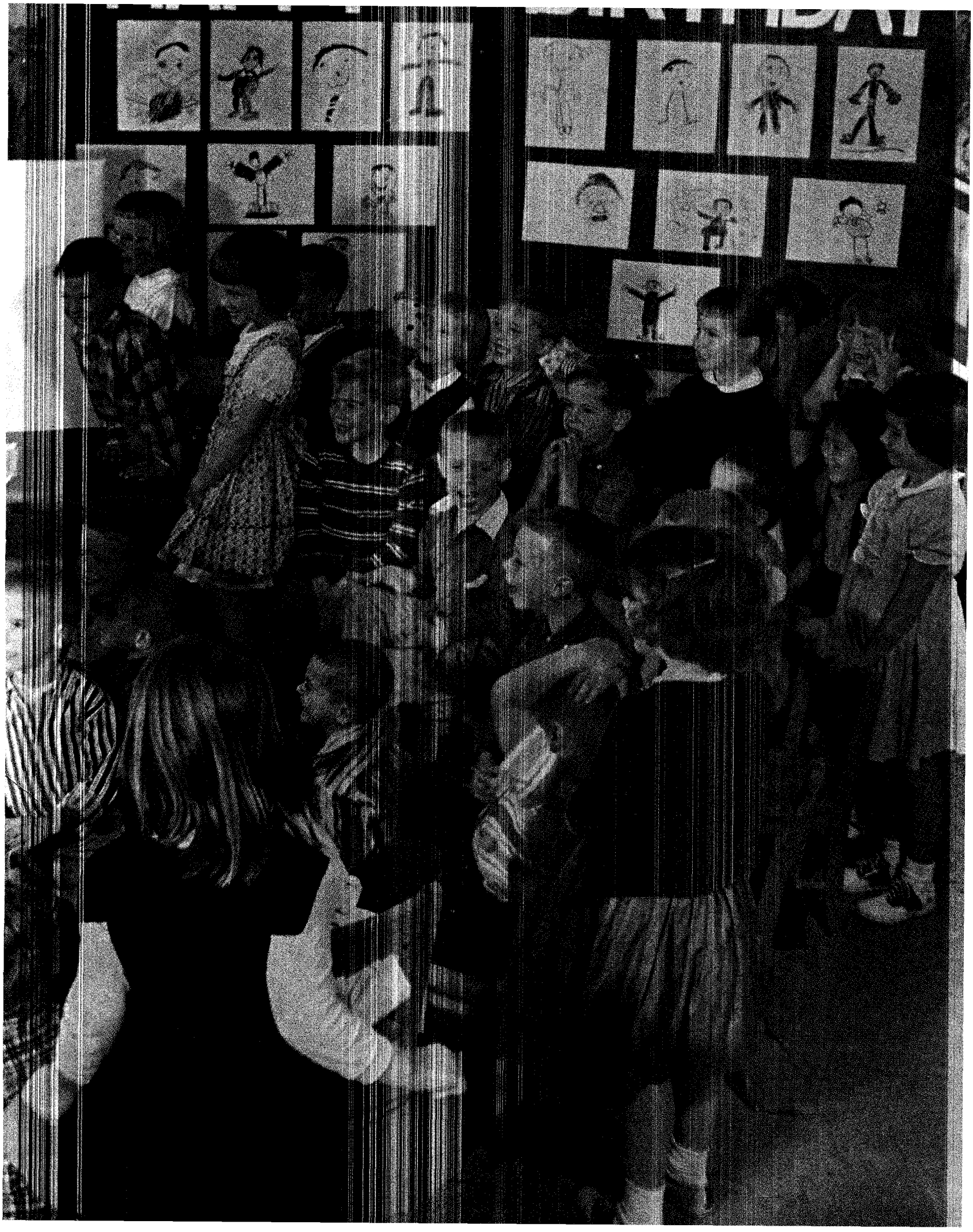

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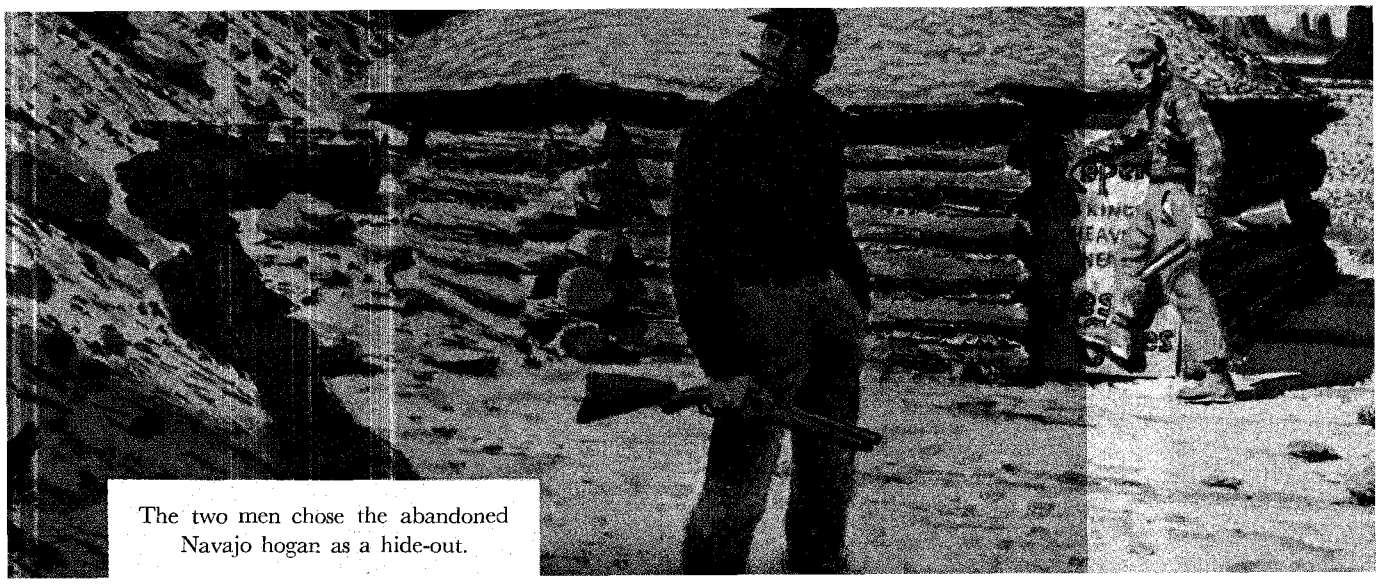

The two men chose the abandoned Navajo hogan as a hide-out.

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The killers had a treasure, and they guarded it with a

Man Trap

By WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Sant, white, small, blond, wind-burned, rode out in front, followed by a black boy, Alistair Benjamin, who was followed by a young red Indian, followed in turn by another young Indian whose name was The Other Indian. All of these colors lived here in Northern New Mexico—red, white and black. Most were red in this lonely ranch area between the Apache and Navajo reservations, but some were white, like Sant, whose father had a very nice spread that carried five hundred head; and a few were black, like Alistair's father, who worked for Sant's father and who was about the best cowboy in Sandoval County. All four boys were cantering across the mesa considering an important proposition. Sant was close to eleven and the others were about that age except one of the Indians, Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses, who was fourteen and a half and who was mad now because no one else would do what he wanted to do.

"Don't you think he's crazy, Alley?" Sant said to Alistair Benjamin, turning his horse.

"Yeah."

"Two hundred thousand dollars! Who ever heard of that much really money?"

"Yeah."

"Seeing someone in a shack counting it and knowing where it's hidden, like in a book."

"Even in a movie," Alistair Benjamin said, "would they be giving the Indians two hundred thousand dollars, even in a movie?"

"And they're being nonchalant."

"Oh, Indians are always nonchalant. That doesn't mean nothing. Indians are always nonchalant," Alistair Benjamin said, and Sant increased the speed of his horse and they all, including the Indians, leaped forward suddenly, skimming across the mesa so that at a distance they seemed borne in the dust they created.

"Nonchalant," Sant said between his teeth. "That's all we need."

No one was so sure where they had gotten their other words, maybe the radio commercials; but this one, nonchalant, they had gotten from a sign that an Indian had stolen from Route 66 to make a door for his hogan. His door had read: BE NONCHALANT. LIGHT A MURAD.

Illustrated by Stan Galli

"You think, Sant ——" Alistair Benjamin had his straw cowboy hat pulled hard over his forehead so that he could barely see and be seen. "You think they could maybe—our Indians, I mean—you think they could maybe not even have two hundred thousand dollars?"

"Yeah."

"But if they have it and we maybe don't get none of it at all? That is, supposing they just ride off and eat it or something all their selves, without us?"

"That's what they'll do if we're anxious. We got to be retiring."

"We sure do."

"We got to be very uninterested in two hundred thousand dollars or so. Indians can tell when we whites bite too hard."

"When they got us hooked."

"We got to be indiffident."

"You can say that again."

"We got to be indiffident."

"You can say that again."

"We got to be indiffident."

"O.K. That's all. What you think, Santo; you think the Indians are listening?"

Sant lifted his hat and half turned in his saddle and watched the following Indians. One of them, Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses, had on a red baseball cap and a white scarf over a blue T-shirt. He wore stovepipe cowboy boots with white eagles in inlaid leather. He was quite an Indian. The Other Indian dressed similarly except he wore a yellow straw cowboy hat with a high roll. The Other Indian was a real Indian too. Both the Indians rode very well.

"Well," Sant thought out loud to Alistair, "you can't tell about Indians. An Indian could be listening or not listening and no man could say amen."

"Amen."

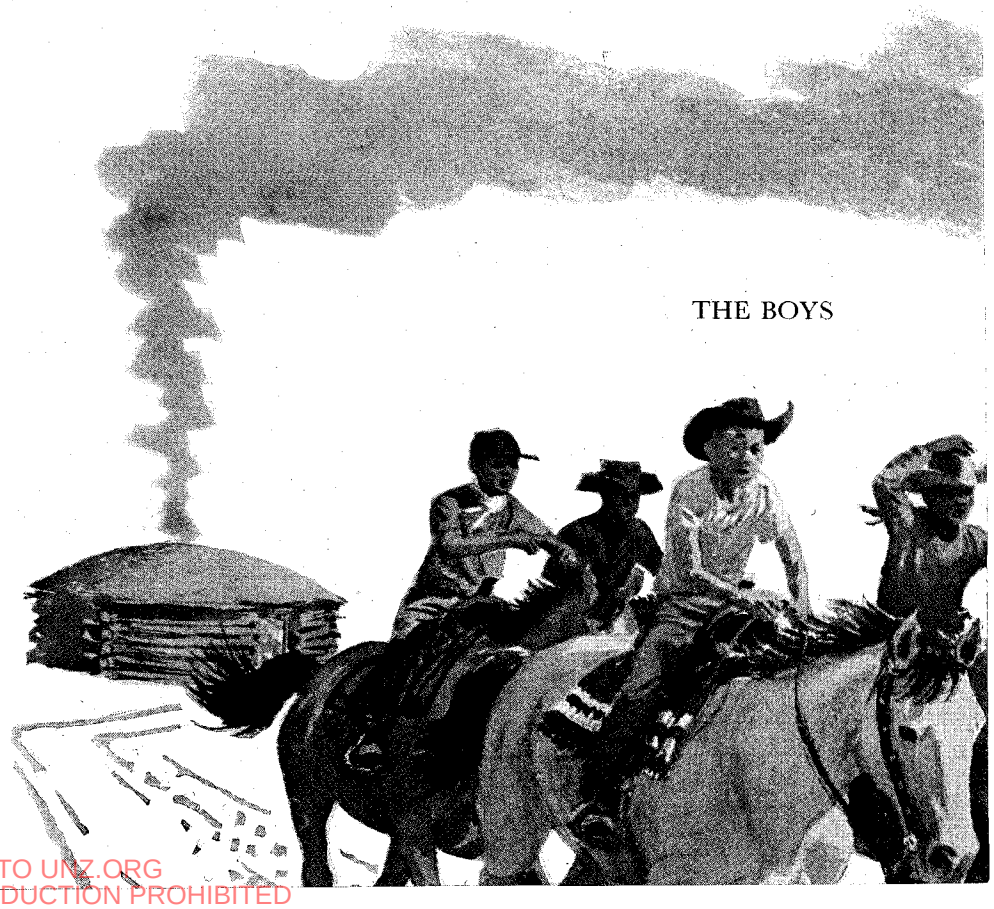
"What I mean is we'll both forget about their two hundred thousand dollars."

Alistair Benjamin pulled his hat even harder down on his black forehead. "I won't."

"I mean, Alley, we got to pretend to be indiffident."

"Yeah. But you sure you got that indiffident pronounced right?"

"Yeah, I got it right all right." (Continued on Page 65)



THE BOYS

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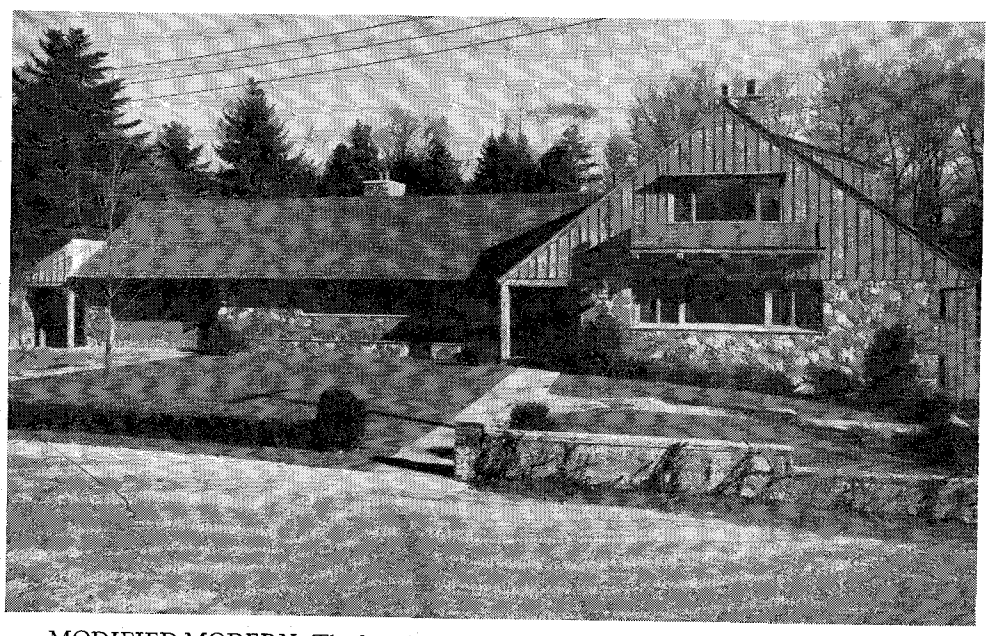
CAPE COD: Wills designed this house for a development in 1941. It was built for $5000—exclusive of land—but would cost $12,500 today.

TRADITIONAL: Dormers and small-paned windows are forms Wills often borrows from Colonial American architecture.



MODIFIED MODERN: The long horizontal lines of this $90,000 house are relieved by a gable and the kind of stone and siding used in early American barns.

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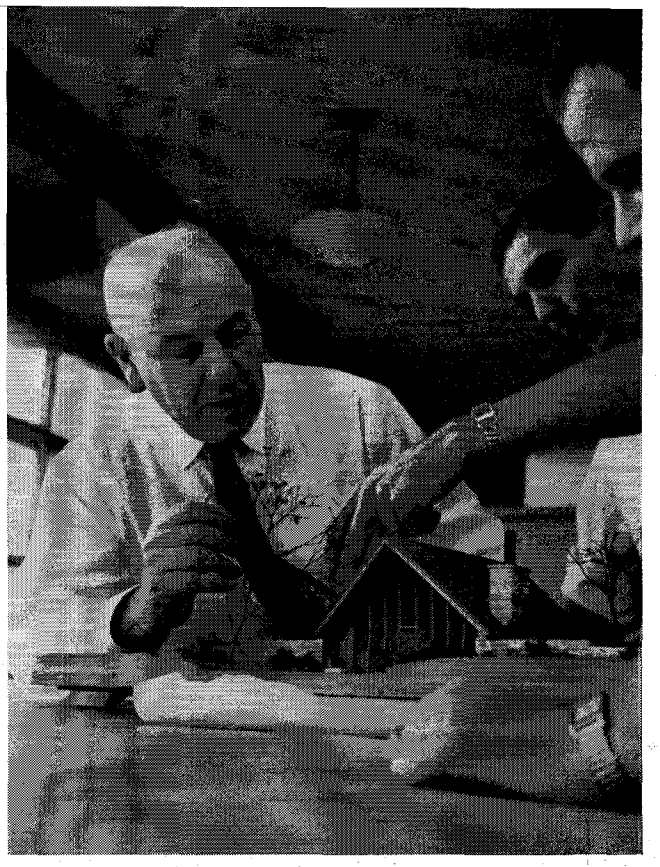
Photographs by Frank Ross

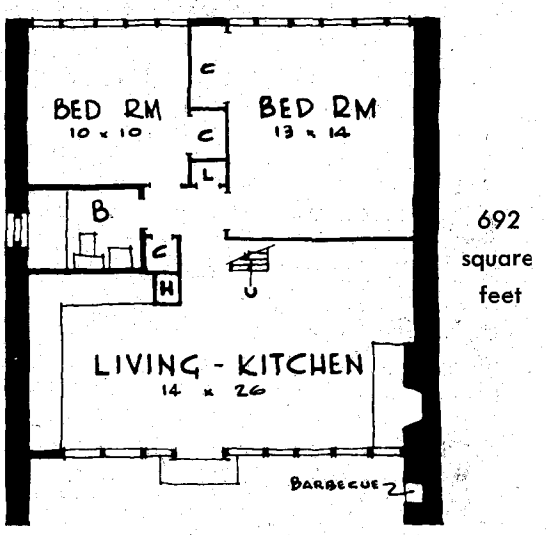
BIG MAN IN SMALL HOUSES

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

Royal Barry Wills, one of the highest-paid architects in America, is also the designer of a house you can build for $5000.



Wills (left) with a model of his $5000 two-bedroom design. Both ends are mostly glass and on three sides the ground lies four feet above floor level.



Above the bedrooms of the $5000 house is space for storage or a third bedroom, with a balcony overlooking the living-kitchen area. According to Wills, it costs only between $50 and $100 a year to heat this house.

Boston architect Royal Barry Wills has never been bashful about his affection for the traditional in home design. His love affair with the Cape Cod cottage, in fact, has been so intense, for so long a time, that many a would-be homeowner, surveying the infinite variation of Mr. Wills' Cape Codders in plan books and magazines, has concluded that he is the man who somehow invented the design.

"A dear woman in Oklahoma—or maybe it was Texas—once taxed me with this," Wills told me. Female clients, incidentally, are almost always "dear" to him. "I set her straight about the old boys on the Cape, and their contribution to New England's architecture. I also told her the last thing I desired was to be held responsible for every house in these United States which claims to be Cape Cod. With this on my conscience, I'd wake up screaming in the night!"

Architect Wills, it should be said, sleeps very well indeed. He has never, his detractors to the contrary, suffered nightmares in which he was besieged by armies of colonial shutters, or wrapped around by miles of white picket fence. These are normal symbols of domesticity to him. "And they appeal to millions of Americans," he says, "who find warmth in traditional detail that is lacking in the starkly functional, unrelieved expanses of concrete and glass so often dished up in the name of contemporary design."

The Wills concept of "making a house a home" is entirely too old-fashioned to impress most leaders of architectural thought. Their approach is strictly contemporary. The giants of the profession, in addition, are inclined to look down, with a strange mixture of pity and envy, on those who specialize in residential work. Fame and fortune lie in the planning of large structures, and not in the humble home. So much so, that when four residential specialists from different parts of the country were recently brought (Continued on Page 52)

MODIFIED TRADITIONAL: Wills combined a "contemporary" window wall (left of the door) with old-fashioned shingles and shutters in the design of this cottage.

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Gigolo

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

She had heard about men who make a business of charming. . . . And now she found out how they operated.

So narrow was the ancient street on the Left Bank, so tinctured with shadow were its tilted buildings even at midday, that Hank slipped her thousand-dollar camera back into its alligator case. Five feet seven and a half inches of blond, gorgeous, appallingly healthy ranch girl, she glowed in the shadow like one of the roses her fellow Texans hymned. She turned to her plump, short mother, who wore a white ostrich hat.

"See something, doll?" she asked.

To their left was a butcher shop which, to judge from the gilded horse's head over its door, did not sell beef. Mrs. Nesbitt, however, was not studying horse chops. She was gazing into a cobwebbed window that bore no inscription, no name at all.

"Hank," she murmured weakly, "French Provincial. Tons of it. Simply tons!"

"Mother, that's impossible," said Hank.

"I tell you it *is*. Wait here, dear."

A woman in a dream, floating, Mrs. Nesbitt entered the shop, or warehouse, or whatever it was. Careless of her embroidered glove, she dragged a thumb across the dusty top of a carved chest. Rosewood gleamed at her like amber with the sun shining through it.

"Is this furniture for sale?" she inquired.

"*Oui*," replied a great-grandfather in a denim apron and felt slippers. "But it is for country inns and cafés, madame."

Mrs. Nesbitt, veteran auction goer, fought down her impulse to snatch out her letter of credit and her traveler's checks. There were mirrors in rope-twist frames, inlaid writing desks, walnut bedsteads with pineapple finials. Against a whitewashed wall stood a refectory table that virtually yelled the headlines from the sixteenth century.

"You see," said Mrs. Nesbitt craftily, "my house in America is a big old farmhouse. I can always use a few extra pieces. They don't have to be new."

While the bargaining went on inside, Hank watched a tall, thin young man in paint-spattered jeans, wearing a trim beard and a beret, mount a white motor scooter. The young Frenchman observed her observing him.

"What a magnificent body you have," he addressed her in perfect English. "Will you pose for me without your clothes?"

"You go jump in a fountain," replied Hank tersely.

Her admirer snapped his fingers. "I beg your pardon. I neglected to explain that I'm a painter."

"I was right sure you weren't a diplomat," said Hank caustically.

Nonetheless they fell into a somewhat uneasy conversation, warm on one side and cool on the other, like a waffle in a large family. It was still going on when Mrs. Nesbitt, reeling in triumph, joined them on the narrow sidewalk.

"Henrietta," she murmured, "I have just bought thirty or forty thousand dollars' worth of French Provincial for six thousand dollars. I'm a little faint. I think I'll go back to the hotel and lie down. . . . Who is this devastatingly handsome young man?"

"Charles George Surmont," the young man introduced himself with alacrity, "Charlie to my friends. I'm fairly well known as a painter. At least I thought I was. But your daughter not only has not heard of me, she doesn't believe a word I say, so I have invited her to come with me to Dueppel's, the gallery that handles my work."

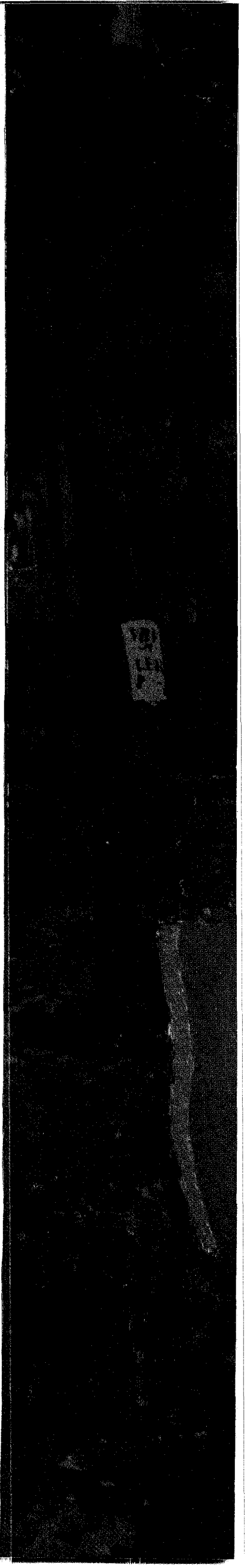
"And so tall too," mused Mrs. Nesbitt. . . . "Taller than you are, Hank. Isn't that lovely? . . . Good-by, children. Have a good time."

"Mother, have you gone mad?" demanded Hank, scandalized.

"If I'd been lucky enough to get to Paris at your age," said Mrs. Nesbitt, "I would have got onto a scooter and gone to Dueppel's. I can tell you that!" She waved her furled plaid umbrella. "Taxi, taxi!"

Charlie took Hank to his dealer's, where, to her astonishment, he was (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore



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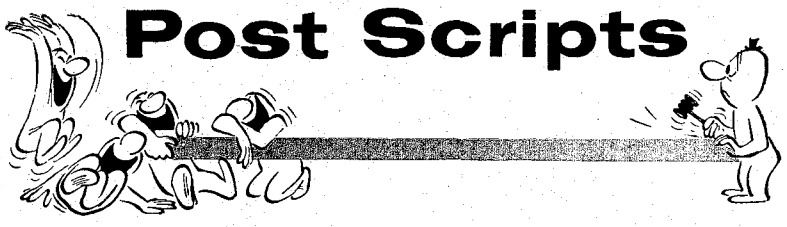
Post Scripts



NOW JUST A MINUTE
By Bill Harrison
"Maybe there's something good on another channel."
"Gee, thanks, Mr. Frisbee!"
"Mom can make refreshments . . . you say there'll be twenty-four . . ."
". . . like to nominate, for program chairman, my good friend . . ."
MEATS
"You needn't carry them to the car . . . my husband will. . . ."
"Bring yours too. Stella can clean them all at the same time."
"I already have a date for the dance, but my roommate here . . ."
"And while we're shopping, Charles can entertain the kids."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's about a five-watt bulb under that lampshade."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Chemise Dress

I feel like a freak,
But I hear Paris speak
And all rational judgment forsakes me.
Being woman, and weak,
I just *have* to be *chic*,
No matter how dowdy it makes me!

ETHEL JACOBSON

Space Facts

SUN—The heart of our solar system. Without the sun, nothing could live on Earth except the great horned owl and all-night disc jockeys.

VENUS—Second planet from the sun or about 26,000,000 miles from Earth as the crow flies. However, not many crows have made the trip and lived to tell about it.

MARS—Peopled by a super race where even a genius is considered stupid. The Martian navy has developed a flying saucer, the army, a flying cup—yet the two can't get together because of interservice rivalry.

ALGOL—An up-and-coming star appearing in the southern skies, so bright that a Maine lobsterman mistook her for Polaris, the North Star. As a result he drifted into Miami, Florida, with a load of spoiled crabmeat.

A. R. SWINNERTON

The Secret of Cyril's Success

You find, considering Cyril's looks,
They're not like Gregory Peck's.
They're hard to peg—say, more like an egg
In a pair of gold-rimmed specs.

He isn't outdoorsy, goodness knows.
And you'd suspect, from his taste in clothes,
That his diapers must've been good blue serge.
He always appears to be on the verge
Of coming down with a cold in the head.
And his creamiest *mot* is (quote), "Drop dead!"
Delivered in tones almost as rich
As a sheet being torn a bit off-pitch.

No, Cyril hasn't got brains or charm.
In fact, he has nothing but money.
But *that* he has got by the gallon pot.
Isn't the guy a honey?

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The Telephone Solicitor Tackles the Housewife

"Capital 2-2753? . . . Mrs. Jones? . . . Congratulations, ma'am! Your family has been chosen by the Worldwide Accident-Headache-and-Other-Dreadful-Development-Insurance-at-No-Cost-to-You Company to receive one of our new Dynamic Action Policies—the ONLY policy with the Jet-Propelled Payment!"

"Gracious, we have? For heaven's s—leggo my leg, Junior—sake! Honestly, though, we've got insurance coming out of our ears, and —— I mean, it seems like we can't turn around without whammo, there's a payment for the car or the kids or the—Cissie, get off the TV set—or else it's house or health or fire or something, and now John's wondering about these hurricanes, and. . . ."

"That's it, ma'am! Worry! How many nights does your husband lie awake wondering if he is adequately covered?"

"Well, he always hogs the blankets anyway and —— Oh. You mean ——"

"Or put it this way, Mrs. Jones. How many nights do YOU lie awake, staring into the dark, worrying whether ——"

"Frankly, I'm so beat by the time I finally hit the sack that I—Bertie, drop those matches—that is, I just don't seem to wake up. Unless one of the kids yells or something, I mean."

"Mrs. Jones! Did you ever think what it means to know you are Protected Each Day, at Home or Away?"

"My goodness, I never get away. I mean, I'm lucky if I get out of the kitchen once a week, what with all the ——"

"But, ma'am, do you realize that 88¼% of all home accidents happen in the kitchen?"

"Say, isn't that the truth! Yesterday I made a meringue pie and Junior here—leggo the phone, Junior—pulled it off the drainboard. You never saw such a ——"

"Well, that isn't quite the sort of accident I mean, ma'am. Look. How would you like to find yourself in bed, absolutely immobile, for six whole weeks? That's what happened to ——"

"My, it sounds like heaven! Honestly, sometimes I think raising five kids plus a husband is just about the ——"

"Or take the case of —— Five? FIVE kids? And I thought I had it tough with three! Listen, honey, you don't need more insurance, you need a good dependable sitter. Now look here. You call Mrs. Bates, Broadway 3-3419, got that? She's a wonder, a real wonder. No nonsense about her, straight fifty cents an hour. You just say Marie sent you, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

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GMAC

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

TIME PAYMENT PLAN

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

THE PLAN THAT HAS HELPED MILLIONS BUY CARS "ON TIME"

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BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Carrier

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All at once? Specify a Carrier Weathermaster* System with under-the-window Modular units which adapt to all types of building construction. The occupant of each office selects the climate he prefers.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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"Let's shoot him now," Huddleston said. "Just say the word, skipper . . ."

Seven Days to Tingyong

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

The exhausted jungle fighters had been driven to the limit. Now the major faced desertion—and mutiny.

"So it's the old game again," Lieutenant Huddleston said. "We're the anvil against which the Old Man cracks the Japs."

It was true enough, Major Frank Antioch thought bitterly. Shanz Force was haggard from months of jungle warfare and sorely depleted by casualties. It needed rest—badly. But old General Parsons had made himself clear. Shanz would cross the mountains and take the Japanese airfield at Tingyong Ga. The whole North Burma campaign hinged on this mission. So Antioch gave his promise. Shanz would capture Tingyong Ga.

The general had warned that factions in the Rear Echelon might try to countermand his orders. And just as Shanz was about to march, a staff colonel arrived by light plane.

"You are relieved of your command, major," the colonel said coldly. "Shanz Force stays where it is."

II

For a moment Antioch didn't answer Col. Clay Ashmiller as the two of them stood in the dust at the edge of the air strip. So that had been that urgent message coming down from New Delhi last night, Antioch was thinking. It was worse than he'd figured; all that he had expected had been orders countermanding the march to Tingyong Ga. But if this colonel took over command of Shanz now, it would really put a knife into the Old Man's back, because Frank Antioch didn't need anybody to tell him that Col. Clay Ashmiller had no intention of marching across the Kugan Hills. Absently he noted now that the last of the L-4's was loaded and taxiing for its take-off.

He pulled his attention back to the man in front of him. "I presume that radio orders directing your relief reached you last night, major," the colonel was saying in his cold voice.

Antioch shook his head. "I told you, colonel, that our long-range radio went out last night. I received no such orders."

"Well, get your damned radio repaired!"

Antioch smiled tightly. "That radio is not repairable in the time we've got before Shanz moves out, colonel," he murmured. "We'll not be in touch with the base again until we've taken Tingyong Ga."

"I told you to cancel those march orders!" Ashmiller snapped.

He might as well lay it on the line, Antioch decided. "I'm sorry, colonel," he said in a flat voice. "My orders from General Parsons are to move at once (Continued on Page 82)

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Brothers' Quarrel (Continued from Page 31)

was worse than he had expected, worse than cutting the grass or cleaning the basement. It would take the whole weekend! "Why, dad? I don't want to go, dad! Why do I have to go?"

The man grinned at the boy. "I thought I'd like your company," he said. "Maybe it'll be easier for Joe and me both with you along; might even keep us from quarreling. I've already told your mother I was taking you, if I could find you."

He sighed, reached under the desk and pulled out the brief case that was kept packed for unexpected trips. Then he stood erect, bounced high on his toes and exclaimed, "Hup-a-hup-a-hup-a-hup!"

The sound affected Benny like the scream of a saw biting into a nail. It was his father's rallying cry, his favorite expression when the duty ahead was unpleasant but necessary.

Having fortified his will, the man knocked the derby over his left eye and jerked his head toward the door. "O.K., Benny, let's go! Number Five's due in six minutes."

Joe met them at Kingston. Benny saw his uncle dashing eagerly along the platform as the engine, coal-car, single-coach combination slid through the station to stop on the cinder path beyond. Uncle Joe's long hair was tossed like tree branches in a storm. The loose seat of his old pants followed far behind his whirling rump.

"Gil, hello! Big surprise! Hello, Benny. Glad to see you."

The two brothers were superficially alike, except that Gil was bald. Both were slender and of medium height with fair skins and aquiline noses, but where Gil stood erect, strode firmly, Joe was a little bent; and where Gil looked at the world with assurance, Joe's eyes were friendly and shy, asking to be liked.

"Hup-a-hup-a-hup-a-hup!" Gil answered heartily. "Good to see you again, Joe," and handed him the brief case. Gil strode off, talking steadily. "How ya been, Joe? . . . Chest cleared up? . . . Hot down here. . . . Hup-a-hup-a-hup-a-hup! What ya doing these days, Joe?"

Joe looked about uncertainly, as if the answer to that might be lurking somewhere behind him, and answered vaguely, "Painting, Gil; just a little painting."

Gil paused to let them catch up with him, nodding in approval. "Good, good, good. Glad to hear you're still working for Jim Black. I got to worrying about you, thought maybe you'd quit or been laid off. Jim pays pretty well, I guess. . . . Get in some licks on the old house?"

The answer to that lay on the edge of town a half-mile walk from the station. An unpainted picket fence minus a gate marked off a half acre of lawn shaded by three enormous maple trees. The house, too, was unpainted, and the siding so deeply weathered that the grain of the wood stood high, like a relief map. Fingers of wind and rain and hail had imparted to the surface a silverlike patina pleasing to the eye.

"I guess the painter doesn't find time to paint for himself, huh? Pretty busy rolling it in, huh!" Gil shoved his derby back on his head and spat doubtfully. "Looks just like she always did," he said, "only more so."

They entered by way of the kitchen. It was a large square room, a bachelor's kitchen arranged for comfort rather than show. There was a wood stove, a cabinet, some straight chairs and a round walnut table resting solidly on five bulbous, elephant-sized legs. In a bay of windows stood two armchairs of oak with leather cushions. One belonged to Joe and the other to Beauregard, the eleven-year-old Airedale that met them graciously at the door.

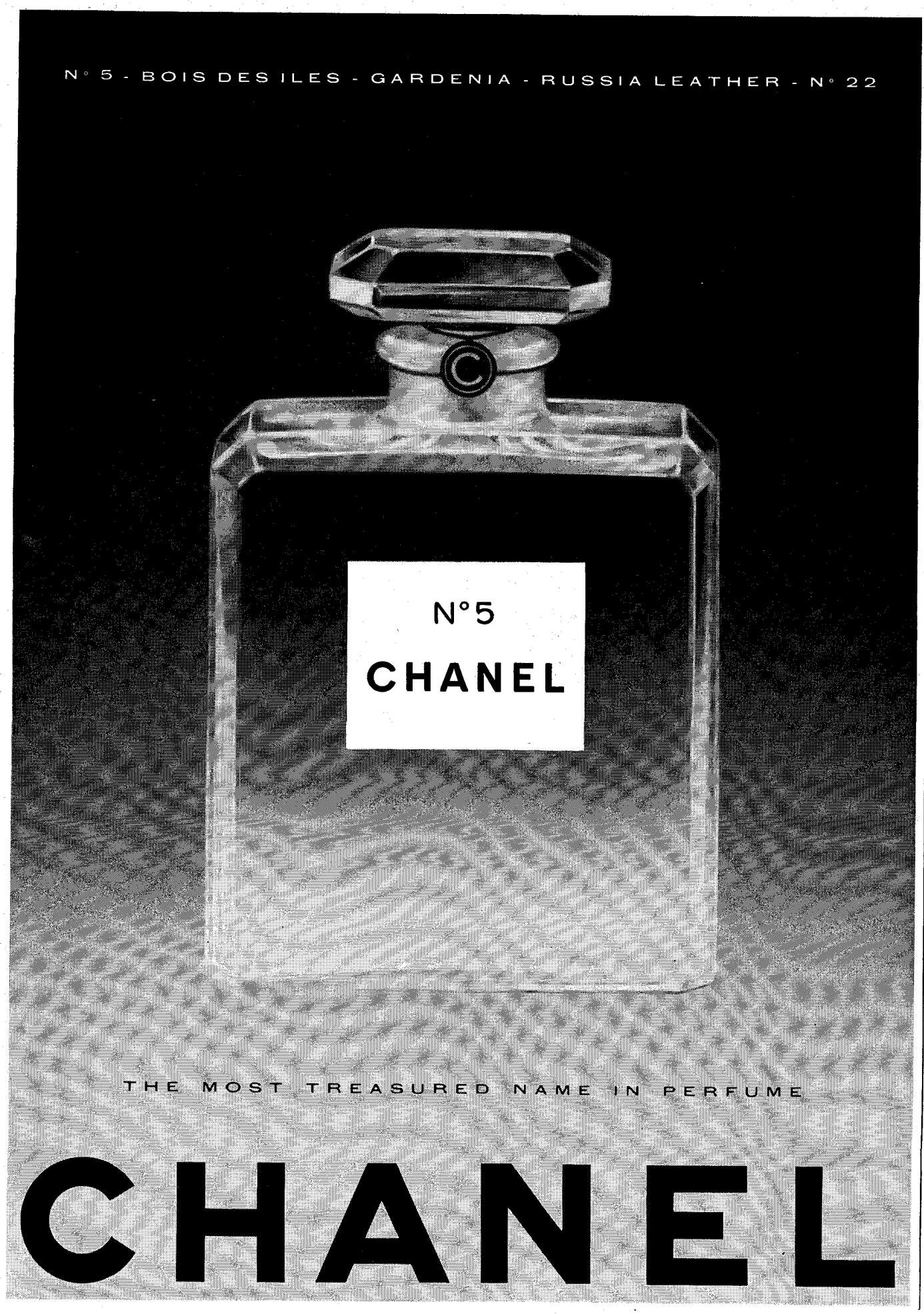
Joe waved Gil toward one of the armchairs, but Gil led the way to the less-often-used dining room beyond, which served as living room also. It was awash with paintings in all stages of incompletion. They sat on the chairs, stood against the arms of an old sofa, marched around the surbase, perched on the cherry secretary. Paints and brushes, some dry, some fresh, lay across a palette on a corner of the table.

"Painting, eh? Huh!" Gil's eyes stepped warily from picture to picture in disapproval, as if his worst suspicions had been confirmed. "So that's what you meant by painting! I thought you got over this art nonsense twenty years ago! Ever sell one?"

"Never tried. Haven't finished these yet. Can't get them right somehow. . . ." Joe's voice died away uncertainly and his gentle eyes followed the cracks in the bare floor back and forth in several aimless trips.

"Pictures! Huh!" Gil snorted, finding words inadequate. "Waste of time! Waste of life! Huh!"

Joe turned back toward the kitchen and Gil and Benny followed. The sink was a homemade one of wood lined with zinc. A hand pump at the low end provided water. The drain was a pipe emptying into a bucket standing on the floor. Dirty dishes filled the sink and covered the wooden drainboard.



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"Didn't know you were coming 'til I got your telegram this morning, Gil, or I'd have cleaned up," Joe apologized. "Been too busy lately for dishes. Better get something to eat."

Gil took charge with the authority of long-established custom. "Joe, you'd better wash the dishes first. Benny can dry. I'll get a bucket of spring water for drinking. I'm thirsty. Then I'll make us some pancakes." He picked up the water pail and vanished through the back door.

Joe built a fire in the stove while Benny got the dishes out of the sink and onto the floor. "Water in the boiler's hot from this morning, Benny. You can start washing," Joe suggested and dashed out into the yard. Benny heard a hen squawk and looked out the door to see his uncle lay the decapitated bird on a stump and hurry into the weed-grown garden to pull some late corn.

It was only three hundred yards from house to mineral spring at the foot of the hill, but Benny had the dishes washed and dried and Joe had the chicken dressed before Gil reappeared in the kitchen with his pail of water.

"Now I'll make us some pancakes," he announced briskly.

"Just killed a chicken, Gil," Joe demurred, "and there's corn and potatoes, and I'll make dumplings, if you'll only wait."

"Too slow," Gil countered.

"A little slow," Joe admitted, "but a lot better."

"We're hungry right now, Joe. Pancakes are quick and filling. We can have the chicken tonight."

Joe's lower lip shot forward like a wet shelf. He sucked it in and out, then sat down submissively at the kitchen table.

Gil got busy. "I'm not a chemist for nothing," he observed cheerfully. "The base is flour, of course." He dumped four large scoops from the flour drawer in the cabinet into a bowl and added water. "Now, let's see, salt next and maybe a little baking soda to make them rise." He found these ingredients without appealing to Joe, stirred them into the mixture, took down the frying pan from the wall behind the stove, heated it and tried a spoonful.

The cake stuck and had to be scraped off bit by bit. "Needs a lubricant. I forgot that. Guess I'll add some lard." He melted several heaping spoonfuls in the frying pan and poured them into his mixture, then tried another cake. It ran thinly over the pan.

"It needs something for body," he remarked to his silent audience. "Eggs. We need them in our diet, anyway." He broke six into the batter—two apiece, he explained—then stirred the mixture vigorously. The bowl was now so full that the action splashed its contents onto the table.

"Wipe it up, Benny," he ordered impatiently and transferred the batter to a larger bowl. He surveyed the result critically and added more flour with generous hand before again trying a pancake. It turned out pale and unappetizing.

"I'll add molasses for color," he decided, upending the bottle. This done, the mixture was again too thin to please him, so he searched until he found a hand basin into which he prudently emptied the batter before adding more flour. Again he tried a spoonful in the hot grease. It came out golden brown. He fried a panful.

"Have some!" he said, shoveling the cakes onto three plates.

"Where's the syrup?" Benny asked.

Joe flushed and said, "Isn't any."

Gil snapped his teeth in exasperation. "Why in plunket didn't you tell me so, then?"

"Didn't think," Joe admitted.

"That's the trouble with you, Joe; never think things through, never have, never will, I guess." He shrugged. "Oh, well, that's what I'm for, I suppose."

Joe brought a plate of butter and the three of them sat without speaking. Joe and Benny made a pretense of eating, while Gil choked down great buttered wedges of the cakes. They were tasteless and lumpy with flour. Abruptly, when his plate was empty, Gil stood up and went to the door, derby in hand. "I think I'll have a look around town," he said and was gone.

Benny leaned back and stopped chewing. Joe suggested, "Why don't you fry up the rest of this mess for the chickens, Benny, while I cook us something to eat? There's homemade bread in the pantry." The boy spread himself two thick slices before he set to work.

Joe's dumplings, when they were ready, were light, and the chicken succulent. He and Benny ate in companionable silence, chewing the meat from drumsticks. Beauregard deserted his armchair and rested his chin on Joe's knee, following every mouthful with his eyes. Only half an ear of corn survived their appetite.

"Can I look at your pictures now, Uncle Joe?" Benny asked.

"Sure, Benny, if you want to."

The boy walked slowly around the dining room examining each picture with care. "What's this one, Uncle Joe?" he called, and the man joined him from the kitchen.

"That's a gusher I saw come in—oil well, you know—down in Texas. Never finished it. Couldn't get it right."

"And this?"

"Some Indians doing a rain dance. Saw them in New Mexico. And this one's a farm in Iowa. Worked there one summer. And that's Pikes Peak."

"You've been everywhere, Uncle Joe. . . . Why don't you finish them?"

"Can't get them right, Benny. Got this idea several years ago I'd paint the whole face of America, but memory keeps going back on me, so I had to give it up. Too big an idea for one man, anyway for a duffer like me."

The sound of the screen door recalled them guiltily to the kitchen. Gil was back. He sat down at the table and bounced his derby on his knee.

"Joe, I've been thinking. It's time you modernized this old house, put in electricity and plumbing. Nothing's been done to it since pa and ma died. You ought to have hot and cold running water and a bathroom. Here it's Saturday and we need baths, and after all these years I'll bet you still wash in the old tin tub or even at the pump right there by the sink where we washed as boys."

Joe avoided his brother's eyes.

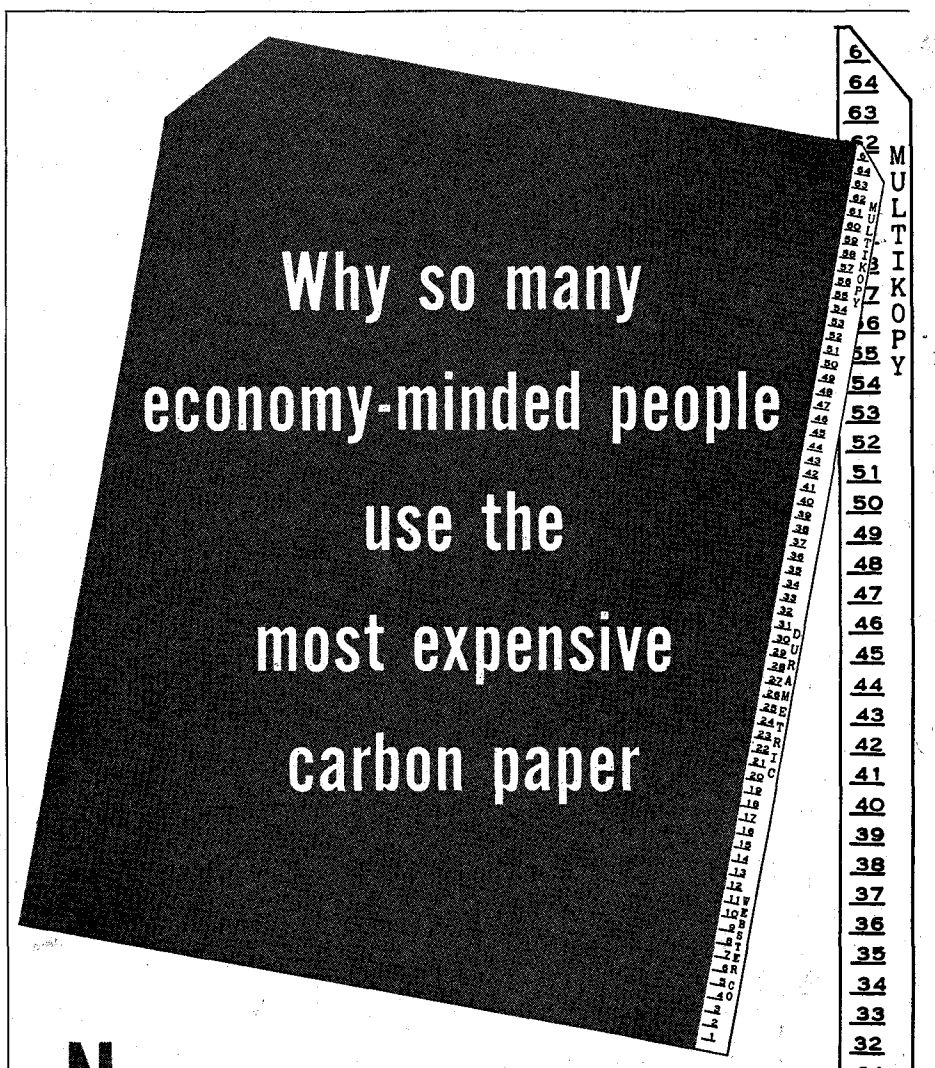
"Well, don't you? And I'm not going to. It's still warm enough for a swim in the old swimming hole, and it's getting toward dusk so we don't need suits. We don't, do we?"

Joe shook his head.

"Well, come on then!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mirage or not, I've half a mind to get in."



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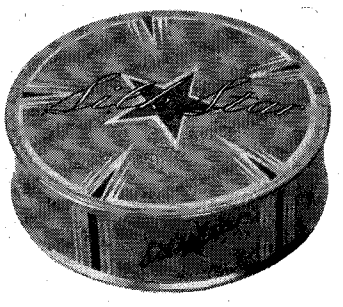

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Gil jammed his derby on his head and started for the door. The swimming hole was on a creek just off the Susquehanna River. A pool had formed at a bend where flood waters, trying to reach the river around a rocky barrier, had bored a fifty-foot basin which was screened by thick brush and trees.

"I learned to swim here," Gil said with satisfaction. The speed with which he shucked his clothes was that of a boy. He did not stop even to hang them on a bush, but dived into the water with the confidence born of experience—and came up spouting blood from his nose.

"Why didn't you tell me it wasn't deep here any more?" he shouted accusingly at Joe.

"How was I to guess you were going to throw yourself in like that?" Joe protested.

The older brother's nose was swelling rapidly. It was a big nose, and the bony arch began to disappear under the puffing of bruised flesh. Gil stood in water up to his waist, ducking his head until the bleeding slackened, while Joe and Benny edged cautiously down and into the pool. Beauregard stood on the bank, barking.

... ...

Model for a New World

If we would have a brave
new world,
There's nothing now to stay
us:
The blueprint of the first one
shows
It, too, was made of chaos.

Mary Alkus

... ...

Gil wiggled his nose tenderly. "I guess it's not broken," he said resentfully. "No thanks to you, though, Joe. It could have been my neck."

"Might have been easier for me if it had been," Joe flung back.

The two brothers looked at each other in surprise. Gil's expression became both outraged and hurt. "After all I've done for you, and you talk like that!" he said.

Joe's mood was recalcitrant. "I don't know what you've done for me, Gil, but I sure know what you've done to me," he retorted and swam off across the pool.

Gil made no reply. He climbed out of the water, put on his clothes, and set off for the house.

It was quiet in the pool. The air was a soft green. A flock of minnies rushed past Benny along the sandy bottom. Birds chirped fussily in the bushes. Floating on his back he could see a white sliver of moon high above him in the sky. He stayed on, paddling back and forth, after his uncle left. Only the coming of darkness drove him up to the house.

As he approached the kitchen door, he heard the crackle of voices like the snapping of dry sticks on a fire. His father and uncle were both talking at once. It sounded to Benny like a familiar quarrel, almost a comfortable quarrel, he thought. The armchairs had been pulled up to the table.

Two mugs of black coffee stood side by side on the table, and Joe had loaned Gil a corncob pipe. This was a revelation to Benny, because at home his father never smoked—a matter of religion, he said. Beauregard, his chair preempted, lay across Joe's lap with his head resting on the arm of the chair.

Bread and jam and milk had been set out. Benny helped himself.

"Don't forget the way you were drifting around the country, a year here, a year there, no steady job," his father said.

"And don't forget you set railroad detectives on me like a fugitive from a chain gang."

"How else was I going to find you, Joe? You hadn't written in five years, and I'd promised ma I'd look out for you."

"That didn't give you the right to say, 'Do this, Joe.' 'Don't do that, Joe,' the way you're always doing."

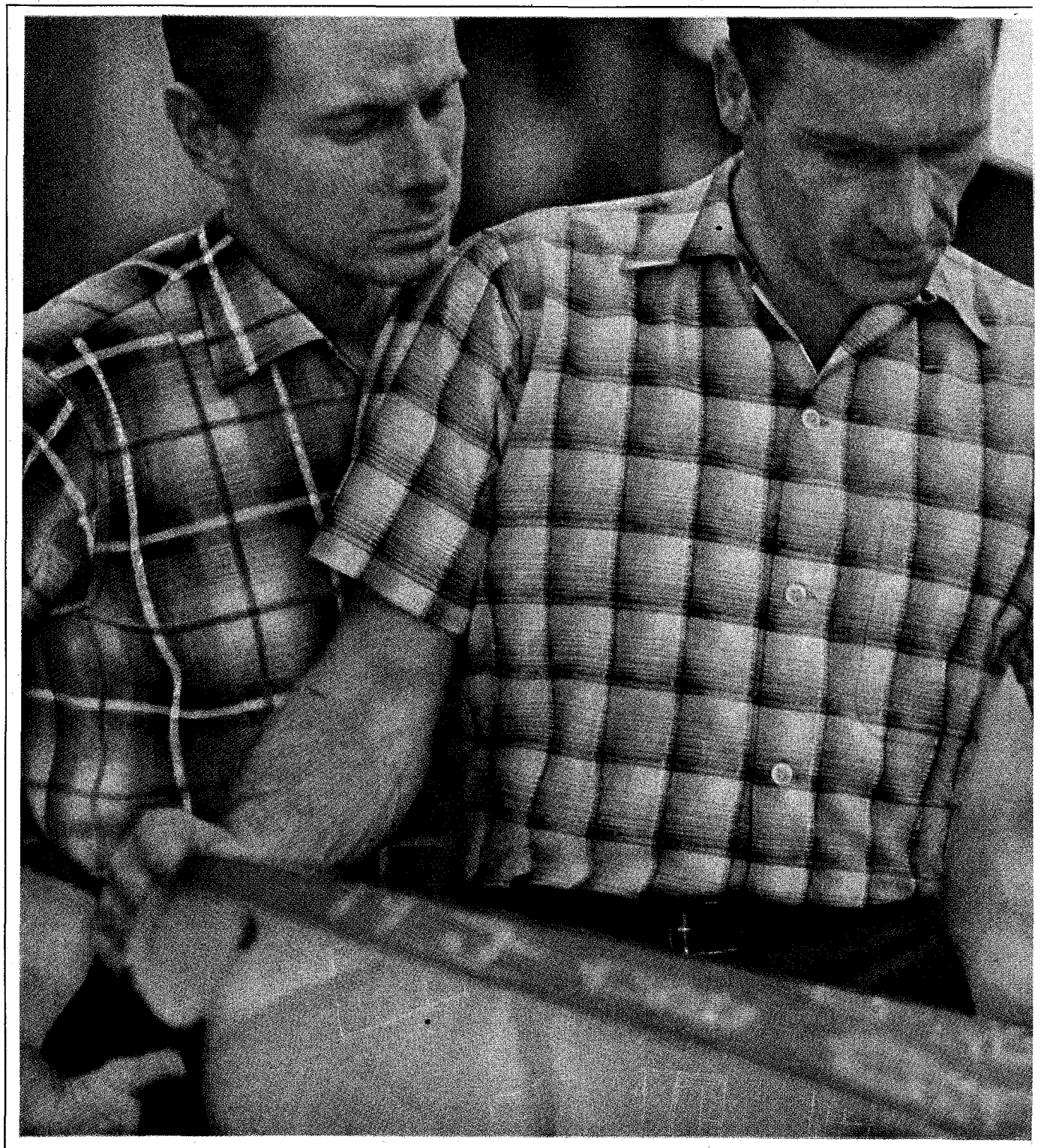
"You were glad enough to see me when I found you down with pneumonia and out of a job. Don't forget I got you a nurse, and paid your bills, and brought you back here to Kingston, and found you a job with Jim Black when you were well again. And now look at you! Fooling around with paints and brushes like a kid! I thought that art idea got killed off a long time ago."

"Killed!" Joe said bitterly. "Killed! That's the word, all right. You're always killing off my ideas, like dragging me out of art school when ma died."

"But, Joe, it was time you grew up," Gil said, rising from his chair. "No man has the right to play around all his life. He's got to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in this world. Every man has an obligation to make this country a better place for the next generation to live in. Can't you understand? Besides, I said that I'd send you to business school."

Joe's face was stubborn. "Never wanted to go to business school; wanted to paint."

"Now, Joe, tell me honestly, did you ever see an artist that wasn't a bum? Long hair, dirty clothes, no money."



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"Sure, Gil, the world needs a lot of people like you, but there's a place for art too. All I'm saying is that you should have left me alone to make something of myself in my own way. I wanted to travel and see things and paint what I saw, all the strange places and people. Why, I met kinds of people I didn't know existed, didn't even know could exist."

He looked across the table at Benny. "Once, Benny, I was riding a freight car out west somewhere, don't remember now just where it was. Thought I was alone in it when I saw a man coming toward me from the other end in the dark. You've heard people talk about eyes that glitter like a snake's, but it doesn't mean anything usually, only that was what this man's eyes did. They glittered the whole length of that car at me, and I don't mind telling you it gave me a chill. He came down the car, holding something in his hand, and when he got to me he said, 'Have you anything to eat?' Well, I had a loaf of bread and some cheese and it was going to have to last me all day, but I just handed it over. He held a little notebook out to me. 'This is for you,' he said. 'Please keep it always.' Well, you don't argue with crazy people when you're alone with them in a moving freight car, so I took the little book and put it in my pocket. Got off that train as soon as I could, but I kept the book. Still got it somewhere. Kind of got to like it."

He picked up the lamp and disappeared into the dining room, returning with a pamphlet, which he handed to Benny. The title read Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.

"By Vachel Lindsay," Joe said proudly. "He's famous now."

He looked at Gil, but Gil was unimpressed. "Never heard of him," he said. "Joe, you've got to listen to me this time. Everybody's got a moral obligation to get ahead, to work, to make something of himself. Here I'm chief chemist of the Allegheny Railroad, and what are you? Living in a house without running water or electricity with an old dog for company, painting pictures nobody will buy. It's all wrong, and you know it. Joe, you've got to admit you're difficult!"

"Gil, you're not difficult, you're impossible. You don't understand about art. It's not play. It's work, with a meaning, and you're not going to stop me this time, Gil. I'm beginning to get some of my pictures right after all these years. Other people in town think so too."

"This town!" Gil said with disgust.

Neither man turned his head when Benny stood up, found and lighted a candle and went up the stairs to look for a bed. The first room he tried was full of pictures, but these were different. Many of them were finished, and they were funny and gay and somehow sad all at the same time. There were some boys playing duck on the rock in front of a red schoolhouse, and a small white church with buggies tied to a rail, and a man behind one taking a swig out of a flask. Benny realized that these pictures were all scenes around Kingston. Perhaps that was why Uncle Joe could finish them. He could go back and look at the trees and roads and buildings and get them just right, though the people all wore old-fashioned clothes as if the time was long ago.

On some instinct he could not have named, Benny closed the door of the room as he left it. Down the hall he found another room with a big four-poster bed in it. He took off his shoes, put his knickers and shirt on a chair, and rolled up in a quilt, since there were no sheets on the bed and the night was cool.

When he stumbled sleepily downstairs the next morning, bacon was sizzling on the stove. Benny heard his father say, "Pancakes! No, thanks!"

"Thought you liked pancakes, Gil," Joe said, rather too mildly. "Want to know how I make mine? Pour milk over crumbs and add salt and yeast. Then add buckwheat to make a thin batter. Now I'm putting in a little molasses and soda and we'll have buckwheat cakes like we had when we were boys, remember?"

Joe dropped the batter by spoonfuls into the large frying pan and told Benny to turn them when the underside was brown. He himself went out into the yard with a bowl and a long iron spoon and came back shortly with the bowl full of honey and wax.

"Just robbed my bees," he announced cheerfully.

Indignantly Gil said, "Yesterday you told me you didn't have any syrup."

"Don't you know the difference between syrup and honey, Gil, and you chief chemist of the Allegheny Railroad?"

Again they were off, jostling each other with words, tripping each other into the thorn bushes of mutual contempt. When Benny had finished eating, he slid out of the kitchen to wander about in the warm sun. He returned an hour later and found them quarreling over whether to go to church or not. Gil was for; Joe, against.

"Wouldn't do me any good," Joe argued; "you've got me all stirred up. Planned on going too. There's a special service today. But now I'm not. And you'd better not go yourself or you'll meet a lot of people who like my paintings and won't mind telling you so. Only you're not listening to me, are you, Gil? You never listen to anyone, do you, Gil?"

"You're the one that won't listen, Joe. There (*Continued on Page 49*)

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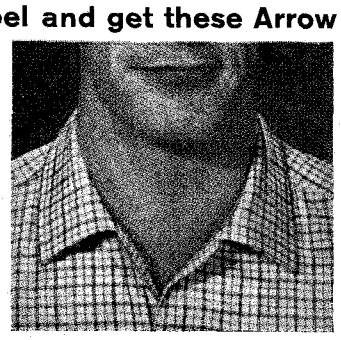

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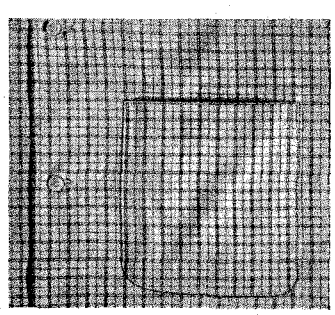

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(*Continued from Page 47*) wouldn't be any quarrel if you'd only listen to sense."

"Call it sense, if you want to, Gil. I say it's nonsense. Do you know who gave me the best piece of advice I ever had? A palmist in Chicago called Madam Genii. She wrote this thought out for me on a scrap of paper. It read: 'Better is one's own path, though imperfect, than the path of another well made.' She said somebody named Krishna said it to a fellow named Arjuna."

Gil's face took on a look of profound shock as though he had just opened the door on an obscene act. "You're worse off than I thought, Joe!" he said in horror. "That's what comes from associating with arty people." All his exasperation with Joe's inability to grasp the simple credo of hard work and respectability burst forth in a torrent. "Do you know who that Krishna is? He's one of those evil Hindu gods! Why, those gods are more immoral than humans!" He leaped to his feet. "That settles it, Joe! We're going to church."

Abruptly Joe's opposition seemed to shrink, to collapse. Benny watched his uncle with agonized sympathy. He himself had wanted a flute for three years, wanted it more than anything else in the world, and had asked for it at Christmas. "That stuff is for girls!" his father had said. "Men must work, Benny," and he had given him a bicycle with the suggestion that he take a paper route and earn some money. "Then when you're fourteen, I'll get you a job on the railroad, school half time, work half time. And if you do well, you can save enough to go to engineering school," he had added.

Joe looked at his brother quietly now. "O.K., Gil," he said. "We'll go to church, but don't say I didn't warn you."

Gil's anger abated instantly. "That's more like it," he said with satisfaction. "All you have to do is listen to reason, Joe. Now, suppose we go a step further and burn this junk you've got in the dining room. Then we'll see Jim Black on the way to church and get him to take you back on his paint crew. And this week you can get estimates on modernizing the old house."

"I can't afford it, Gil," Joe protested, but Gil in victory was eager to be generous.

"I'll pay for the electricity," he promised, "and you can pay for the plumbing." He turned to the dining room with alacrity. "Benny, you and Joe carry. I'll load you up."

A strange expression moved across Joe's face, but he started obediently to do as he'd been told.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Joe, I'm terribly sorry," Benny said when they had staggered beyond the range of his father's hearing.

Joe smiled down at him with eyes that were warm and kind. "Now, don't you worry, Benny," he answered. "These are just trash like your dad said. I've got my good ones upstairs."

Jim Black was in his favorite rocking chair in the kitchen waiting for his wife, Molly, to finish the dishes, when they arrived. He was dressed for church except for his tie.

"Jim! Hup-a-hup-a-hup-a-hup! Good to see you again. Hello, Molly, how are you? . . . Benny and I got in last night." Gil's voice dropped. "Joe and I have a little business with you, Jim."

Jim continued to rock placidly. Joe leaned against the kitchen table with his hands in his pockets, whistling almost soundlessly, "Oh, what a friend is the lowly Jesus." He carried a jacket in the crook of his arm for church.

Gil began pacing the floor. "We've got a problem, Jim." He looked at Molly's back and went on. "Joe's decided to make a new start and we need your help. I'm his brother and I'll do all I can, but Joe needs a real friend here in town to kind of keep him on the right track. So Joe and I want to ask you to take him back on your paint crew."

Jim closed his eyes and rocked a little, then opened them. "So Joe's going back to painting houses, eh?" he chuckled. "That's it, is it?"

"That's it, Jim. He needs to settle down and make something of his life. He's been wasting his time trying to paint pictures, would you believe it?"

The rocking chair stopped in its flight. "Now wait a minute, Gil." Jim got up out of his chair with a fat man's reluctance. "Joe can paint on my crew any time he wants to, any day he wants to, but we kind of like his pictures around here. Have a look at this one. That's my bald head in the middle of all those splashing kids in the old swimming hole. I get a chuckle out of it every time I look at it. Just like the real thing too."

He moved lightly on small feet into the dining room, carrying the others with him like straw sucked in behind a passing train. "I've got another of Joe's pictures in here. Remember Siggins' Drugstore, Gil?" Jim began to put on his tie. "You should. You clerked there. And peddled plenty of liquor on Sundays by prescription, law or no law. There's Old Man Siggins' goat face peering out between the licorice and horehound jars. He isn't looking at those fellows smoking pipes on the corner, either. He's looking where they're looking, at that pretty girl crossing the street. Takes you back, don't it, Gil?" He turned toward the door. Then he stopped. "Joe, didn't you tell Gil about the special service at church today?"

Gil answered sharply. "He hasn't told me a thing."

"Aren't you going to tell him, Joe?"

"Gil likes to do the telling around here," Joe said quietly.

Jim chuckled. "You Robinson boys! Never saw another pair like you!" He laughed again. "You sure enjoy making it hard for each other, don't you?"

The congregation was singing The Church's One Foundation as they entered. There were no empty pews at the back, so they filed into a pew at the front, Benny first, Joe, Gil, Molly and Jim Black.

The windows of the church were open to the warm fall air. Gil nodded at several friends and smiled at the Reverend Carl Mattson. The minister smiled back broadly from the pulpit at the center of the low platform beside which stood the organ. He was a squat man with bristling gray hair and a round eager face, deeply lined. As always, he wore an old frock coat of greenish cast, which made him look unconscionably like a large June bug. But he was a kind man and a good one. Behind him the choir in the loft consisted of seven women and three men.

After the Scripture reading and prayer, the minister read the announcements—a church supper, a funeral—then cleared his throat and went on to say: "We're especially glad to welcome to our midst Mr. Joe Robinson's brother, Mr. Gilbert Robinson of Crawford City, Pennsylvania, who has come from a distance to be with us on this important occasion. We all know how proud he must be of his brother's artistic prowess, and we're glad he can share in this morning's dedication service."

Gil's derby went round and round on his knee.

"What's he talking about, Joe?" he demanded in a whisper.

Joe lowered his head and refused to answer.

The minister continued: "You all remember how badly stained the front wall of our church was by the hurricane three years ago, and you all know that our friend and fellow member, Mr. Joe Robinson, volunteered to do something about it. So today, instead of that disfigurement, you'll see behind this red curtain we've hung back of the choir a mural depicting Christ and the doubting Thomas, with the other disciples grouped around them. Joe—that is, Mr. Robinson—finished it only Friday, and this morning after the sermon we're going to hold a dedication service. The choir has prepared a special number and Mrs. Flo Mercer will sing a solo."

"Confound you, Joe, you've made a fool of me!" whispered Gil.

The minister was still speaking: "I might explain that Mr. Joe Robinson, with his usual tact, has painted the doubting Thomas in his own image, and it's especially appropriate that Mr. Ezra Borton, that able fisherman, should have been the model for the Apostle Peter. I myself am the original of Nathanael, called by the Scriptures 'an Israelite in whom is no guile.' But in a moment I'm going to prove to you that, so far as I personally am concerned, the description is far from apt. I have a well-kept secret I'm going to share with you.

"First, however, I want to say that many of us in the congregation have evidence in our homes of the fine artistic skill of Mr. Joe Robinson. His paintings capture the true spirit of our town, and we have the unusual satisfaction of seeing ourselves comfortably at home in our own pictures. I don't exaggerate when I say that these pictures are going to become a valued heritage. Some of us have already been offered money for those we own, but we treasure them too much to part with them."

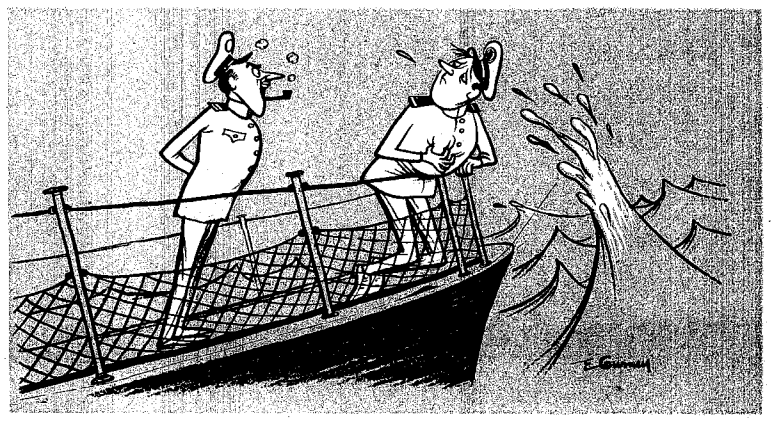
Gil was sitting forward in the pew, his lips parted in disbelief.

"And now!" The minister paused dramatically. "I want to announce my happy surprise and prove that I'm a man of guile, whatever the first Nathanael was. I'm pleased and proud to tell you that, as the result of arrangements made by myself, Mr. Joe Robinson is going to be commissioned by the Federal Government in Washington to paint a mural in our new post office, using as subject matter events that have taken place in our historic county—for a substantial pecuniary compensation, I might add. I'm aware of the fact that it isn't customary to applaud in church, but this is a special occasion and calls for special treatment, so I'm going to ask you all to stand and give our own artist and friend, Mr. Joe Robinson, an enthusiastic round of applause to show how glad we are for this recognition of his talent, after which we'll all join in singing the Gloria Patri."

Benny clapped so hard his hands hurt. His father clapped with the rest, but the smile on his face was stiff with shock. Joe looked hardly less miserable than his brother, as if his heart could not respond on demand to this new joy, but must await its own season of pleasure.

Benny knew no such inhibition. His father had suffered a rousing defeat. His uncle had scored a notable victory. But there was more to it than that. As the words of the sermon buzzed around Benny's head, his mind raced in pursuit of a breath-taking thought. He knew himself stronger than his Uncle Joe, and felt almost disloyal in the knowing. He knew that he too was going to have to make a fight of it. The thing forming in him was a hardness, a core of steel that would resist any degree of pressure. Over and beyond even this was a shining awareness that the struggle was right. More, it was good. "When I get home," he decided, "I'm going to take my money out of the bank and buy the flute." Encompassed in the glow of this resolve, he recalled with satisfaction the words that Madam Genii had given Uncle Joe in Chicago, and determined to remember them all his life: "Better is one's own path, though imperfect, than the path of another well made."

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The destroyer was bouncing through rough seas off Hatteras, and the newly commissioned ensign was turning green. He also was suffering silently from the heavy-handed humor of the executive officer, who insisted on telling him in detail about rougher seas and roast-pork dinners, and reminding him that nothing brings out the best in people like being seasick.

"This sea isn't really rough," the exec said finally. "Why, people pay for rides like this at Coney Island."

"Yes, sir," the ensign weakly agreed. "But they can get off."

William F. Devine, Lt. (jg), USNR

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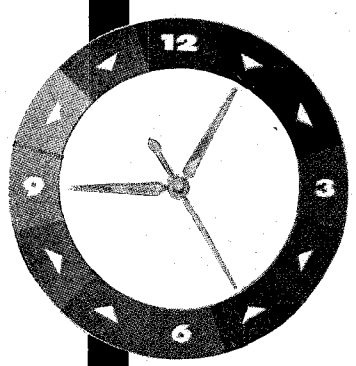

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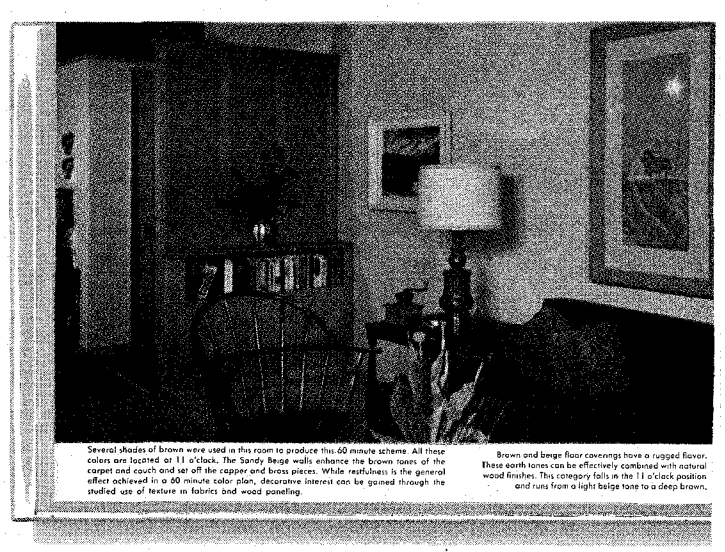

Several shades of brown were used in this room to produce this 60 minute scheme. All these colors are located at 11 o'clock. The Sandy Beige walls enhance the brown tones of the carpet and couch and set off the copper and brass pieces. While restfulness is the general effect achieved in a 60 minute color plan, decorative interest can be gained through the studied use of texture in fabrics and wood panelling.

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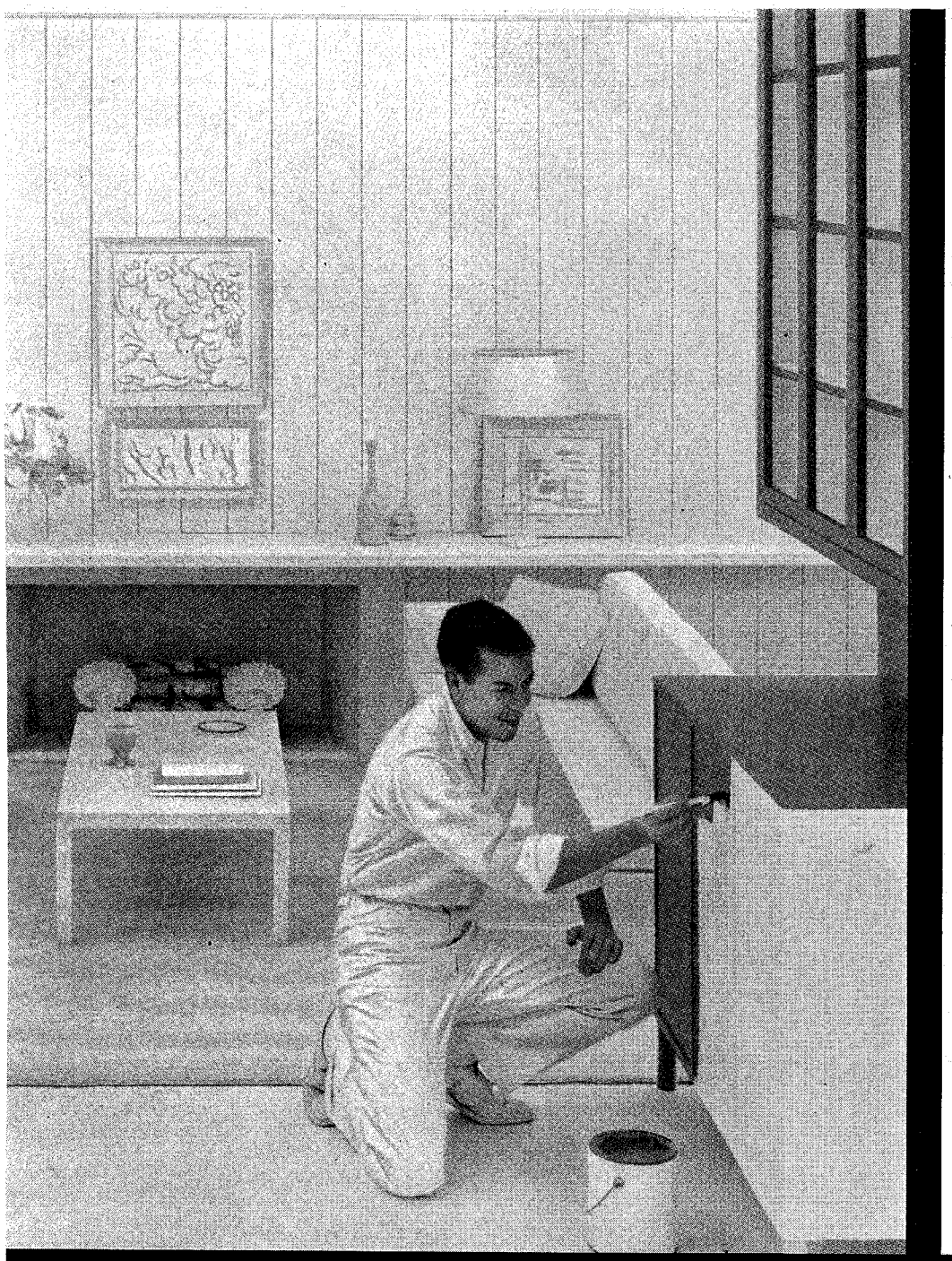

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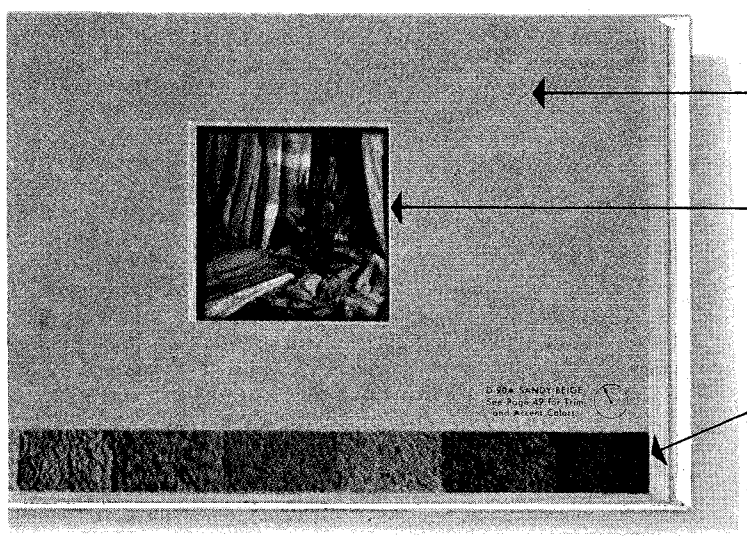

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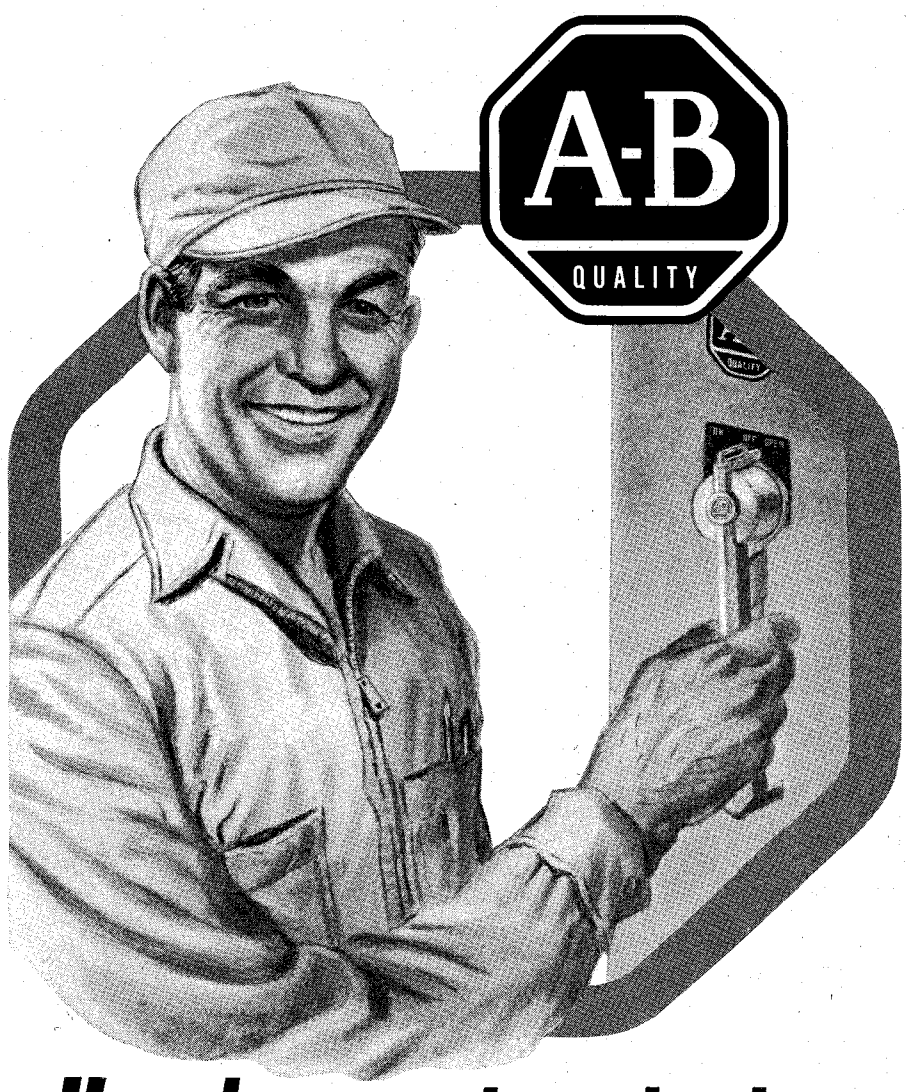

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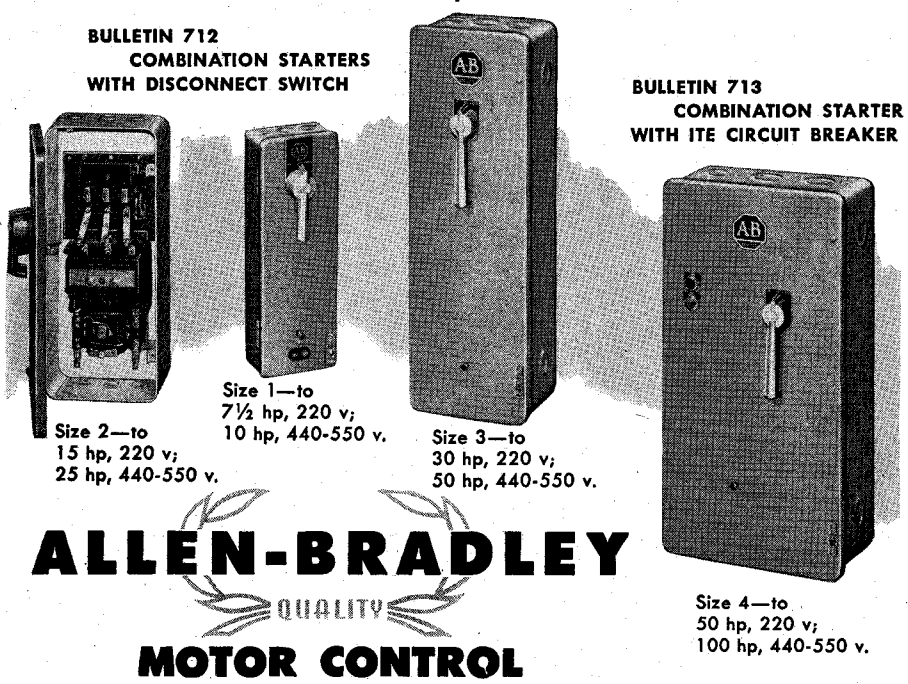

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Big Man in Small Houses

(Continued from Page 37)

together, they eyed one another like so many strange cats.

"You fellows look mighty prosperous," said one, after the introductions were over. "How do you make home design pay off so well?"

"Well," said the architect from the Southwest, "I invest in oil leases on the side."

"I bought a lot of undeveloped land right after the war," said the Easterner, "and you know what's happened to suburban real estate."

"I sure do," said the third, from the West Coast. "My side line takes more time. I'm a consultant for manufacturers in developing new uses for their products."

"And I," said the man who had begun the conversation, "might as well confess. I have a wealthy sponsor."

Royal Barry Wills was the Easterner in this group which testified to the sad estate of residential practice. "No architect is happy about the situation," he remarked. "And darned few of us seem able to do much about it."

Wills has done more than most, and with profit too. The money he invested in real estate came from his practice, which has thrived for twenty-five years. He, his two associates and half a dozen employees regularly turn out one hundred homes a year. Most of his clients are in New England, but commissions from individuals who want to build a modified Cape Cod cottage or a New England "salt-box" in such unlikely spots as the West Indies or on the plains of South Dakota are not unknown.

His books—one of them sold half a million copies—obviously have influenced either the design or appearance of tens of thousands of small and medium-sized homes. Adaptation, revision and outright appropriation of his widely published sketches and floor plans are ignored by Wills, except on rare occasions. There was the time, for instance, when he wound up with unexpected honors in an architectural competition for homeowners. A young couple, who had employed a local architect to draw up their home, patterned to the last detail on one of Wills' sketches, submitted photos of the completed house and were awarded a prize. "I don't know who was the most surprised," Wills says, "me, the other architect or the young couple who naïvely told the prize committee the source of their new home's design."

The most recent development in the Wills-Cape Cod romance promises to multiply his authentic creations by several thousand in one year. National Homes Corporation, the country's largest prefabricator, engaged Wills and three other well-known architects to style its 1958 line of homes. The company has sold between fifteen and twenty thousand houses annually in recent years. Early returns from builder-dealers indicate that a majority of this year's output will either be Cape Cod, by Wills, or a companion colonial, designed by architect Emil A. Schmidlin.

It was this news that led me to Wills' office in Boston, presaged by rumblings within the profession like the recent statement of architect Edward D. Stone, noted contemporary designer, that "both the cubistic modern houses, which never had acceptance here, and the casual ranch houses which have been so popular, seem to be on their way out. Today, the trend is to dignity and importance in residential architecture, with a return to grace and elegance." This it seemed, pointed directly at Mr. Wills.

"I think it points to the traditional, but not necessarily at me," was his comment. "But I doubt that most of the moderns will agree. They have completely cut out the past, and as near as I can analyze it, refuse to admit that there might have been one or two bright guys in the last two thousand years who left anything we can use today."

It is the inflexible attitude of the high priests of contemporary architecture that rankles Wills. He has practiced all his life in Boston, where the outstanding architectural schools at Harvard and at M.I.T. have been headquarters for the *avant-garde*. They have relegated form and ornamentations of the past, and design to accommodate them, to minor historical roles in most modern curriculums. Wills' youngest son, Richard, who works in his office and attends Boston's famed Architectural Center at night, for this reason leads a thoroughly mixed-up professional life. His days may be spent elaborating traditional detail on one of his father's designs, but he has to don a modern strait jacket at night. The architectural problems evolved and criticized at the Center are strictly contemporary, in keeping with the philosophy of the instructors who come to this Beacon Hill atelier from the universities across the Charles River.

Beacon Hill is Boston's great repository of early American architecture, topped by the golden dome of Charles Bulfinch's State House, and in large part restored as a residential district. Young architects and draftsmen en route to the Architectural Center, which occupies one of the less appealing old houses on the "wrong" side of Beacon Hill, presumably wear blinders as they approach through Louisburg Square and other streets where fanlighted doorways and other evidences of gracious Adam design ornament the brick dwellings. "If they sneak a look at their surroundings," Wills remarks, "it's hard to see how they can avoid being influenced by the past."

His office is on Charles Street, at the foot of Beacon Hill, appropriately nested in an avenue of antique shops. Wills' conference room, when I saw it, was decorated with portraits of stern-faced New Englanders, their necks wrapped in stocks. One, he explained, was a seafaring ancestor of his. The others, like several oversized antique bronze lanterns in a corner of the room, were simply props.

"I call them stock items," said Wills. "I like them. My clients like them—and that's why we're in business—to give our clients what they want. I have been accused of selling nostalgia. I'll admit you can design a comfortable house without hanging a big lantern over the door. But it's only good sense to have light available at the entrance, so why not supply it with unusual detail or ornamentation in keeping with the whole spirit of that home? This people enjoy."

Merton S. Barrows and Robert E. Minot, Wills' associates, put it in other terms. "The best description of our stock in trade," said Barrows, "is domesticity. This isn't exclusive with traditional design. We do an occasional contemporary home to satisfy clients who find domesticity in strictly functional surroundings. We prefer to fit modern concepts into traditional forms, simply because most of the people we deal with are at home in such a house."

Wills, who has a well-developed sense of humor, admits that traditional-contemporary architecture "sounds almost as ambiguous as a Democrat-Republican

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politician. But not quite," he adds. "The Cape Cod cottage, as originally built, had four or five little rooms clustered about a big chimney. Our contemporary versions, in the small cottages especially, open up the living areas in a way the old-timers, who had to depend on that central chimney for heat, never knew. The pitch of the roof, the simple cornices, the shutters and the central chimney are the exterior quality we retain. A fat, squatty chimney perched on the roof of a minimum house which contains no fireplaces indoors, is, of course, a fake, but nevertheless essential in maintaining the proportion of the house. It does, however, usually vent the plumbing and furnace stacks, and is truly functional if you want space to install an attic fan.

"A house of this description with the living room lighted by a small-paned bow window or window wall—traditional in appearance, but strictly modern in design—is modern Cape Cod, a compromise that, in my opinion, happily combines present and past."

As Wills once said in a delightful essay on his practice, titled Confessions of a Cape Codder, he has flirted with contemporary design, "but we never became rabid enough to wage an unholy war against the inherent desires of our clients. It didn't seem that important, especially as we could, and still can, better our costs through the use of familiar materials used traditionally."

The typical New England client, according to Wills, "deplores changes in the established system; permanency is the watchword. In architecture, he chooses stabilized solutions, knowing full well that contemporary design, besides being foreign to his taste, will vary from year to year like the fashions in Vogue. The styles of one decade fetch a guffaw in the next, plus a very low price."

Wills ought to know, for he was born in Melrose, just outside Boston, and graduated from M.I.T. as an architectural engineer. His career as a designer of homes began in the early '20's. He was working as a draftsman in the Boston office of a large construction company, and noticed an occasional house plan published on the real-estate page of one of the local papers. His offer to supply better plans, for free, was accepted, and after several had appeared, a few venturesome clients sought him out at the offices of the construction firm.

"I arranged to have them call when the brass was out of town," he told me, "and held our consultations in the plush office of the president. This worked for quite a while, but as my clientele grew, it became a real strain on my ingenuity and the tolerance of the company. I beat the president to the draw and quit to set up my own shop."

One of Wills' hobbies is cartooning. Others are attendance at auctions and tennis, which he continues to play at age sixty-two. The cartooning goes hand in hand with his facility in freehand drawing—a talent that got him into architecture in the first place and has always helped sell his services. The owner of a Wills house is quite likely to have the architect's crayon sketch framed and on the wall.

"Way back when, in the late twenties," associate Minot recalls, "Mert Barrows and I were the busiest draftsmen you ever saw, struggling to reconcile plans with Royal's newspaper sketches. He was committed to produce a house a week, and did, with the greatest ease. The hard work came when a client showed up, and we had to get down to details."

It was, and is, Wills' conviction that a smart architect, to find the clients for whom he cannot ethically advertise, must write, lecture, serve on planning boards, publish sketches and photographs and enter architectural competitions. Of all these endeavors, which Wills has exploited consistently, the lectures are most difficult.

Wills is active in M.I.T. alumni affairs, and has served on several planning boards. His houses have been used on occasion by suburban real-estate developers in New England and near New York. "Unfortunately," he says, "there are only a few substantial builders willing to pay for the services of an architect." His oldest son, Charles, who is a contractor, lives in one of his father's houses in a development near Lynnfield, Massachusetts.

Wills was employed by an affiliate of the Nationwide Insurance Company as a consultant to "traditionalize" small-home developments near Columbus, Ohio, and performed the same service for the executive offices of Murray Lincoln, president of the Nationwide company. Another Columbus concern, the Union Fork and Hoe Company, also employed Wills to design an authentic early-American suite, dating from the period when Ohio was first settled and including a small museum of farm and household tools.

The largest building project designed by Wills was Lucy Mallary Village, a three-hundred-family "defense housing" colony of two- and four-family homes built near Springfield, Massachusetts, fifteen years ago. They were two-story brick-and-clapboard structures with what he calls "as much of a colonial look as we could manage at minimum cost." He believes these dwelling units, averaging five rooms for $3000, were among the least expensive multiple units built.

He hit the Cape Cod jack pot during the depression years. One effort to stimulate the moribund building trade at that time was a series of Better Homes in America competitions, blessed by the White House. Wills and his associates labored over an elaborate entry in the 1932 competition. "It was a stemwinder, in the Norman style," he recollects. "There wasn't any other business to speak of, and I also used some of my idle hours planning a small Cape Cod cottage as a present for a young builder about to be married. At the last moment, we tossed pictures of his house into the competition too. The cottage won the prize."

The gold medal bestowed by President Hoover glorified Wills' marriage with Cape Cod. His adaptations of the traditional blossomed in the magazines, and he became a prime target for the champions of modern architecture. "Medieval" and "un-American" were favorite adjectives applied to colonial design by the "tool for living" school. H. H. Harris, who is currently a leading proponent of contemporary housing based on Japanese forms and techniques, dug way back into the Puritan psyche to justify the statement that modern ideals of comfort, pleasure, health, privacy, informality and freedom from responsibility were related to sin and therefore not welcome in New England's early homes. "This . . . was the atmosphere in which our early houses were conceived," he told readers of Better Homes and Gardens, in upholding modern against Wills' arguments for traditional, "and this is why the colonial house is fundamentally unsuited to the ideals I have mentioned."

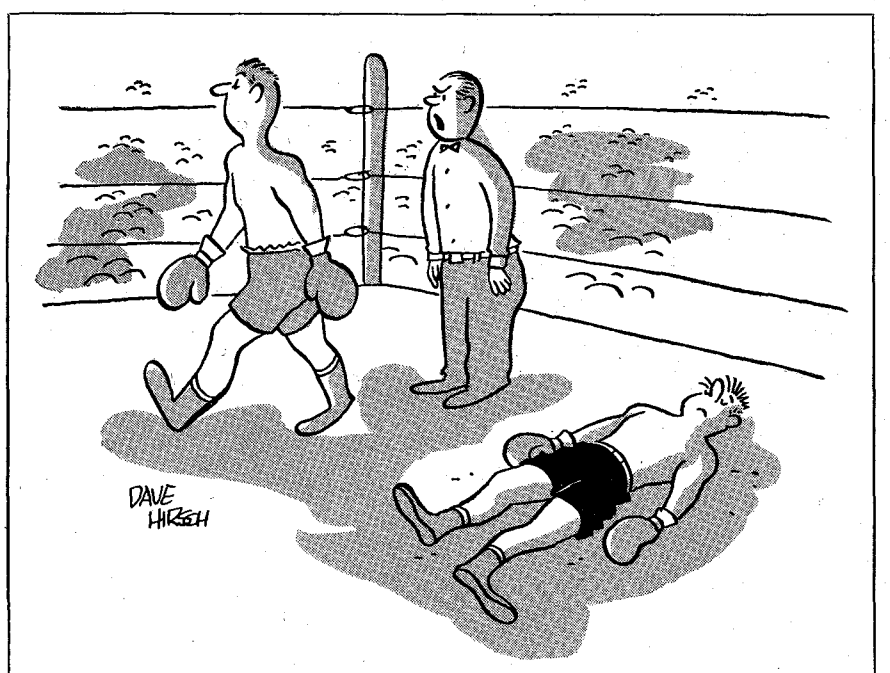
"I wonder how Mr. Harris feels about medieval forms today," says Wills. "Japanese architecture, as I recall, is rooted in medieval times."

One of Wills' skirmishes in the traditional-versus-modern battle, nearly twenty years ago, pitted him against Frank Lloyd Wright. Life magazine commissioned eight prominent architects to design houses for four families—modern and traditional for each. Wright and Wills were assigned the problem of a Minneapolis couple with young children who had bought a lot with a back yard which sloped down to one of that city's many lakes. Wills' solution was a house that looked like a single-story cottage from the street, but revealed two full floors above a basement garage in the rear. Wright, at that time passionately addicted to the label "Usonion"—meaning "of the U.S."—for his functional designs, came up with an imaginative, truly palatial residence, "for the freer life," with a sixty-foot living-recreation room, a swimming pool and other features a young man with a large family hardly could afford.

"It was no contest," says Wills, "assuming that was the idea in the first place. The family built my house."

The rear of this Minneapolis home, facing the lake, was opened up with doors and windows far more than strict adherence to traditional form would permit. Wills has employed this device many times, notably in a home he did for the late Lynn Sumner, built in Lowell Thomas' exclusive Quaker Hill colony at Pawling, New York.

"The Sumners wanted a lot of glass on the side of (*Continued on Page 56*)



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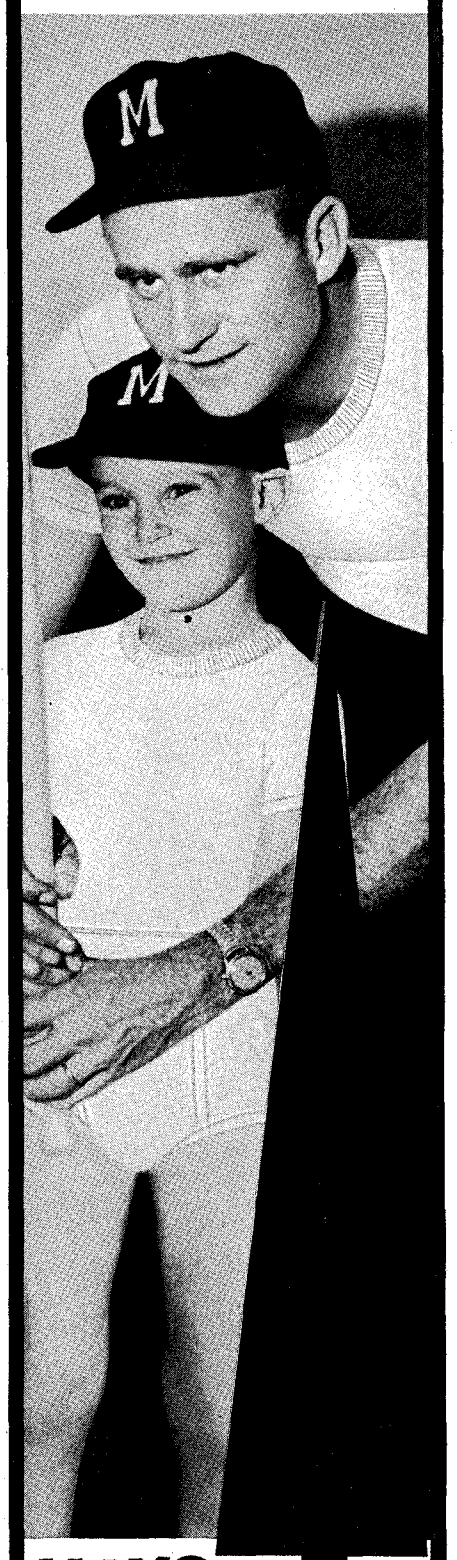

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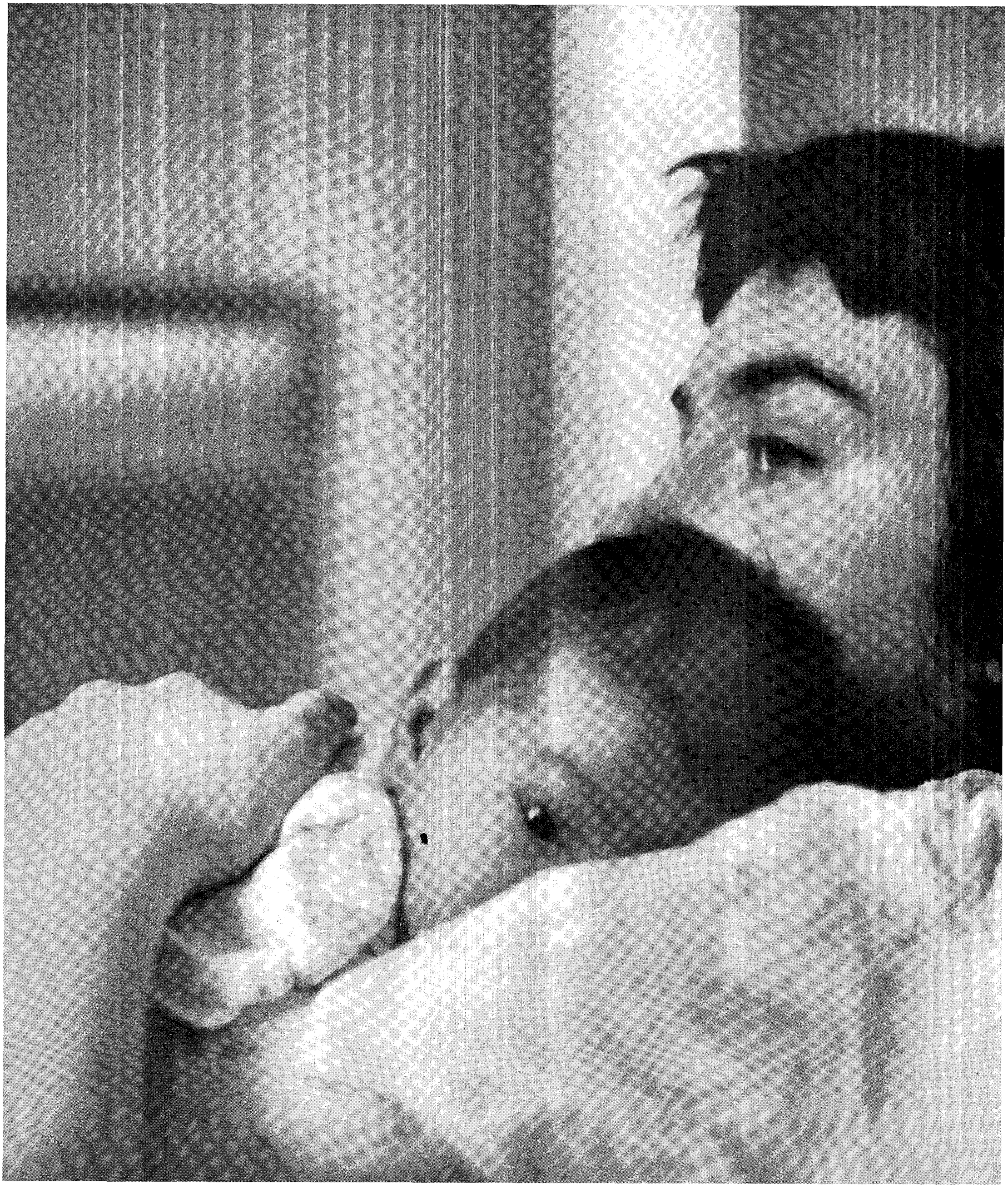

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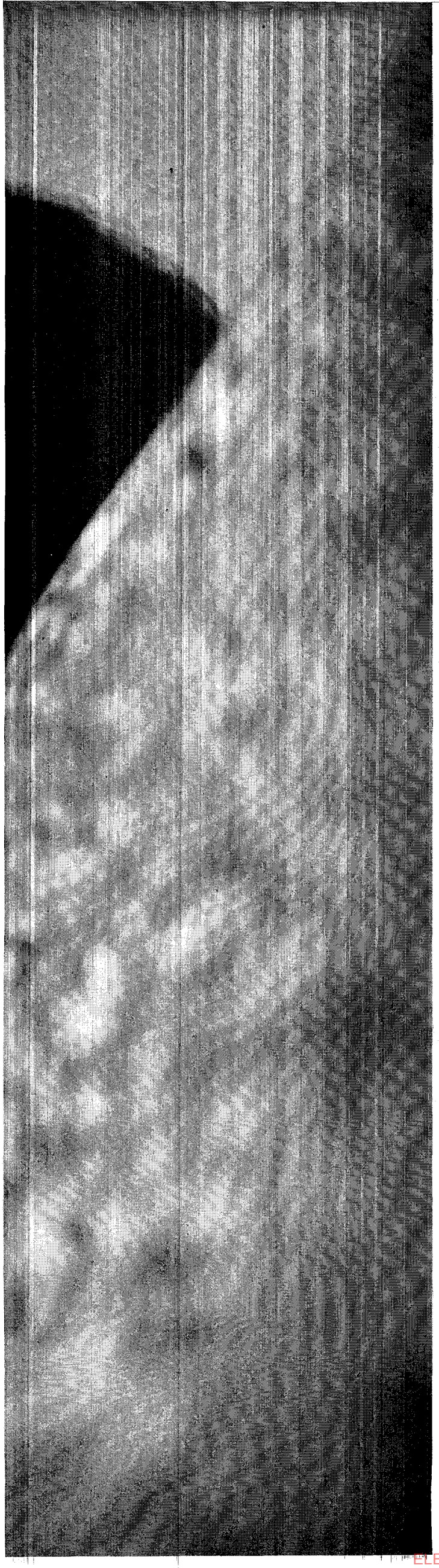

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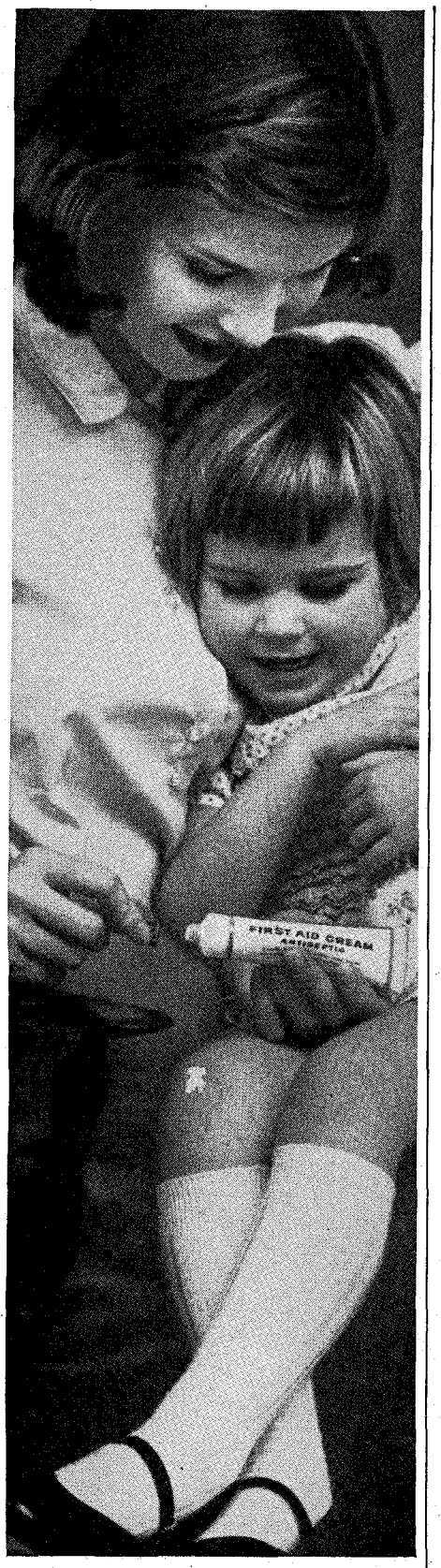

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(*Continued from Page 53*) their house that overlooked a beautiful valley," he explains. "Far more than any compromise with traditional design would allow. But Lowell Thomas' restrictions in the area required a colonial house. The view, fortunately, was in the rear, so we came up with a residence that presented the façade of an antique farmhouse, which suited Mr. Thomas, while the Sumners got a sun deck, bedrooms and a living room that practically put them in the great outdoors."

Wills does not favor the recent vogue for wedding indoors to outdoors, and vice versa, through glass walls. Not, at least, in the North, where he claims the usual outcome is a problem of shutting out glare in the summer and retaining heat in the winter. He got a heavy dose of his own "outdoors in" medicine in a vacation home he fashioned from an old stable at Cohasset, along the coast southeast of Boston. He glassed in—with small panes, of course!—one long wall which had been left open for a series of entrances to the horse stalls.

"This was our living room, and it opened on a terrace," he explained. "A charming concept—but we were forever pulling curtains to cut down the light. We tried a hood, or overhang, and that didn't work. The reflected light from the clouds, the sea and the paved terrace was just too much."

The converted stable in Cohasset is in a colony of homes that Wills' ingenuity evolved by remodeling the buildings on a large estate. He even built one house on the foundations of the former owner's greenhouse.

His present home, on a hillside in Winchester, is new construction, but likewise situated on a subdivided old estate. He bought the land after designing several adjacent houses. Wills obtained a lot which was the walled rose garden, and fashioned his home to fit snugly in these floriferous surroundings. The house probably contains more antique material within and on its walls than any other recently built dwelling in the country. The interior paneling, plank floors, doors and hardware all date back to Colonial times—so, too, does a great deal of the exterior, including both shingles and clapboard. I asked Wills why he specified in his own home, and in many other residences he has designed, the use of ancient materials, particularly on the outside.

"Principally because they have a patina which is a blend of age and honest craftsmanship," he replied, "and also because the cost is often less. It's the same reasoning that led me to set this house in the midst of a garden twenty-five years old, instead of buying undeveloped land."

The Wills home is best described as an adaptation of Cape Cod, since the living room, a study and the kitchen are built around a massive central chimney. Their former residence, in Melrose, on a lot adjacent to the house where Wills was born, belongs in the same category. The garden there was Mrs. Wills' creation, and appropriately enclosed by a white picket fence. It underwent a complete metamorphosis one afternoon, with sobering results.

One of the house-and-garden magazines had expressed an interest in the architect's home, and Wills had forwarded photographs. The editors decided to highlight the story with a color picture of the house on the cover of the magazine. The garden, however, was not in bloom. Wills was instructed to buy appropriate material from a greenhouse before the photographer arrived.

"This was the moment our garden handy man chose to tie one on," he recalls. "He showed up the morning of the big day in no condition to work, and I waved him away. That afternoon three truckloads of blooming plants arrived. We had just got the last of them tucked in place when our derelict worker returned. He grabbed the fence, shook his head and walked away a lot steadier, I swear, than when he arrived."

Wills does not carry stock plans of the many houses he has published in magazines and books. On rare occasions he has produced plans which were sold outright to a publication, which in turn marketed the plans and specifications as a stock item. "As a rule," he says, "when one of our sketches interests a client, we start from that point and develop the house to meet the individual's needs. If the client is within reasonable distance of my office, the chances are we'll do a complete architectural job, which means supervision of construction as well as design. If far away, it's usually design only."

A few months ago, for instance, he had a visitor from England, who came to pick up the plans for a two-story Georgian house. This was the culmination of months of correspondence, and, Wills admits, a gratifying conclusion. He had taken the commission with some misgivings about the ultimate transfer of a fee to America from austere England.

Junior Partner

Since my stalwart son has grown
To man's estate and size,
My socks and shirts we jointly own,
My ties are family ties.

Curtis Heath

"It wasn't easy money to collect," Wills told me. "He was a pleasant sort of chap, landlord of a large estate, who had run across one of my books after, as he put it, he'd 'had a bit of a go' with architects in London and had not been satisfied. When the time came to say good-by, he all but turned his pockets inside out to settle our account. I felt like a Shylock, taking his last dollar, but he assured me his passage home was paid and that he was happy about the whole thing."

Some of the popular small-house plans are handled almost on a stock basis. "If we do the same house for six or seven people, it seems a little unfair to charge them the regular fee," he believes. A story-and-a-half Cape Cod cottage, with three bedrooms and a bath upstairs, and kitchen, dining room and living room below, was the most widely sold of all. It appeared in his best-selling book, Houses for Homemakers, published in 1945. "The book sold half a million because it hit the postwar housing market at the psychological moment," he explained. "The publisher got such an avalanche of mail orders for the book that the postal inspectors became suspicious and conducted an investigation."

The story-and-a-half house, Wills believes, is on its way back today. "Or full two stories," he says, "which, because it is compact, gives you more space for your money. Now, however, everyone wants at least one bedroom and a bath on the ground floor." Wills, incidentally, has so designed his own home. "The split-level, I suppose, represents a step back toward multiple stories. Properly handled, on suitable ground, it is fine; but the usual development split-level tends to break into two short chunks which is an awkward form."

The basement and the attic are the cheapest space in any house, according to Wills, and these are the areas he combined in designing a two-bedroom house which he says can be built for $5000. It looks like a miniature church, with a high peaked roof resting on low stone walls. The windows are front and back, extending from the floor to the roof tree. "You have to excavate a few feet for wall foundations in any house," he says, "and this scooped-out area becomes the ground floor, utilizing a concrete slab. It is the same principle my friend Carl Koch utilized in designing his ultramodern Techbuilt house.

"If you want my look into the future, I'd guess we'll be combining advantages of this sort with two-story design. There's no question that multiple stories provide the privacy people miss when everything is opened up, and all on ground level. Walking upstairs to a bedroom, I sometimes think, is worth it. Our bedroom at Cohasset, and now at Winchester is on the first floor, and every time we're changing clothes someone seems to come wandering through the yard."

Traditional forms and materials will continue to dress most of the dwellings Wills designs, no matter what he plans inside. As he says, "I see no reason for making a house look like a man with a plastic epidermis with all his insides exposed. And skin itself is generally improved by adding at least a few clothes."

His contemporary friends in Cambridge do not wholly agree. Hugh Stubbins, Jr., whose first job out of Harvard was over one of Wills' drawing boards, believes that ornamentation to clothe the nakedness of modern design is at times indicated. "But not a return to colonial," he told me. "The carpenters who designed houses for conditions and customs of two hundred years ago would turn over in their graves at the idea. We certainly ought to be inventive enough to find solutions that are contemporary."

Stubbins, designer of the daring, much-admired Congress Hall commemorating Benjamin Franklin which was recently erected in Berlin, went to work for Wills as an exponent of the new school in the mid-'30's. "It was only a year or so after Richard Neutra had won a Pencil Points competition with a strictly contemporary job," he said. "Royal, I am sure, figured it was time to look into this modern business. At least, that's what I was designing during the two years I worked for him."

Stubbins has great affection for Wills, despite their divergent views. "He's a past master in understanding and getting along with his fellow man," he says. "I'll never forget, when I was working with Royal, he not only saw to it that I had a generous sampling of Mrs. Wills' meals but also would lend me his car from time to time. I was young, and single, and I imagine I overdid the borrowing. One day when we were headed out to his home he announced he had decided to buy a second car. We went to a used-car dealer and I helped him pick out an old Peerless—price fifty dollars. Not long after, he casually remarked that he'd changed his mind about owning two automobiles, and offered it to me for ten bucks. His tact and generosity solved a problem for us both."

The Massachusetts State Association of Architects expressed its esteem for Wills with a Highest Honors award in 1949. This distinction, given to only two other men, he values above all the medals and awards that have come his way. "It was given for my work on small houses," he says, "and the small house, after all, is pretty important to the people who are in it. Recognition that I have made a contribution to their needs means a lot to me."

THE END

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Impossible Accident (Continued from Page 26)

cringing vainly from imminent collision with another flaming fragment which whirled toward it with weird and terrible velocity.

In one agonized instant the two particles met, and fused, and broke away again—and went dancing wildly back along the trackless paths by which they had come. . . .

Two minutes after Mr. Harbinger had met with Fate in the guise of an oak tree, a limousine pulled up beside the stalled convertible and three men tumbled out precipitately. The first was Laurence Gist, brightest star in the galaxy known to big business as Harbinger's Bright Young Men. He tore open the convertible's door and bent over the limp body of Mr. Harbinger and turned an ashen face up to his horrified colleague, Brett Saunders.

"He—he's dead!" said Laurence Gist.

But the third man, in chauffeur's uniform, saw convulsive movement suddenly ripple over the huddled shape of his employer. "Hey!" said the chauffeur. "Whaddya mean, dead!"

And half an hour later Gist and Saunders faced Dr. Amos Pennypacker across a white-enameled table in Doctor Pennypacker's rural surgery. Upon the table, stripped to the waist, lay Otto Stettinus Harbinger.

Doctor Pennypacker was puzzled by this patient out of the night; this patient with a bruise on his pate, but with normal reflexes, normal temperature, normal respiration and a heartbeat unusually steady and powerful. Doctor Pennypacker was puzzled on two counts: first medically, then by elusive memory of the patient's heavy features. . . .

"That's it!" said Doctor Pennypacker. "Harbinger, the steel king?"

Gist and Saunders exchanged a laden glance. Here was realization of their fears: news of all not being well with Mr. Harbinger could bring ruin to his schemes, and panic to the market.

Laurence Gist prepared to deal with Doctor Pennypacker. "Yes, doctor," he said firmly. "He is steel. And a good many other things ——"

He was interrupted by Mr. Harbinger himself. Mr. Harbinger sat upright with a curious heaving movement, and from between his barely parted lips there issued a most extraordinary sound. It was high and nasal and piercing—and somehow uncertain. As uncertain as it was inhuman.

It had been just after eleven when Laurence Gist rang Doctor Pennypacker's night bell. And at almost the same time there was a violent knocking at the French windows of Tom Van Bibber's living room above Big Oak Bend, where Tom himself was plowing gloomily through gloomier stable accounts. Accounts, he hoped, which would look a lot better after next chasing season when Mulligan had done his stuff.

The knocker was Tom's right-hand man, Bud Stockwell—out of breath and bearer of the gloomiest possible news. "Mulligan," gasped Bud—"got out someway." His breathing whistled like a windbroke hunter's. "Got himself hurt—lyin' down there by the oak."

He didn't have to say any more, because Tom had gone—out through the windows and across the garden to the pasture. Bud labored after him and, now that the going was downhill, wasn't too far behind.

The handsome equine form of Mulligan lay stretched out motionless upon his side. Above him arched the branches of the great tree so that the road was flecked with interlacing bars of moonlight and shadow. A few feet away lay a fallen bough, and on Mulligan's head was an abraded lump the size of an egg.

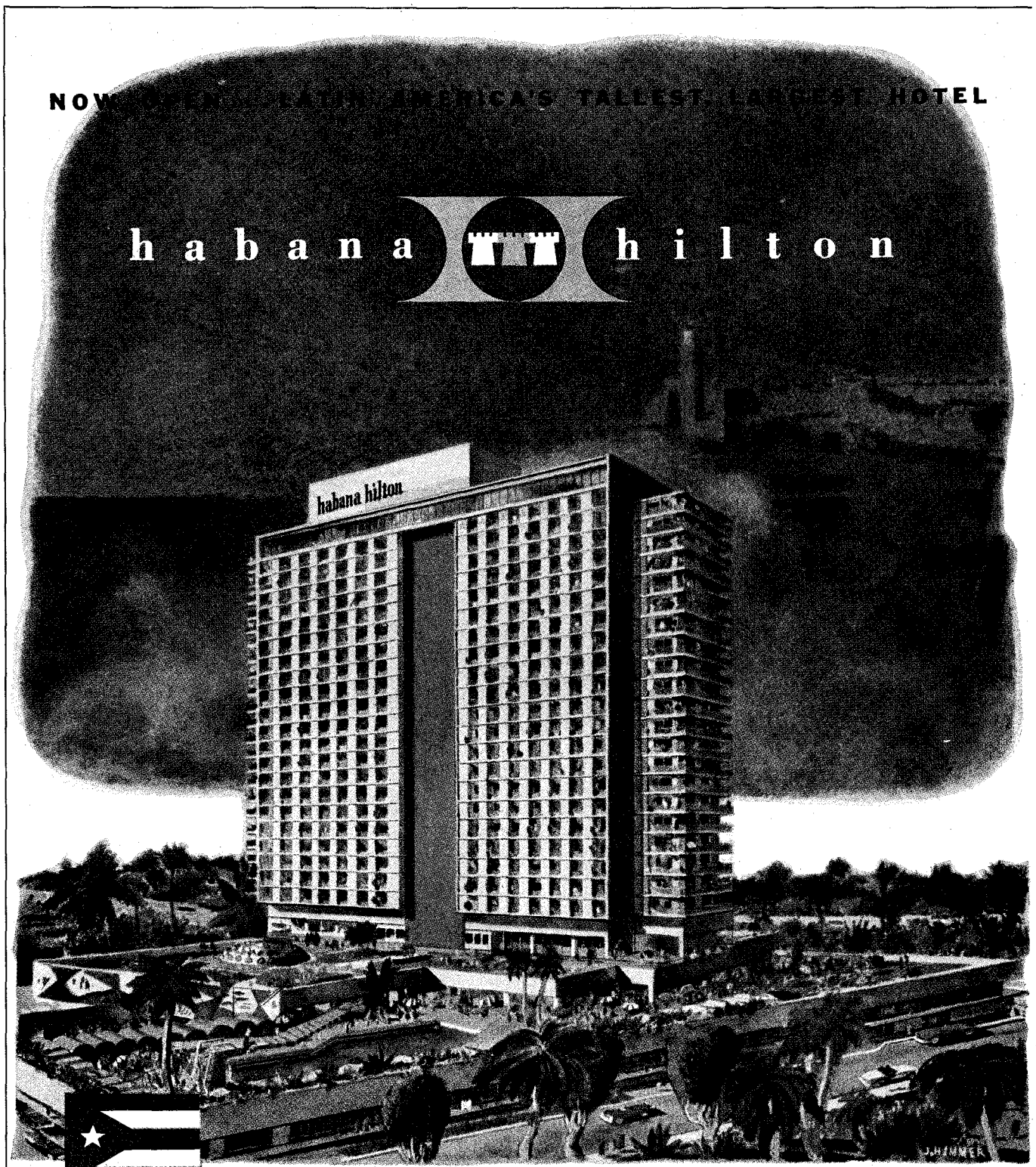
On his knees, Tom Van Bibber felt at the bruise, brushing away fragments of bark. He heard Bud behind him, and started to say something—but never finished. For Mulligan, raising his forequarters in a convulsive heave, sat up on his rump and stared at the men with eyes which were wide and wild and glaring. In the moon-dappled darkness the blaze on his forehead shone dazzling white.

His lips flapped oddly, and from between them came a most extraordinary sound. It was soft and breathily mumbled—and somehow uncertain. As uncertain as it was unequine.

At noon the next day, in a large rich room in a large rich house some fifty miles from Big Oak Bend, a medical conference was in progress. The house was called Tall Elms, and was one of the several country retreats of Mr. Harbinger, who lay in a large rich bedroom above the heads of the men who discussed him. Dr. Amos Pennypacker was one of these, sitting in luxury while he consulted on equal terms with three of the most eminent members of his profession.

Laurence Gist was taking no chances, and at a fabulous fee Doctor Pennypacker had become temporary physician-in-residence, with no possible temptation to let anything slip to the outer world concerning Mr. Harbinger's condition.

Doctor Pennypacker was delighted to find that his (*Continued on Page 59*)



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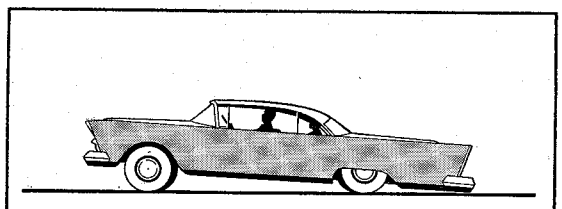

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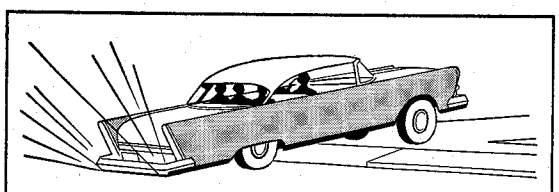

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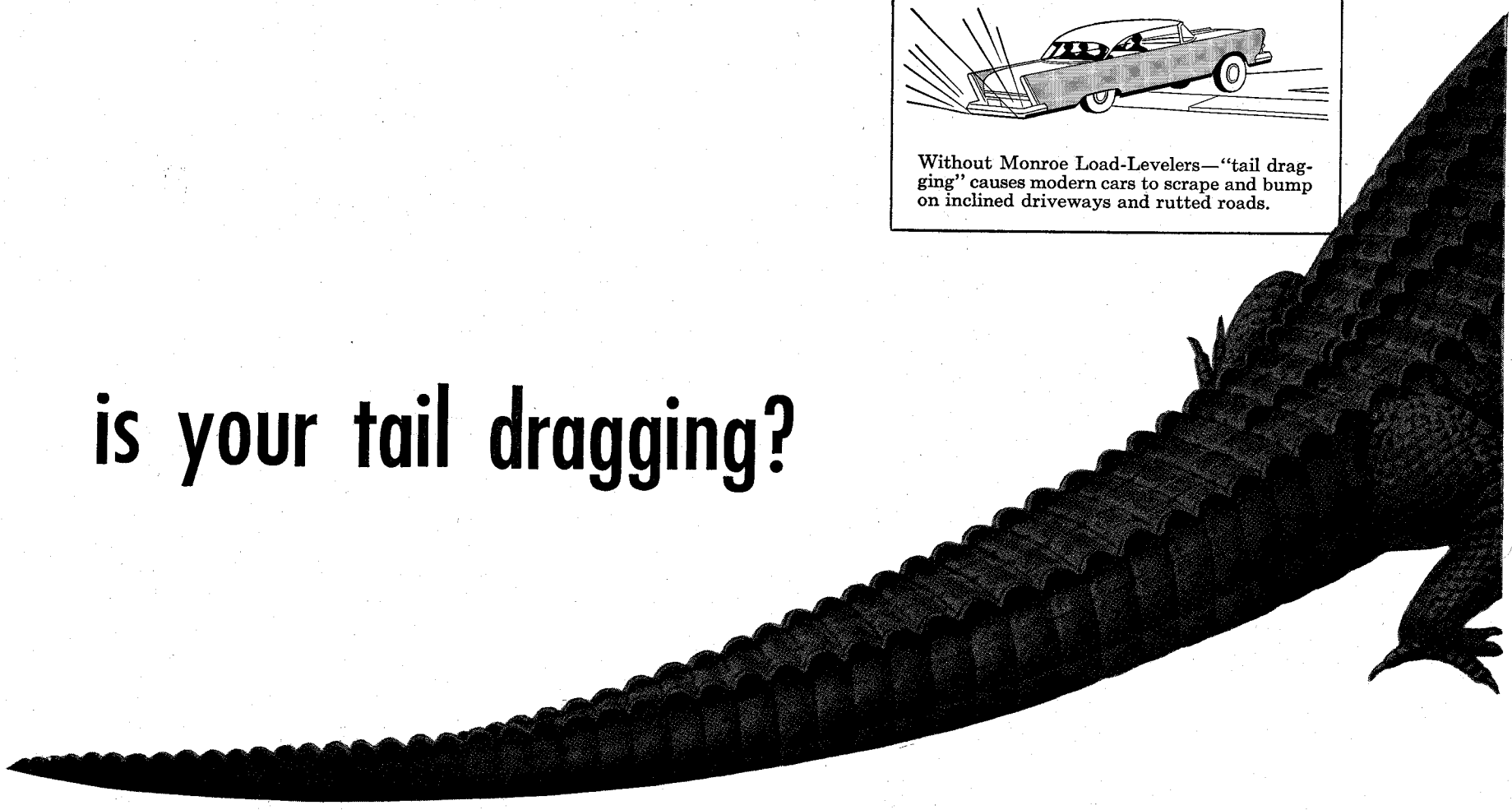

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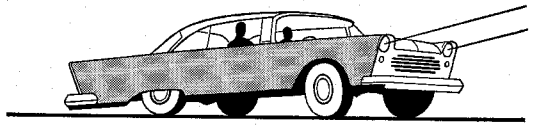

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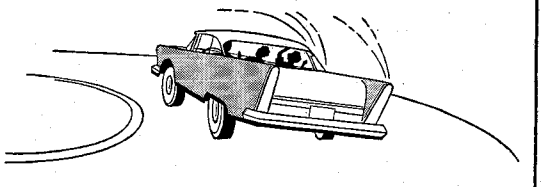

Without Load-Levelers—heavily loaded car sways and swings as it rounds curves. Stability is seriously impaired.

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(*Continued from Page 57*) august colleagues understood the case no more than he, maybe even less. And when that dean of brain specialists, Oscar Schneider, dilated upon the strange attitudes into which Mr. Harbinger had been twisting his body, and invited theories as to the curious high-pitched nasal sounds which broke from him at intervals, Doctor Pennypacker took it upon himself to reply.

"Don't know about theories," said Doctor Pennypacker. "Know what it sounds like, though. Sounds like he was trying to neigh." Which remark, treated with the contemptuous silence it deserved, virtually brought the conference to a close.

At almost the same time, another medical meeting, this time veterinary, was breaking up in the Van Bibber stables. Here, too, a lengthy examination of the patient had just been concluded—and now, with Mulligan back in his loose box, George Amboyne of Chicago looked at his confreres and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "Hanged if I do! The way the horse moves—pacing at a walk, for God's sake! Like a blasted duck! And his eyes! And the way he mumbles those lips all the time. . . . Anybody any theories?"

"Nary a theory," said Willis, the local man. "Makes me laugh the way his mouth looks, though. Looks like he was tryin' to talk."

It was in the sunny afternoon of the next day—at about the time when, at Tall Elms, Mr. Harbinger first kicked one of his nurses—that Chalice O'Brian, exploring for a rural subject which might provide the basic idea for a Philadelphian Magazine cover, came upon Big Oak Bend.

She pulled her car over to the side and jumped out and drank in the scene with her eyes. Tingling with the thrill of discovery, she decided that all it needed was some form of animate life. Close against the fence, in the foreground. A cow? No—too placid, too ungainly. A horse? Yes—a horse would be perfect.

And then there was a horse! A big, tall horse, the sun glittering on the satin of its red-bay coat; a horse which was picking its way slowly down the last few feet of the green slope.

Her artist's eye caught something wrong, something inharmonious and clumsy, about the way it moved. But this was forgotten as the animal came close, and closer, and thrust its head over the fence toward her. It had the most extraordinary expression, she decided. One of its ears was pricked forward, the other lolled limply back; the mouth was slightly open, and the velvety lips were in constant flapping movement.

Oddly, she wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. She found herself clambering through the fence and patting the glossy neck. And she heard herself saying, "What is it? What's the matter, old boy?"

There were crackling footsteps on the carpet of leaves, and Chalice stepped quickly back, annoyed with herself for feeling guilty. And then her eyes met the newcomer's—and the world began to behave very oddly, spinning a great deal faster than seemed normal.

What she saw, superficially, was a lean, deeply tanned young man in faded jodhpurs and a loose tweed jacket; a young man with pleasantly irregular features which somehow reminded her of a handsome horse.

What Tom Van Bibber saw, superficially, was a small and shapely young woman with eyes which seemed gray one moment and green the next; a hatless young woman with hair the color of the very best toffee.

What they both saw beyond these surfaces they couldn't have described. But they stared until the silence had to be broken, and Chalice said, "I suppose I'm trespassing. But I wanted to look at the horse." She sounded indignant; it seemed safer that way.

Tom said, "That's perfectly all right," and bogged down.

Chalice said, "He looks—strange. What's the matter with him?" She was fighting a breathless feeling.

"I wish I knew," Tom said. "I wish anyone knew!" He seized this chance to detain her, and told her what had happened to Mulligan, even showed her the bough which had dropped on him. He was passing to the veterinary opinions, or lack of them, when she stopped him.

"Look," she said. "I love horses, but I don't know about them. I mean, it won't be any good talking to me about hocks and snaffles and things." She smiled at him for the first time. "Really, it won't."

The smile completed the destruction of that Thomas Gladstone Van Bibber who had existed for thirty-odd years until this moment. It also deprived the new one, temporarily, of the power of speech. All he could do was look at her—and Chalice, breathless again, turned quickly away toward Mulligan and started to talk very fast about him, asking whether it was all right for him to be out loose this way.

"He's not meant to be out. He pulled a Houdini." Tom was articulate once more. "The way he did the night he was hurt."

He was close to her suddenly. So close she could detect a peaty-heathery sort of smell from his jacket. He was putting a halter on the motionless horse. She moved away a little and made herself look at the animal instead of the man. Mulligan's gaze was fixed on her, steady and sorrowful and desperately searching, and for an instant it made her forget everything else.

"Those eyes!" she said. "I'd swear he was trying to tell me something!" And she gave his nose a sudden kiss.

It was later the same day, at Tall Elms, that Doctor Pennypacker began to be obsessed by another pair of eyes. Mr. Harbinger's eyes.

Doctor Pennypacker had chanced, that afternoon, to be present when Mr. Harbinger had kicked the day nurse, dislocating the poor girl's jaw. She had been trying to feed him, and Mr. Harbinger had leaped up, swiveled around, dropped his hands to the floor and lashed upward and outward with both feet, the silken nightshirt he wore festooning itself around his head.

It was not the violence of the assault which had impressed Doctor Pennypacker so much as the manner of its delivery. A manner which, in his mind, insisted upon associating itself with the high-pitched nasal sounds that broke so frequently from the patient.

And then the night nurse, coming on duty, had told him about the geraniums, a window-boxful of which had apparently been devoured by someone or something. She had told him as he was standing over Mr. Harbinger's bed—and as he listened, Mr. Harbinger had opened his eyes. And the eyes had looked straight up into Doctor Pennypacker's.

And so the obsession had begun, based upon those other phenomena, and resulting, by the evening of the third day of its reign, in a thought so wild, so fantastic, that Doctor Pennypacker shrank from it, fought to reject it. But it persisted, ending up by being so firmly anchored in his head that he was stuck with it for better or worse.

A strange period for Doctor Pennypacker, these three days, with tension at Tall Elms mounting while a diminishing series of eminent physicians arrived to conquer and left defeated; while Gist and Saunders, gaunt and hollow-eyed, fought gallantly to keep alive the fiction that Otto Stettinus Harbinger was in temporary and deliberate retreat upon his yacht.

And a strange time, too, for Chalice, although in a very different way. It had begun the moment she and Tom Van Bibber had seen each other, but it had gone right on from there without break, made possible by Tom's suggestion that the view as seen from his stables was the only angle for her painting.

And after that everything had seemed to happen very fast. Now it was all mixed up in her mind like several old-time movies being shown at once. At least, that's the way it was until the third day, when things suddenly straightened out in a blaze of sunshine and perspective.

It was midafternoon, and she was at work behind the stables. She stood away from her easel to study what she'd done, and somehow twisted her foot and found herself falling —— She was caught by arms which wrapped around her. She smelt peat-and-heather and twisted around and leaned back against the arms and looked up into Tom's face. And then her arms slid around his neck, and at last—at last!—he was kissing her.

After some indefinable passage of time they stood reluctantly apart. And Chalice said shakily, "It took you long enough! All these days and days!"

Tom dug his hands into his jacket pockets. "What I want to know ——" He stopped. "You'll think I'm crazy."

"No, I won't." Chalice shook her head. "I couldn't, because I am too."

Which brief conversation, incomprehensible at face value, sealed the betrothal of Chalice O'Brian and Thomas Van Bibber.

It was several idyllic hours later that Tom said suddenly and with feeling, "I ought to be shot!" And then, as she raised her head from his shoulder, "For asking you to marry me." He jumped up. "To start with," he said, "you don't know anything about me ——"

"You'd be surprised." Chalice smiled up at him. "Thomas Gladstone Van Bibber, thirty, white, unmarried. Descended from family of bankers and horse lovers. Banking having passed to another branch, carries on in father's footsteps as horse breeder and trainer. Noted steeplechase rider. Business thriving until interrupted by Air Force service in Korea, but not so good since ——"

"Bud Stockwell talks too much." Tom's mouth tightened. "Did he remember to tell you the stable bank balance? And that I was going to be forced to sell half this land?"

"No, he didn't!" Chalice stood up. "And don't be mean about him. All he said was that everything would be all right if only Mulligan got well. He told me all about Mulligan: how you only bought him a few days before he was hurt; how he was a potentially great horse who'd been handled wrong and ridden wrong, but how you were going to fix all that and win three big races next jumping season and then maybe even go to England next year for the National ——" She ran out of breath and stopped, but she went on looking at him.

"Aintree with Mulligan!" Tom was bitter. "Ha! And then two more ha's!" He tried to smile. "That's all a pipe dream now, darling. You've only got to look at what's left of him!"

"Oh, poor Mulligan!" Chalice was startled by a pang of remorse. A vivid memory of Mulligan's eyes came to her, and she realized that for the past three whirling days she hadn't given him more than occasional thought; had never paid him a visit by herself.

It was an unpleasant sensation, and she wanted to do something about it quickly. But first she had to deal with Mulligan's owner—bless him!—and this deplorable mood of his. It didn't take her long. By the time she'd explained that he was hopelessly old-fashioned, that money was only a convenience anyway, and finally that the O'Brian women were tough to jilt, everything was all right again.

And so she said, "You know something, Tom? I've neglected Mulligan shamefully. After all, he introduced us. Could I go see him, please? Now?"

"Darling!" Tom gazed at her. "You can do anything you want!"

He started out with her—but something, some providence, was on her side. Because, just as he was shutting the French window behind them, the telephone began to ring.

She said quickly, "Hadn't you better get that, darling?" And then, as he hesitated, "I'll go on. . . ."

It was a mild night, and the upper half of Mulligan's box door was open. Mulligan must have heard her step because his head appeared, turned toward her, when

"The dam has burst."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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she was still several yards away. Bright moonlight outlined it against the black shadow of the box and threw into sharp relief the odd carriage of the neck, the strangely unequine tilt of the head itself, the disconsolate droop of one ear. And as she came close she saw the eyes.

She stood very still, and the head was lowered until the muzzle was nudging at her shoulder. The velvet lips flapped and a strange sighing murmur came from them. She whispered, "Poor old boy—poor Mulligan! What's the matter?" and raised a hand to gentle him.

The silken coat, the skin, the very flesh itself, moved under her touch. Moved in a vibrating, extraordinary way which sent an extraordinary message to her mind. A wild, fantastic message which somehow contrived to underline what the eyes had been trying to tell her.

She suspected that she shouldn't, but back in the house she tried to tell Tom about it.

She said, "Tom, that horse! Have you thought about the way he looks?"

"He looks awful!" Tom was gloomy. "And none of these vets are coming through with anything. I ought to have him put away."

"No no—I meant his eyes." She knew it was no use, but didn't seem able to stop. "It's like—like watching someone in prison. As if the eyes were windows and there was something locked up behind them, looking through, trying to get out."

"Darling!" Tom took her hands. "We'll have to get you a martingale for that imagination!"

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him—and began to laugh. He said quickly, "What're you laughing at?" and she stopped. "Just us," she said. "We're such completely different sorts of people."

"Is that bad?" Tom said.

She kissed him again. "No, no, no! It's marvelous—so beautifully unboring."

She didn't get back to the room she'd taken at the farmhouse in the valley until after midnight; and it wasn't until she was in bed that she dared to think about Mulligan again.

She had to try to do something for Mulligan—and since the wild, the incredible idea was still unshakably in her mind, whatever she did she would have to do alone. So she must begin at the beginning. In the fullest sense, Mulligan's sickness was extraordinary: she must see if she could find anything extraordinary about how the sickness had started.

She was down at Big Oak Bend before six in the morning. She climbed through the fence and saw the big fallen bough and decided to start with that. Why had it fallen?

She looked at the broken end, and found half of it was jagged fingers of bark, old and dry. But the rest showed green, the outer side crushed and dented. The bough must have been partly broken away for a long time, and then completely severed by something heavy and edged.

She moved close to the fence and looked up through the tracery of branches and saw a scar on the trunk, ten or twelve feet from the ground. She turned away—and nearly stepped into a big depression filled with leaves. A faint gleam from it caught her eye, and with sudden, instinctive excitement, she knelt to investigate. . . .

She stood up slowly, looking at what she had lifted from among the leaves. A hub cap of glittering, heavy chrome, a large arc of its rim covered with a greenish stain. She was turning it over in her hands when a man's voice spoke from behind her.

"That a hub cap you just picked up?" it said.

With a violent start, Chalice whirled around. On the other side of the fence stood a shortish, thinnish, oldish man with a leathery wrinkled face. He was raising a hat which made her think of her grandfather, and he said, "Sorry I startled you, young lady."

Chalice said, "Oh, that's all right." She felt a renewed surge of excitement as she held the hub cap up to view. "How did you know?" she said.

He barely glanced at the thing. He went on looking at her, his eyes startlingly blue in the wrinkled face. He said, "Friend of mine had an accident here."

He paused, and Chalice said, "Last Monday? At night?"

"That's right," he said. She suddenly felt he was excited too. He lifted the hat again. "Name's Pennypacker," he said. "Amos Pennypacker. Medico over at Kenton Crossing."

Chalice told him her name. She wasn't trying to hide her excitement now, but she was careful all the same. She said, "Was your friend badly hurt?"

And Doctor Pennypacker said, "Crack on the head," and hardly paused before adding, "saw you looking at that limb there, Miss O'Brian," and pointed to the fallen bough.

Chalice said, "Yes. It fell on a horse."

A bright gleam darted from the blue eyes. "You don't say," said Doctor Pennypacker. "One of young Van Bibber's jumpers?"

Chalice said, "Yes." And then, quite why she'll never know, "Tom and I are going to be married."

Doctor Pennypacker smiled. "Always was a lucky one, young Tom." He shook

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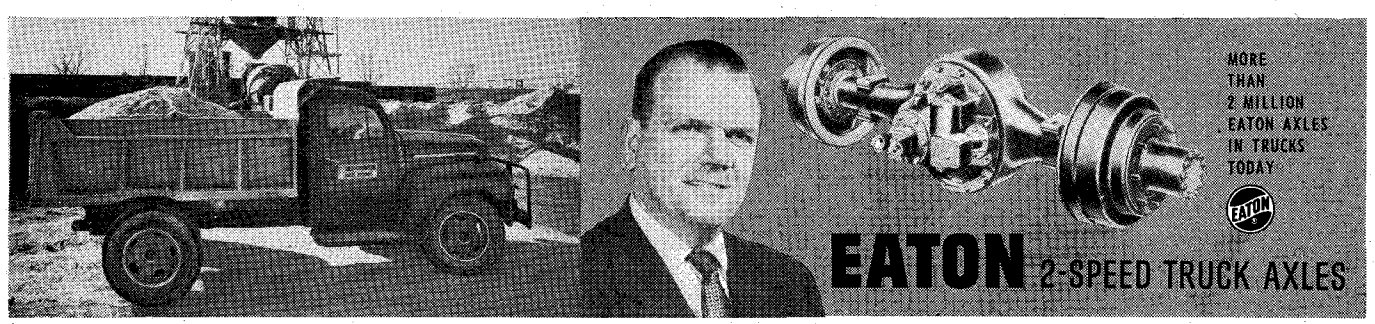

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her hand, and Chalice found herself liking him very much. And then his smile faded and he said, "Horse badly hurt?"

"Yes." Chalice was so excited it was difficult to breathe.

"Acting strange?" The blue eyes were holding hers.

"That's an understatement," Chalice said, and took the plunge. "Is your friend behaving strangely too?"

There was a long silence. The blue eyes looked away from her, and she began to be afraid. But in a moment they came back, the guarded look gone from them. "Young lady," said Doctor Pennypacker, "you and me—we got a whole lot of talking to do."

It was after breakfast the next day that, at Tall Elms, Laurence Gist lit a cigarette with shaking hands and looked at Saunders and said, "Well, here it is, chum—that well-known bugbear, the eleventh hour!"

Saunders sighed. He knew the situation only too well. So well, in fact, that he'd stayed awake most of the night wondering what he himself was going to do after the crash came. Because the crash was coming, no doubt about that. Unless, of course, a miracle happened and Mr. Harbinger came back to himself and issued an assorted carload of commands.

"What about the fifty-ninth minute," he said. "What's the latest possible?"

Gist lifted his shoulders in a weary shrug. "By three this afternoon," he said, "we'll have had it!"

This conversation took place at ten o'clock, by which time Tom Van Bibber's blue-and-white horse box, maintaining a steady forty, had covered half the distance from Big Oak Bend.

In the box was Mulligan, and with him, on the little groom's seat beside the manger, a sour-faced Stockwell. In the cab, Tom Van Bibber was behind the wheel. He was in boots and breeches, and beside him, her toffee-colored head a little higher than his shoulder, was Chalice.

For ten miles Tom hadn't spoken, but suddenly he couldn't stand it any longer. "If only you'd tell me why," he began.

"No!" Chalice shook her head. "You promised!" She pored over a map in her hands; a map drawn on the back of an old envelope addressed to Amos Pennypacker. She said, "In about ten miles, we have to turn off the highway."

"O.K.," Tom said, and sighed. "Bud Stockwell thinks I'm crazy. And I think he's right. I must be—what's that word?—besotted."

"Don't! It always sounds so squashy!" Chalice laid a hand on his arm. "Just be a darling and do what I tell you."

"And at one swell foop Mulligan snaps out of it and turns into a horse again? Ha!"

"Possibly." Chalice was white-faced suddenly, and her voice none too steady. "Oh, Tom—please trust me! I can't explain!" In her lap her hands clenched into fists, the knuckles showing white. She thought of Doctor Pennypacker and wished desperately he were here with her. Perhaps then she wouldn't have these awful doubts. . . .

And, fifteen miles away, Doctor Pennypacker thought of Chalice. He, too, was troubled by doubt. Not doubt, like hers, of the fantastic theory they shared, but doubt as to whether, charming though she was, she could without explanation persuade a hardheaded, hard-bitten, hard-riding youngster like Tom Van Bibber into the course they wanted him to follow, no matter how much in love he was.

But Doctor Pennypacker had to behave as if she'd succeeded and the horse were on his way. And that meant he must be alone with his patient. Which explains how it was that the new day nurse—unkicked so far, but the victim of a rather nasty nip on the forearm—had become the grateful recipient of an unexpected morning off.

So Doctor Pennypacker, his patient considerately asleep in the bed behind him, stood at the window with a pair of race glasses at his eyes —— And sav , n the stroke of eleven, a blue-and-v e horse box pull up at that rear gate of the Tall Elms land which he had pinpointed for Chalice.

"Atta girl!" said Doctor Pennypacker to himself—and through the glasses watched first the unshipment of Mulligan and then the bridling and saddling of Mulligan.

Strange proceedings, these—made so by the utterly unequine behavior of their central figure. In fact, if Doctor Pennypacker had needed any confirmation of his theory, nothing more would have been necessary than to watch Mulligan's rearward look of anguished protest as the girths were tightened.

It was perhaps five minutes later—after Doctor Pennypacker had anxiously watched what appeared to be a heated argument between young Van Bibber, his girl and his groom—that he heaved a great sigh of relief and turned away from the window, setting down the glasses and picking up the rubber-ferruled cane with which he had thoughtfully provided himself. For Tom Van Bibber was leading Mulligan through the gate and onto the Harbinger property. And now, in spite of the shambling waddle—first both legs on one side, then both on the other—an alertness had come over Mulligan. His head was high, his lips flapped ceaselessly, and the uncontrollable left ear, though not erect, was swiveling with a sort of hopeful abandon.

Tom Van Bibber plodded on. At intervals, his lips formed a silent word which a close observer could have read as "Besotted!" He tried to keep from wondering what he was doing; tried to concentrate upon how he would explain his presence—to say nothing of Mulligan's—if he were challenged. He passed through a belt of trees and there before him was a large house of vaguely Tudor aspect, surrounded by vivid flower beds and an expanse of close-clipped emerald lawn never in its history lacerated by steel-shod hooves. He checked momentarily, but to his surprise was tugged forward by Mulligan, whose waddle was increasing in pace and power with every stride.

And immediately, just as Mulligan's shoes started to wreak havoc upon the sward, things began to happen. From far points two gardeners ran toward the intruders, shouting. At an open second-story window appeared a wild, nightshirted figure, prodded from behind by a walking cane wielded by another, elderly man. An impossible sound issued from Mulligan's flapping lips as, head upflung, he seemed to stare at the figure in the window. And from this figure, even as it stood rigid, gazing down at Mulligan, there broke a reverberating whinny.

And then Mulligan, a cataclysmic shudder shaking him from nostril to tail tip, dropped to the grass like a stone, while, falling backward as a tree falls, the nightshirted figure disappeared. There followed, both inside the house and out, one dread moment of seeming lifelessness. But it was succeeded instantly by furious action which constituted complete vindication of the Pennypacker Theory.

In the bedroom, Otto Stettinus Harbinger scrambled to his feet, glared at Doctor Pennypacker and bellowed, "Who are you? What's the date? Put down that stick! Get Larry Gist! Bring me some trousers! Where's a telephone?"

And simultaneously, in the sunshine, Mulligan came to his feet in a turf-destroying upheaval. He trembled. Both ears, first rigidly pricked, laid themselves flat back against his skull. He grunted abysmally and his head went down and both heels flashed out in a whistling flourish. He plunged forward and sideways—and if the single rein of his snaffle bridle hadn't been looped over Tom's arm, he would have been away.

Somehow, Tom swung himself into the saddle. While his feet groped for the irons, Mulligan reared, and then came down on braced forelegs and ducked his head and kicked again. After that he bucked and then, irked by the harsh cries and hoe-waving antics of the outraged gardeners, took precipitate and divot-scattering leave, clearing a high and formidable hedge of clipped yew and landing in pasturage which tempted him to more of this delightful, this kink-removing outburst of energy.

It was three wild minutes later that, now in hand, he neatly cleared a post-and-rail fence to land on the grass verge of the road not a hundred yards from the horse box. On a loose rein, sedate as a well-schooled hunter, he bore his rider toward it at a rhythmic, long-stepping Thoroughbred's walk, to be received by a wide-smiled, wide-eyed Stockwell.

Silent and a trifle white in the face, Chalice stood well away from this new and transmogrified Mulligan. Tom slid off his back and went to her, and led her around to the other side of the horse box. He kissed her firmly, and held her away from him. "Well—you did it!" he said. "You did it!"

Chalice said, "While I was watching that—that circus, I almost wished I hadn't. . . . But if that's what you want ——"

"What I want," Tom said, "what I've got to have—is the explanation."

Chalice smiled; she was beginning to feel better. "Not for hours yet. Not until dinner." She looked up into his bewildered face and started to laugh. "We're going out—and we have a guest. Someone I think you know—Doctor Pennypacker."

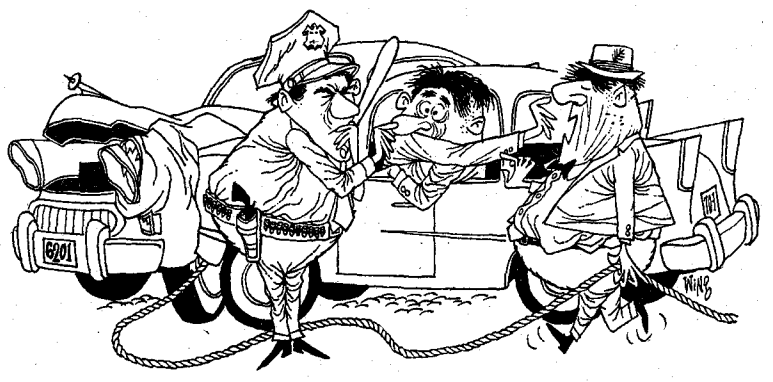
Still unsolved in the private casebooks of human and veterinary medicine are the mysterious maladies, so suddenly and inexplicably ended, of Mulligan and Otto Stettinus Harbinger. The answer to the riddle has never leaked beyond the small, tight circle of those who really know.

There was one slip—made by Mr. Harbinger himself. But although it caused all manner of talk over all manner of tea tables, it was in itself so improbable, so bizarre, that it never led to anything even remotely like the truth.

It occurred some eighteen months after the events recorded in this history—in the year that a triumphant Mulligan won the Grand National at the heartening odds of seventy-to-one; the same year in which Chalice Van Bibber started the series of portraits which was to make her famous. The occasion was the much-publicized unveiling of the first portrait—of Mr. Harbinger himself—and he made the slip when, having drawn the artist and her husband aside for private congratulation, he failed to notice that within earshot was Mrs. Stuyvesant Rudebaker.

To Mrs. Rudebaker's always receptive ears came the rich round tones of Mr. Harbinger as he said to Chalice, "Young lady, there was a time when you kissed me on the nose. It was delightful. Do it again."

And, turning her astonished head, Mrs. Rudebaker was confounded to see the laughing and immediate compliance with which young Mrs. Van Bibber, under her husband's approving eye, greeted this outlandish request. THE END



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Bill's car broke down. So he asked his friend Tom to steer it while he towed it with a borrowed car. Tom consented, although he did not have a driver's license. Shortly afterward, the towed car swerved and smashed a parked station wagon. Police charged Tom with driving without a license.

"But I wasn't driving," he protested. "A person is driving only when he has complete control of the car."

"The car was moving and Tom was steering it," the prosecutor replied. "If he wasn't driving it, who was?"

If you were the judge, would you convict Tom?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tom was freed under the provisions of a local law. This law defines a driver as one who "is in actual physical control of a vehicle." The court ruled that Tom was "guiding, not driving," the towed car.

Based upon a 1955 Ohio decision.

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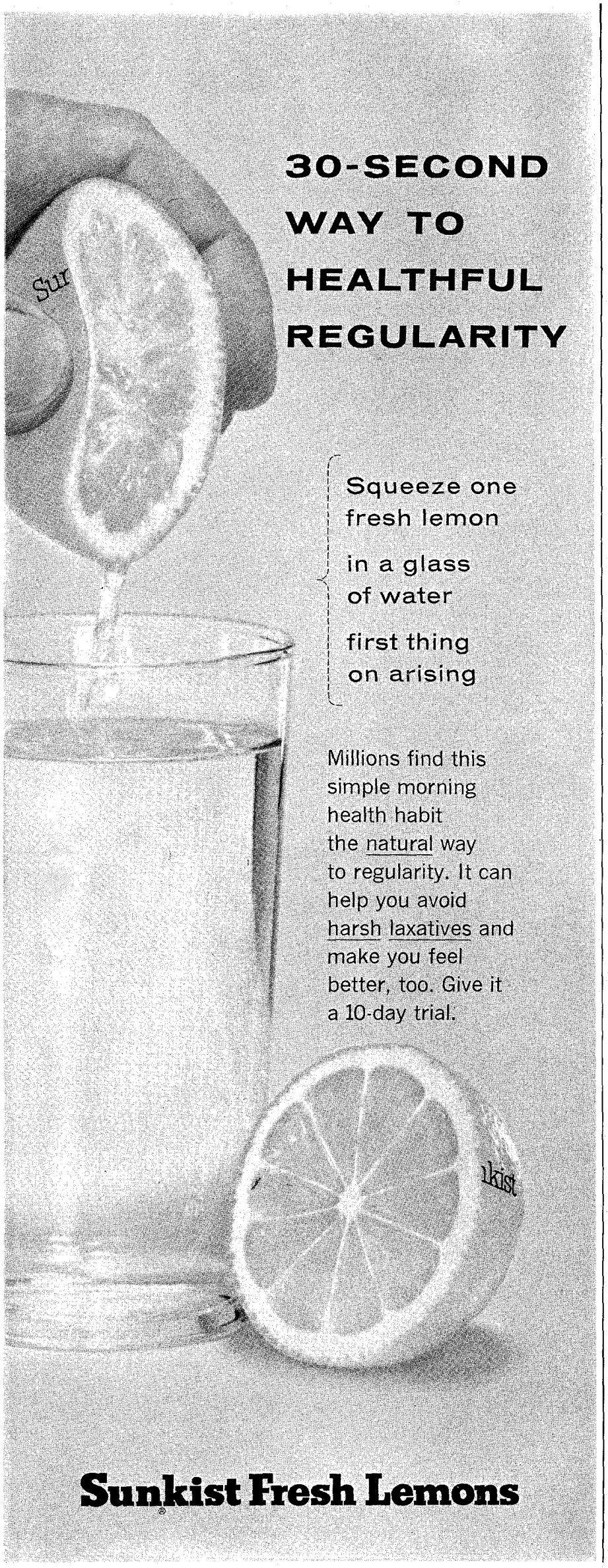

Religious Revolution on the Campus

(Continued from Page 20)

religion are requesting such help. For example, Richard Stott, a Cornell University chaplain, recently wrote me, "I am leading a sorority retreat this week and have a fraternity retreat scheduled next month. These are not bull sessions, but are similar to retreats in parishes, with silence and meditation. Several years ago I was asked to be pledge trainer for a fraternity—leading a series of discussion groups on the meanings of Brotherhood, Acceptance, God, Sex, and so on. I can't imagine in my day asking a clergyman to come in as trainer for our pledges!"

The upswing in religious interest of collegians has been an evolutionary process, of course, starting during World War II—but when I came back to the campus as a chaplain a few years ago, after a career in business, it seemed more of a revolution, so great had been the change. Yet what had happened in our colleges had also happened in my own life. I went to college in the late '20's, when nothing in the classroom or social life of the students did anything to dispel the prevalent idea among so-called liberals that religion was a lot of superstitious nonsense that had little to do with life itself. In that day most students would hardly be caught in a church except dead or at a wedding.

After graduation in 1930—some time after, as it turned out, because of the depression—I managed to get a start in the investment-banking business. Eventually, despite some serious setbacks, I became president of my own firm in Detroit. Outwardly it seemed that I "had it made." I had a fine family, financial security and a pleasant life. Then in 1949 I decided to study for the ministry.

Mine was no Damascus Road conversion. Some years before, I had joined a church—the Episcopal—and had been taking an increasingly active part in its affairs. After the war I began slowly to realize that I was seeking more meaning and greater purpose in life than simply making money, and that Christianity was becoming increasingly important to me. In 1949, after talking over the idea with my wife, who thoroughly approved, I decided to retire from business and study for the ministry on a trial basis. We moved to Alexandria, Virginia, where I enrolled in the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary. Soon it was apparent that my venture was no longer a trial, but my chosen calling. When I was ordained a priest in 1952, I accepted the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church in State College, Pennsylvania, and also the position of Episcopal chaplain at the university there.

Friends and professors at the seminary had told me of the great opportunity that was opening for college work, but it remained for me to see for myself how great had been the change in religious climate and attitude on the campus. At Penn State, religion certainly was booming. Students flocked to church services; so did faculty members and their families. Surprising numbers from both groups were deeply eager to increase their understanding of their faith. Students actively sought counsel from their chaplains; in fact, the volume of work at St. Andrew's was growing so rapidly that after a year the Rev. John R. Whitney joined the staff as Episcopal chaplain to the university, allowing me more time in the parish.

What happens on Sunday at a typical college? At Penn State the nondenominational chapel service starts at 10:55 in Schwab Auditorium, which seats 1300. The place is filled by 10:45, and on most Sundays several hundred students will not be able to get in. Most of the local churches, holding services at the same time, are within walking distance of the campus. Many of the major denominations are represented—Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Episcopal, Evangelical and Reformed (now United Church of Christ), Baptist and Evangelical United Brethren. To serve the increased attendance most of them now hold two or even three services; these are so popular with collegians that pastors have been getting complaints from townspeople who are unable to find seats.

Penn State is no exception. Going to church is now "the thing to do" among students. I should add that, as ever, collegians don't like to be bulldozed into doing something, even if they want to do it anyway. Some schools which have compulsory chapel services report growing protest among students against being forced to attend—but at the same time note a significant increase in attendance at voluntary prayer services, even those held on week nights! I believe the growth in student interest is far more than a fad, as evidenced by increased popularity of courses and lectures on religious subjects, and student projects having a religious flavor.

A phenomenon of recent years on many campuses is Religious Emphasis Week—a week set aside for speakers representing Roman Catholic, Jewish and Protestant traditions to give lectures and lead discussion meetings under the sponsorship of interfaith councils or college religious organizations. At Montana State University enrollment in courses in religion has increased by more than 500 per cent in the last three years. At Columbia University nothing more surely guarantees a full house for a lecture than a serious discussion of religion—a noontime seminar on My Philosophy of Life proved to be a standing-room-only feature. Amherst reports that the number of its courses in religion has doubled and so has the enrollment in them; also in recent years a record number of its graduates has gone on to theological seminaries to study for the ministry. In one case, two of the Amherst graduates who had signed up with General Electric later changed their minds and decided to go to theological school instead, allegedly causing the G.E. personnel man to sigh and say, "Well, at least we didn't lose them to Westinghouse."

State universities as well as private colleges are increasingly aware that a knowledge of religion is a necessary part of a balanced education. As a Michigan State professor told me, "I know of several students who thought they would have to give up their faith to make room for natural science, but discovered, on the contrary, that science requires some kind of faith." From Cornell University a chaplain writes me, "We have no department of religion, but in the last two years the university has added a new man in the Philosophy Department to teach Christian theology, and one to the Classics Department to teach the Old Testament. This is startling for Cornell. Religion was not welcomed formerly on the campus by either students or faculty. There were 300 in the new course in Christian theology and many were turned away."

The University of Iowa, one of the first state schools to establish a department of religion, uses a plan under which the various faiths supply qualified instructors to teach courses for which college credit is given. A number of schools have followed the Iowa plan, while others offer noncredit courses given under the joint sponsorship of a group of denominations

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or by separate campus religious organizations. Other universities, such as the University of North Carolina, have a department of religion which, in addition to offering a major in this field, also enables a student whose main course is psychology, law, engineering, arts and sciences, and so on, to study theology and to relate it to his professional work.

True, there have been objectors to the teaching of religious subjects, some opposing the trend on narrow sectarian grounds and others because they feel that it violates the principle of separation of church and state. However, where students are given free choice and religious courses are available, youth itself has firmly supported the subject matter. At Columbia University, there was some hostility on the campus when the Department of Religion expanded rapidly, but now, reports John Krumm, chaplain of the university, "things have settled down and manifest steady growth in interest and enrollment. Fortunately, this is on a wide basis. Many Jewish students, for example, enroll in courses which deal specifically with the Christian tradition." At one Ivy League school the whole university was polled last year on the question of adding academic courses in religion; when the votes were counted they showed that while some of the faculty opposed the idea, the students were overwhelmingly in favor of it.

For many years most of the major denominations have maintained student foundations headed by paid or volunteer religious workers to provide a combination of instruction, recreation and social activity. These have gained ground rapidly. Since 1947 the number of full-time campus religious workers has risen from fewer than 500 to more than 1500, and still more are needed. A number of churches are building student centers or chapels to house their campus organizations and to provide a place for worship and study. At Purdue University the Roman Catholics built St. Thomas Church in 1951 and assigned one priest to student work. Soon it became necessary to add another priest, and now the rectory has been enlarged to make room for a third. The priest in charge, Father Leo A. Piguet, tells me, "The bishops of the United States are becoming more and more aware of the need for adequate facilities and personnel to satisfy the spiritual and religious needs of Catholic students in secular colleges. For large universities, the ideal is a thriving student parish on the fringes of the college campus. Purdue has it now."

Brick and mortar are an important part of this trend, but they aren't always essential, and certainly the vital element is the trained, confidence-inspiring religious worker who may use the whole campus as his office. The Rev. Joseph Sakamura, a chaplain of the Evangelical and Reformed Church at the New York State College for Teachers, Buffalo, made the student cafeteria his base of operations. Drinking countless cups of coffee, he met with individual students and small groups for friendly counseling and tactful instruction. When he left to go to another college, President Harvey Rice said that Chaplain Sakamura had "transmitted a Christian concern to the whole campus."

At Penn State I saw firsthand the value that the religiously inclined student places on such counseling. Many young couples who were contemplating marriage came to ask advice. Quite often they weren't able to say clearly just what they wanted from the church, but it was obvious that they felt Christianity would help them find solid ground for their life together. There were uncertain young men such as Jim, who was so shy that it was an ordeal for him to meet people. He came to church, in part at least, to help find his place among like-minded students. In the Christian faith he learned to accept and trust friends. He read theology and increasingly understood the relevance of his Christian faith to his courses. He is no longer shy and moves with ease among people. When he completes his tour of duty in the armed services, he plans on going to theological seminary.

There are many crisis situations in college life which shake students and cause some of them to turn to their pastor or chaplain for aid. Some of the problems might seem trivial to an older person. One young man became so tied up with worry because he thought he had flunked a mathematics examination that he couldn't study for a chemistry test that was still two days in the future. Here all it took was one phone call to the math instructor, who assured me that the boy had made a passing grade, and a talk with the boy to quiet his nerves.

"Haven't you fed him yet?"

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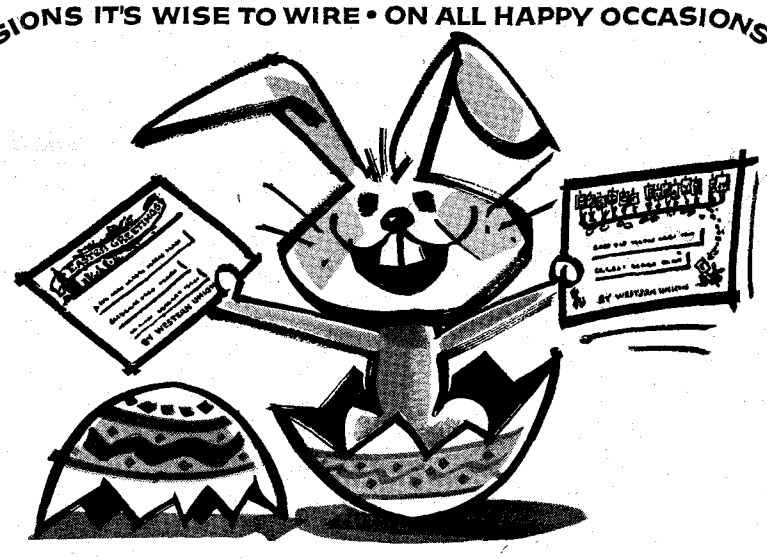

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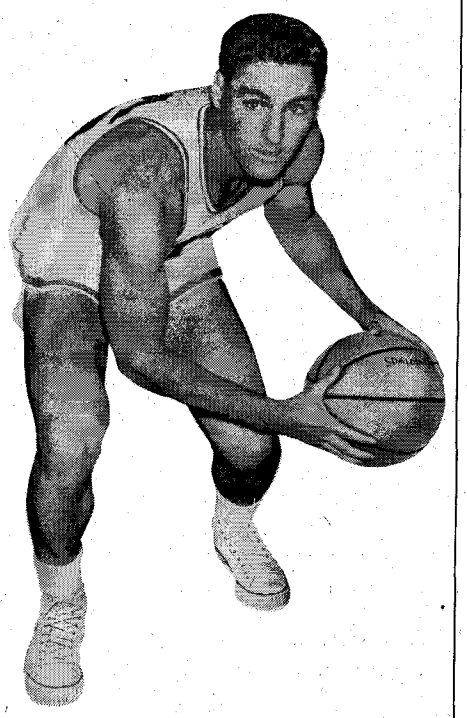

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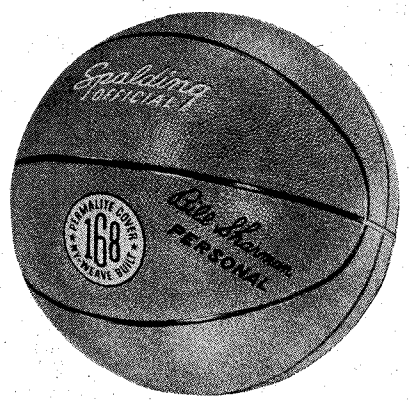

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College chaplains also must deal with some of life's most desperate challenges. There were a few couples who came to me belatedly to be married because the girl was pregnant; these cases required that counseling be done with great understanding to prevent psychological scars that could mar young lives. There were married couples, so common on the campus these days, who had lost a baby. Often, as campus lingo has it, the wife had a job and was working for her "Ph.T."—that is, Pushing Hubby Through. In the cemetery at State College is a whole plot, row on row, of small graves—pitiful reminders that inadequate finances, poor diets, and the strains and tensions of work and study are not conducive to normal births. In some such cases the death of a baby, tragic as it was, showed these couples the need for closer examination of their lives and brought them to the church seeking understanding.

My five years at St. Andrew's seemed to fly, so gratifying were the duties. Then I was appointed executive director of the Church Society of College Work, located at Mt. St. Alban, Washington, D.C., an Episcopal organization which itself demonstrates the "new look" in campus religion. This society was established in 1935 "to promote knowledge and acceptance of Christ's religion and in other ways to foster and strengthen the work of the Protestant Episcopal Church in college and university centers." The society depends for its income on contributions from members in every state, and for the first twenty years its main function was the supplemental financial support of college chaplains and rectors, so that highly qualified men might be called to these posts. However, in 1955 the society was freed from routine work, so that it might pioneer experimental and research projects aimed at the improvement of college religious activities. We are convinced that a fresh, larger approach will be required to meet the religious needs of the mushrooming college population, which stands over 3,000,000 now and will be 4,500,000 by 1965, seven to nine million by 1970. The society is exploring means of expanding the number of trained college workers by helping faculty members, graduate students and undergraduates to get a better grasp of their own Christian ministry as laymen. We want to train them and enlist their help for the ordained clergy on the campuses.

Among the society's projects are fellowship grants for graduate study looking toward a Ph.D. in religion, offered with the understanding that the recipient will be available to teach for a period in colleges, universities and seminaries. We also are co-operating with local churches in placing chaplains to work among graduate students and faculty members in general graduate schools and medical centers. We have experiments under way in which a small group of graduate students is exploring the ways and means of working with other students. We hope this research will give us answers as to the most effective ways to approach the strategic group from which future college teachers will come. We are studying various methods of reaching college faculty members and helping them toward a deeper grasp of their Christian faith; one such project brings together a group of faculty members for five weeks of summertime theological study.

Our society is not alone in this field. Many other denominations, challenged by the resurgence of campus interest in religion, are expanding their college organizations and seeking to improve their channels for reaching students and faculties. One outstanding program is that of the interdenominational Faculty Christian Fellowship, formed in 1952 by a group of professors. This organization has a paid director, an executive committee of distinguished educators, and its members contribute articles to an excellent quarterly journal, The Christian Scholar.

From my observation post, it seems that two things are sweeping the campus at the same time. One is a general conformity, under which religious faith is no longer suspect as it once was, by the younger generation. This means that religious practice runs wide, but not necessarily deep. The other trend, though not so widespread, perhaps is more important: It is the search for more complete understanding of religion and theology and its relationship to life itself.

Mere conformity—going through the motions because it is a popular thing to do—certainly is not an end in itself. Some observers discount the value of the revival of religion among our youth on this basis and say that there is a "ghostly quality" about the beliefs of students—in short, that the student's grasp of faith is not complete enough to carry over and guide him in important decisions in later life, but rather exists in a separate compartment of his mind, for use on Sundays.

Perhaps so. Of course, any reasonable observer can see that the interest of some students in their church is quite superficial. Missionaries sometimes speak of "rice Christians"—that is, those natives who get converted merely to get fed—and I must say that not all rice Christians are in the Orient. I recall one coed who admitted with refreshing candor that she took part in our student church activities because it gave her an opportunity to meet eligible young men. Also, there is no doubt that college students have been caught in the "peace of mind" fad which would make of religion a sort of psychological tranquilizer, attempting to use God as a servant to man's needs.

But at the same time it seems obvious that a broad base is being built among youth, and among faculties, too, for a genuine development of religion on the campus on an unprecedented scale. All observers of college trends agree that today there is far more solid faith among students and professors than existed a generation ago. There are students who are seeking answers, not just peace of mind.

As one chemistry student put it, "I believe I must be something more than a mess of chemicals." Or, as a graduate student in nuclear physics remarked, "These discussion groups on Christian faith are helping me to meet for the first time some of the fundamental questions I've been avoiding for years." Then there was an unsolicited comment, written on an examination paper by a coed in a course called Introduction to Religion: "I can honestly say that this little two-credit course has done more for my whole attitude than even—well, even the fact that I'm getting married Sunday. I'm sure of this—I'm not going to raise my children as I was raised, with so little religion. I never knew what to believe."

To understand this generation and its reactions, which sometimes are so different from those of the older one, I believe we should recall its background. The collegians of today were born in the middle to late '30's of parents who had come through the depression years. These youngsters have grown up in a time of world unrest and war. Theirs is a world that seems to teeter on the brink of self-destruction; a world in which millions of innocent people have suffered in concentration camps or been fed into gas chambers; where other millions wander as refugees; a world in which there is no place to hide from H-bombs and intercontinental missiles. All about them these young people see a failure of nerve, an unsureness in the older generations. Sensing that man has built his house on sand, they are hopeful that the church is built on rock.

Today's college youth has been called "a wistful generation, tired of living on snap judgments," by Dr. Clarence P. Shedd, now at Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, formerly of Yale. He adds, "It is the most intelligently responsive generation I have known . . . seeking to come to grips with the basic problems of faith and living . . . asking not superficial, but ultimate questions, and they will not be satisfied with easy answers."

It is a reassuring part of the trend that faculty members are increasingly receptive and "open" to religious faith. Quite a bit of the credit for this, I believe, goes to alert pastors in college communities who have recognized the opportunity that has developed to propagate a stronger faith among teachers—or at least a tolerance for student investigation of faith. The time has been ripe. During my experience as a parish priest I witnessed, time after time, the transformation of an instructor or professor from a thinking man to a thoughtful man. Too often we assume that learned men and scientists rely upon intellectual knowledge to the exclusion of the wisdom that religion has to offer. This is not necessarily true.

Harold Schilling, an outstanding physicist and dean of the graduate school at Penn State, points out, "Many thoughtful men . . . are conscious of the inadequacy of their knowledge and insight, realizing that there must be something beyond that which is available to them by the ordinary methodology of scholarship. They are coming to see that there are significant areas of reality and experience . . . which are accessible only through religion."

A number of eminent scientists are active in promoting closer ties between scholarship and religion. William Pollard, executive director of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, was ordained as an Episcopal priest a few years ago and combines the functions of scientist and pastor without philosophical conflict. Kirtley Mather, professor emeritus of geology at Harvard and former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is an active member of the Faculty Christian Fellowship. Arnold Nash, professor of the History of Religion at the University of North Carolina and a leader of numerous Danforth Summer Seminars for teachers across the nation, says, "If you had said twenty years ago that scores of university professors and college teachers would be spending their summers (or their winter evenings) reading straight theology, or would be seeking to relate their body of technical knowledge to Christian thought, no one would have believed you. But it is true today."

It seems abundantly clear to me and other workers in this rewarding field that a great opportunity is open to us. By the grace of God we, the people living in this perilous time, are being given another chance, a chance which focuses sharply on the college and university campuses from which will come the future statesmen, scientists, teachers, lawyers, doctors, ministers and businessmen—to say nothing of the future housewives and mothers. The day is past when our schools can be called godless institutions. The task now, as always for education, is to "seek the truth, come whence it may, cost what it will," but this task is increasingly understood on the campus as supported, made freer and given courage by religious commitment.

THE END

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Man Trap (Continued from Page 35)

"Because if that's what we're going to be ——"

"I got it right all right. Anyway, you know what it means. It means we're not interested in their two hundred thousand dollars."

"You're not."

"Alley, are you with me or with the Indians?"

"Do you want to make it red or white?"

"Yeah."

"Then I'm with us."

"You'll never live to regret it."

"I always have."

"That's not fair."

"Well, you said I'd never live to do something and I said I always have."

"I never thought of it that way."

"Santo, you think there's any danger going with our Indians?"

"I don't know, Alley. I just don't know."

"But you don't think we should be worried?"

"Worried? Worried about what? Certainly not whites in front of Indians."

"You mean we shouldn't lose noses?"

"Faces. Or face, I guess it is."

"How about our lives?"

"Well, you've got a point there."

"I didn't want to make a big point of it."

"You go right ahead and make as big a point of it as you want."

"Oh, forget I ever mentioned it," Alistair Benjamin said.

On the other side of the mesa stood two men holding sawed-off shotguns. They were dressed like hunters in plaid woolen shirts and caps and high-top leather woodsmen's boots, but everything was too new and fitted too well and the shotguns were sawed off.

"You say one of the boys called himself Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses? That's a silly name. And that was a silly thing you told those two Indian boys who saw you counting the money. That we're Government men! And that we're going to distribute that money to the Indians!"

"I thought it was a pretty good story."

"I don't think it was. And I think they'll be back."

"Well, Francis, if you'd been here instead of mailing that Mother's Day card maybe you could have told them something better. Maybe you could have told them the truth, that we held up a bank in Durango. If you didn't have to mail that Mother's Day card."

"I never got it mailed, Mike. I told you that the trading post was closed."

"Then we can forget it."

"No, we can't. The day after tomorrow is Mother's Day."

"And you don't think they'll trace the address?"

"By the time they do that, we'll be across the border and into Mexico."

"Why don't you send it from Mexico? We'll only have to wait about three days before they lift the roadblock."

"Then Mother's Day will be past."

"Did you ever think that of the three guys you murdered? They had mothers too."

"You talk like a cop."

"I only want to talk you out of mailing that letter."

"No. If Mother didn't hear from me on Mother's Day she would go crazy. But I've got an idea. I've been thinking about it. We can run a trip wire from the door of the shack to the trigger of a shotgun that will fire on the Indian who calls himself Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses or his friend if they get any ideas about coming back to get some of the money they saw you counting. This way that Indian and his friends will get a blast in the face."

"And your mother will get her card on Mother's Day."

"Can you think of something else?"

"Yes. Forget mother."

"You don't know my mother."

"Oh?"

"She's not like other mothers."

"I believe you."

"You really don't believe me. You wanted me on this Durango job, but you have never really believed me about anything." The man's voice now rose like a woman's and he began gesturing with the gun.

"I tell you I believe you, Francis."

"Very well; if you believe me, then let's fix the shotgun trap and then let's go and mail the letter. The trading post should be open by now."

"You don't trust me alone with the money?"

"Well ——"

"All right. I'll go along. But why don't we take (*Continued on Page 68*)

"A very funny thing happened to me on the way over here tonight . . . ."

she figured on the Super Chief
Santa Fe
People who insist on the finest always take the Super Chief. Daily between Chicago and Los Angeles. Extra fare—and worth it. For reservations, consult any Santa Fe or travel agent's office.
Ask us about having a rental car waiting for you on arrival.
Super Chief carries a through Pullman car between Los Angeles and New York.

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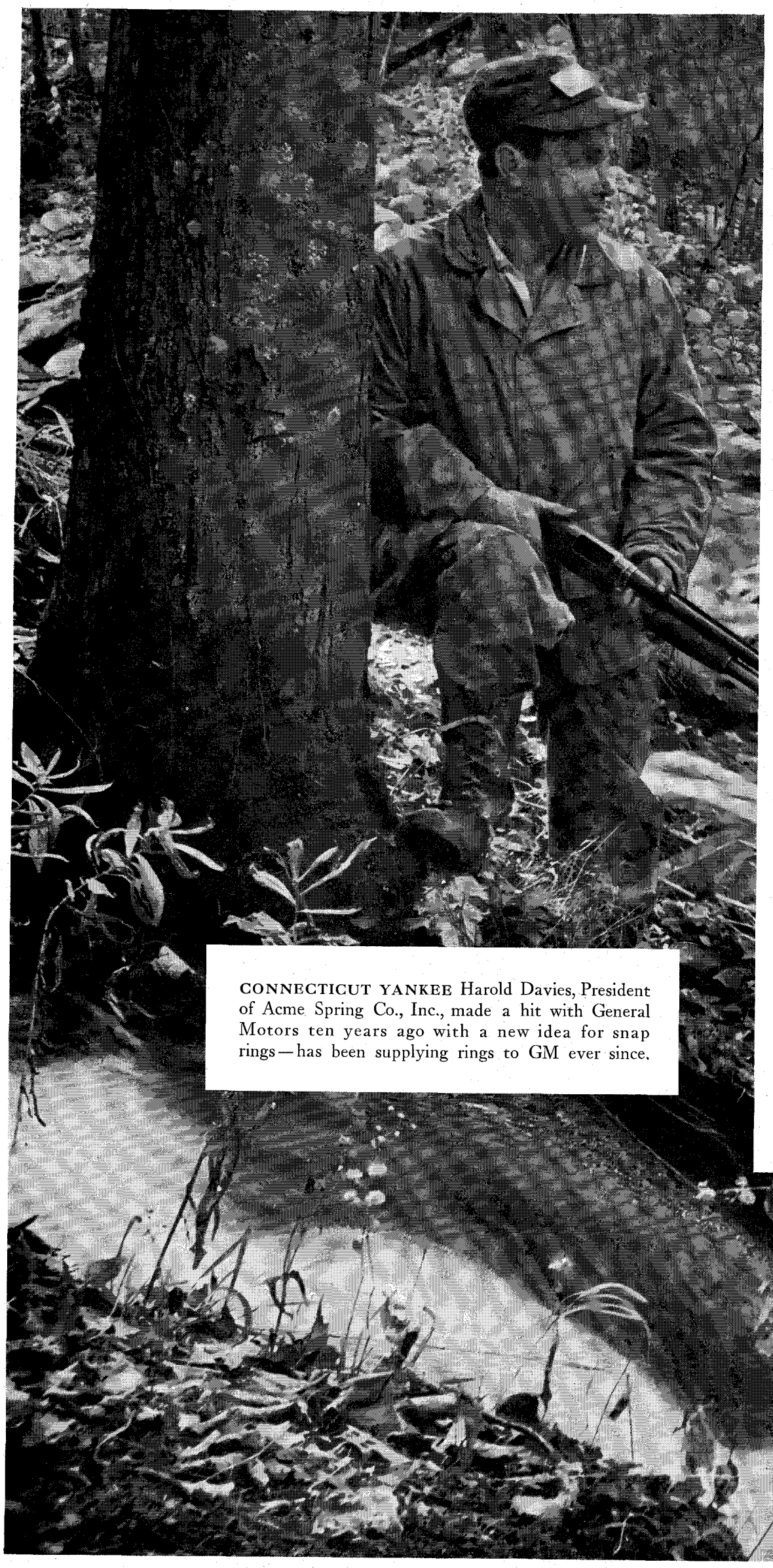
"Do-it

goes

— a GM "sma



CONNECTICUT YANKEE Harold Davies, President of Acme Spring Co., Inc., made a hit with General Motors ten years ago with a new idea for snap rings—has been supplying rings to GM ever since.

"DO-IT-YOURSELF" is a good way to build a bookcase or improve a shotgun, a Harold Davies of Plainville, Connecticut found out—and it's a good way to build a business, too.

For Harold's hobby has made him President of his Acme Spring Company in Plainville. Today he heads a growing concern that does a good business with General Motors' New Departure Division and with a flock of other customers in ten different industries.

Out of the Basement

LIKE most "do-it-yourselfers," Harold started in his basement—soon got so wrapped up in his hobby, he bought a metalworking lathe, used it to build parts for two more machines. And by that time the basement began to get pretty crowded, particularly when he went into the parts-making business.

So Harold turned from machinist to

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yourself" expert great guns

'usiness" report from the Nutmeg State

combination mason-plumber-carpenter-electrician-steelworker — built a tiny 20′ x 40′ plant with his own hands.

Then he put on his salesman's hat, set out to build up his business with "better mousetraps." He'd dope out a way to better a prospect's product with something Acme could make—sell the prospect on the idea—get an order.

The formula worked fine, especially when he went to General Motors' New Departure Division with a snap ring that would last longer—could be used over and over again. They gave him a small order that led to big things for Harold and Acme.

In the Chips.

For the New Departure orders kept getting bigger and bigger each year. Today Harold's plant is ten times as big as the original. But even though Harold now wears the title of President, he still wears his machinist's apron every day—that "do-it-yourself" urge can't be downed.

Harold Davies, his co-workers, and his company—like many other folks and firms in every state—have shared in GM's success by filling GM's needs with competitively priced quality products delivered on time. Probably your friends, your town or your part of the country are also sharing in this success. •

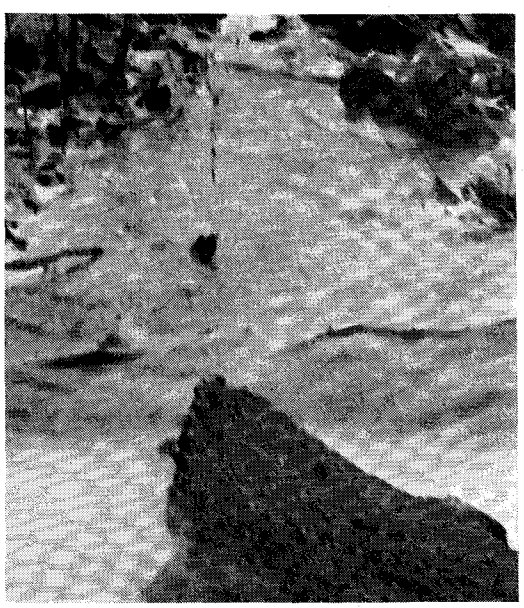
General Motors Purchases
From Many, Many Small Businesses

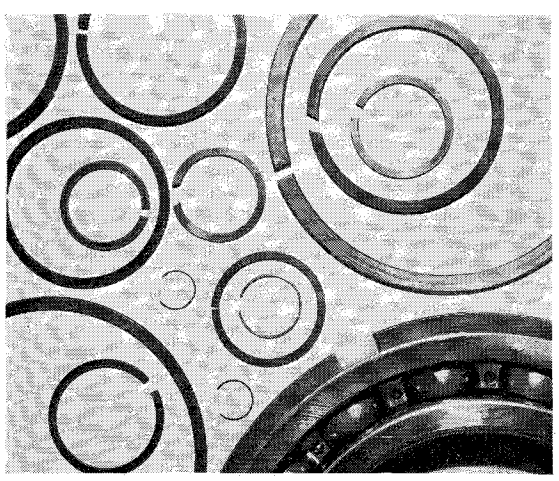
Fifty cents of every GM sales dollar goes to outside suppliers. Of the 26,000 suppliers of goods and services to General Motors Divisions, more than 64% are very small businesses, employing less than 100 persons. Yet their total sales to General Motors were more than $600,000,000 in a recent year.

INCORPORATION—Acme Spring Company President Harold Davies getting "Inc." sign from his wife, Mary, who is corporation's Vice President and Secretary.

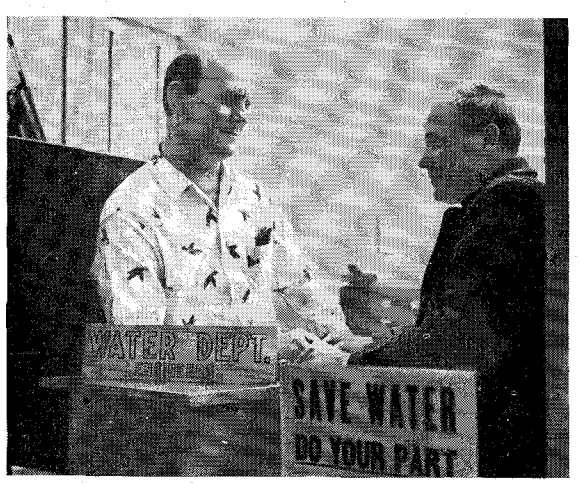
GENERAL MOTORS—*Good people to work for—Good people to deal with*

GM 1908 · 1958





SNAP RING ROUNDUP—Ball-bearing snap rings like these—turned out by Acme Spring for GM and other customers—have made company's cash register ring a merry tune for ten years.



WATER DONOR—Harold Davies conferring with Water Commissioner Joseph Wilks on Harold's offer of 200,000 gallons of free water daily from his well to water-short nearby New Britain.

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(*Continued from Page 65*) the money with us and make a run for it now?"

"Because they'll still have a roadblock."

"Then why don't we take the money with us to the trading post while we mail the letter?"

"Because a large bundle like that might look suspicious."

"All right. We'll rig the shotgun to protect it."

On the mesa Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses (He wasn't. It was a family name.) raised his arm the way Indians do in the movies and said, "Look. They're leaving."

The group stopped between two huge orange sandstone boulders and watched the two men below. One of them was sitting in the jeep waiting while the other man was doing something carefully to the hogan door. What the two men had called a shack was actually an abandoned Navajo hogan. The door was another sign borrowed several years ago from Route 66 and it said: REPENT. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS NEAR. JESUS SAVES.

"They were good signs," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said.

"Yes. They don't make them like that any more," The Other Indian said.

"What does it mean, Santo?" Alistair Benjamin stroked his horse to keep him silent.

"They made good doors," Sant said.

"I mean what does the writing mean?"

"What it says, I guess."

Alistair Benjamin allowed his horse to move up a little. "Why does he keep fooling with the door? Is he trying to lock it?"

"Yeah. But he can't."

"But for two hundred thousand dollars you try."

"Yeah. I guess you do. What we going to do with all that money?"

"I guess, like they said, we'll give it to the Indians," Sant said.

"Why?" The Other Indian said.

"Well, you can buy things and all," Sant said.

"What?"

"Rolls Royces for example."

"What's that?"

"A foreign car."

"Have you seen one?"

"I've seen pictures."

"Are they good?"

"Oh, they're very good."

"Then I guess I'll have one."

"Why not?" Sant said.

Below, the man waiting at the jeep with the other sawed-off shotgun pressed the horn and hollered, "Hurry it up. Get going, Francis."

"Don't get me nervous. You know how I get when I'm nervous." The man called Francis had walked over to the jeep, but he didn't get in.

"All right. Take it easy, Francis."

"You know how I get when I get excited."

"Then take it easy."

"I killed those men when I was nervous."

"Then take it easy."

"I'm not responsible when I'm excited. You know what I've done, Mike? You know what you made me do with your hurry, hurry?"

"No. But take it easy, Francis."

"You made me leave my Mother's Day letter inside. And the door's triggered to the shotgun."

"Well, that's a laugh."

"I could kill you."

Mike, the man in the jeep, suddenly sobered and stroked the steering wheel.

"Yes," he said. "I guess you could." They were silent for almost a minute, then Mike looked over carefully at the hogan.

"There's a hole in the top of that shack," he said. "And it's got curved sides. A man could crawl up the sides and drop down in and get that letter without opening the door."

When the man came back with the letter the other man revved the engine and put her in four-wheel drive, but he did not let out the clutch.

"If we take it easy—if we learn to take it easy, Francis, everything will work out."

Now the man called Mike, who looked very worried, released the clutch and the jeep moved forward. Soon they had disappeared in the far red hills.

The boys on their horses watched the two men go off in their jeep.

"Well, what do you think, Santo?"

"Well, I don't know, but the Indians think they're very courteous people."

"Why courteous people? They look like very city people to me."

"Courteous because it's a hogan where Indians died and you know no one's supposed to go in a hogan after that's happened."

"So they went through the roof."

"Yeah."

"Well, I guess that's courteous, all right."

"You sure that's why they did it? They don't look like that kind of people to me."

"Well," Alistair said, beginning to move his paint horse forward, "It just shows you can't judge nobody by their looks."

"Yeah."

"My dear sir," The Other Indian said, "shall we get the money?"

"Where did you get that 'dear sir'?"

"Isn't that the way rich people talk?"

"Yes, I guess it is," Sant said, and they began to wind their horses down the bright mesa.

The mesa here was eroding away in five giant steps that descended down to the floor of the valley where the abandoned hogan lay. Each of the five steps clearly marked about twenty million years in time. It took the four boys about twenty minutes to descend these one hundred million years, but they didn't think that was very good going.

"We'll be all day at this," Alistair Benjamin said.

"The money will still be there."

"Easy," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said. "Don't force my horse. Money isn't everything."

"It's a Rolls Royce," The Other Indian said.

"Well then, we'll slide down this one." They were on the west sandy edge of an Ojo Alamo formation, vaguely striped in red and orange. Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses, suddenly turned his horse into it and went straight down. The others waited to see how he made out. When they saw he was down there in one piece, waving to them, The Other Indian followed.

"It's easier to do that without no saddle," Alistair Benjamin said.

"It sure is."

"But they'll get all the money."

"Well, they earned it."

They turned their horses in eights, pacing the ledge and watching the Indians below.

"They're waiting for us."

"Let them wait."

"It's hard to have Indians for buddies."

"Yeah."

"They expect you to kill yourself."

"For two hundred thousand dollars."

"It would take you a long time to make that much money at a bronc show. That's what you're going to be, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Alistair said.

"How much they pay for a bronc show?"

"Forty hundred dollars or so. I've told you that before."

"But you were never so exact."

"Well, now I'm being exact."

"Well, money ain't everything."

"That's what the Indian said."

"They're still waiting. I guess they think we're chicken."

"Well, I guess we better try it."

They went down together and at once, creating a storm, a tornado of ageless dust, a hundred million years in outrage, that followed them all the way down to the level of the Indians.

The two men carrying the letter saw the plume of dust as they entered the trading post.

"I wonder what that was," the delicate-looking one said. "It seemed near the shack."

"Don't get nervous," the man called Mike said. "It was probably a tornado. Don't get nervous."

"Do they have tornadoes here?"

"Small ones. Sure they do. All over."

"What kept you so long?" The Other Indian said as Sant and Alistair became visible in the dying dust.

"Well, it's a lot easier for Indians. Without saddles, that is," Alistair said.

"Sure it is," The Other Indian said. "Well, there it is," he said, pointing. "It was nice of those city people to go through the roof."

"Does that make it O.K., if you go through the roof?" Sant said.

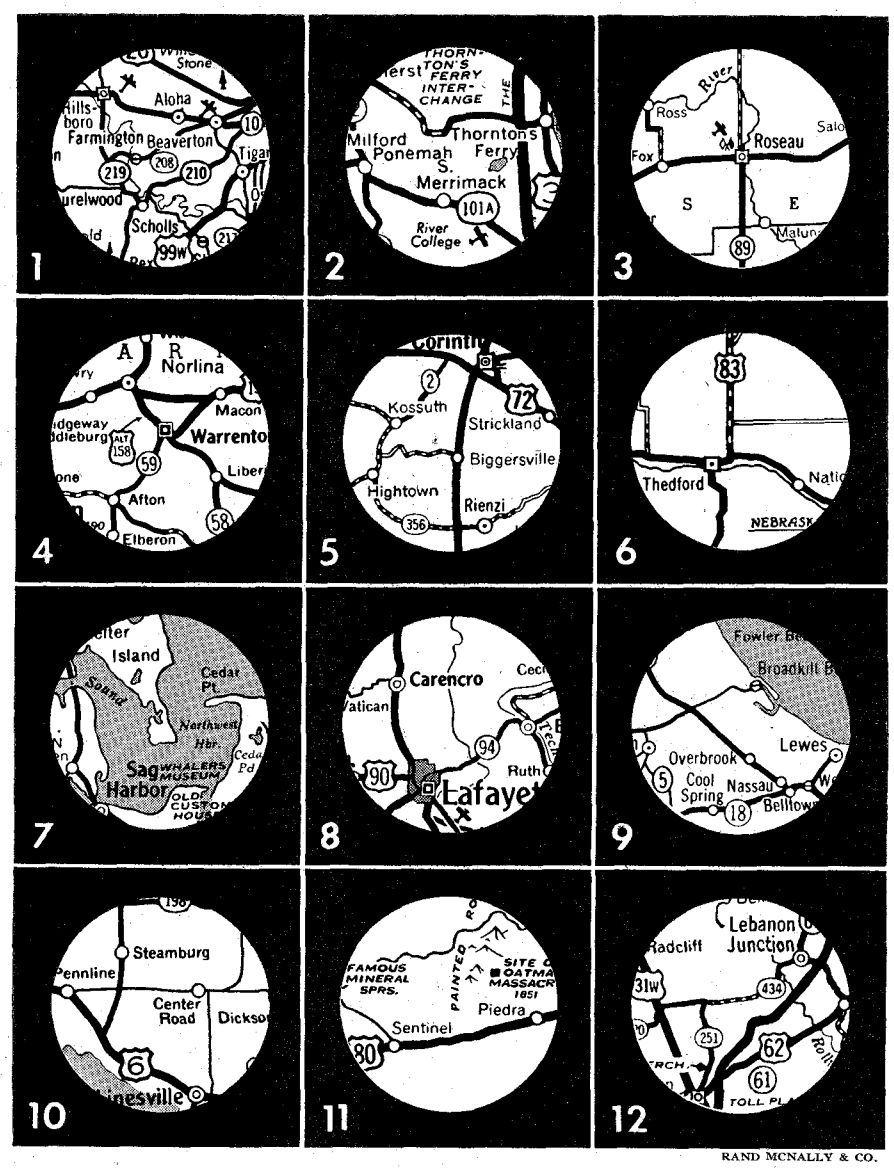
The two Indians looked at each other. "Yes," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said. "We guess it does."

"Then I guess we better go through the roof," Sant said.

"Everyone else is doing it. I guess that's the thing nowadays," Alistair Benjamin said as he started his all-white horse down the final gentle slope.

The Other Indian shinnied up the side of the hogan first. It was not too difficult. The hogan was built octagonal-shaped of eight-inch cedar logs woven, interlaced, so that the final shape was like an igloo complete with center hole for the smoke. The door, which had always faced east, and still does, was formerly of hides. Now it was usually a stolen sign—SAVE AT THE FIRST THRIFT AND LOAN COMPANY or something like that. This one said JESUS SAVES.

"I don't know," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said as he saw The Other Indian drop through the roof hole. "I don't know whether it's all right really."



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on page 70*)

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"Well," Sant said, "if it's not all right really, this is a fine time to think of it. He's already in."

"I don't know really what the Navajo book says."

"It will be O.K.," Sant said.

"The book is in the minds of the old people and I don't know what it says. I know it says we should never enter the house where a Navajo has died, but you don't enter a roof. You fall in."

"It will be O.K.," Sant said.

"It was very nice of those city people to remember the book."

"Oh, awfully nice. Shall we join the others?"

"My dear sir, why not?" Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said.

Alistair Benjamin got down off his all-white horse and joined them, looking up. He removed his hat and his turquoise bracelet, which looked grand and gaudy against his dark skin.

"Well," Alistair Benjamin said, "those city people. I don't trust them. It's a trick. I don't trust them."

"My dear sir," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said, "just because a man is from the city ——"

"Yes," Sant said. "Just because ——"

"Well, all right," Alistair Benjamin said. "But who goes first?"

"My dear sir, my brother is already in there."

"Then you go first," Alistair Benjamin said.

At the trading post the two city men dressed like hunters walked up to the counter and the delicate one dropped the letter in the box.

"Well, Mike," he said to the other man, "that's over with."

"Are you the two men living in that Torreon hogan?" It was the trader. He wore a large sombrero over a big face and he wore a heavy leather jacket.

"Now we just might be," the man called Mike said. "Which one?"

"Jesus Saves," the trader said.

"We just might be," Mike said.

"Well, I think you better move out." The trader took off his hat and looked at them carefully. "A Navajo died there. No one is supposed to enter a hogan where a Navajo died."

"Why?" Mike said.

"Evil spirits are still there," the trader said.

"Do you believe that?" The man called Francis had already walked to the door once impatiently. Now he came back. "Do you believe that?" His voice was very high.

"I try to go along with their traditions," the trader said.

"Oh, you do?" Francis said. "Well, that's interesting."

"Don't get him nervous," Mike said to the trader.

"I don't care if I do," the trader said. "I'm not busy now."

Francis was biting his lip and turning very white.

"Just don't get him excited," Mike said to the trader.

"At the moment, I've got nothing else to do," the trader said.

"Come on, Francis," Mike said.

"Don't touch me. Just don't you ever touch me," Francis said.

"Come on, Francis."

"Listen," the trader said. "If you people don't want to behave, if you want to stay on in that hogan, I don't have to deliver that letter you just dropped in the box to the mail pickup at Coyote."

Francis had begun to reach under his coat toward a very bulging, long object, but now he buttoned his coat again.

"All right," Francis said. "I suppose—I suppose an Indian's got as much right to be a fool as the rest of us."

"Sure he has," the trader said.

"Come on, Francis," Mike said.

The two city men dressed in the new wool plaid of hunters went very quietly out the door.

"They're not bad for city people," the trader said to the Navajos lined along the far wall beneath the hanging and dusty festoons of hides, saddles, harness and lanterns.

The Navajos did not respond to this saying of the trader. Then the trader abruptly realized with that sudden knowledge you get when you have lived with people who do not communicate much with words, that instinctive learning a trader must have to be a trader—to be in Indian country at all—he suddenly realized that the two city people had drawn a perfect blank from the Indians, that they had ignored the city people absolutely.

"Well, then, the city people never existed," the trader said. He removed the letter and tossed it into the burning fireplace.

"If they never existed, don't exist, why should we confuse people with their mail, if they don't exist?"

The Indians grunted and their women made a quick shuffling sound with their feet to assure him he had made a bright saying and they went back to ignoring even him now.

What the trader had done was not an outrage—the tossing of the letter into the fire. It was simply that in this part of Indian country mail was a thing that had never become a habit, a vice. They had not yet become addicted to a thing that had not as yet traditionalized through long custom. It was still the part of the world where you could tell a person what

Glamour job? Baloney!

"Your big break, they said. New small outfit, going places. You'll work with Mr. Big himself. Stimulating! Meet interesting people . . . But nobody told me I'd get stuck with the mail every night . . . Licking and sticking itsy bitsy stamps and envelope flaps. Utterly medieval! Tomorrow Mr. B gets a postage meter—or a new girl" . . .

Get a postage meter—and you get rid of stamps and lick-and-stick mailing. Print postage as you need it, for any kind or class of mail. You always have the right stamp on hand. Mail fast and easy, save time and postage. And your *metered* mail needs less handling in the postoffice, often catches earlier trains and planes!

Today, *any* office can have a postage meter and the prestige of metered mail—with the little DM, desk model. One user in three spends less than $1 a day for postage! Electric models for larger mailers. Call the nearest PB office. Or write for free illustrated booklet.

PITNEY-BOWES

Postage Meter

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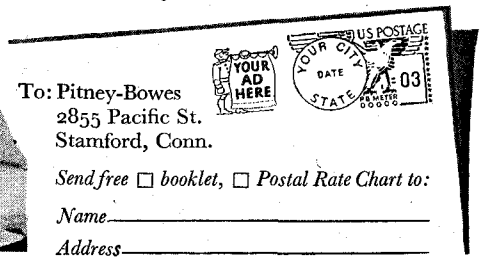

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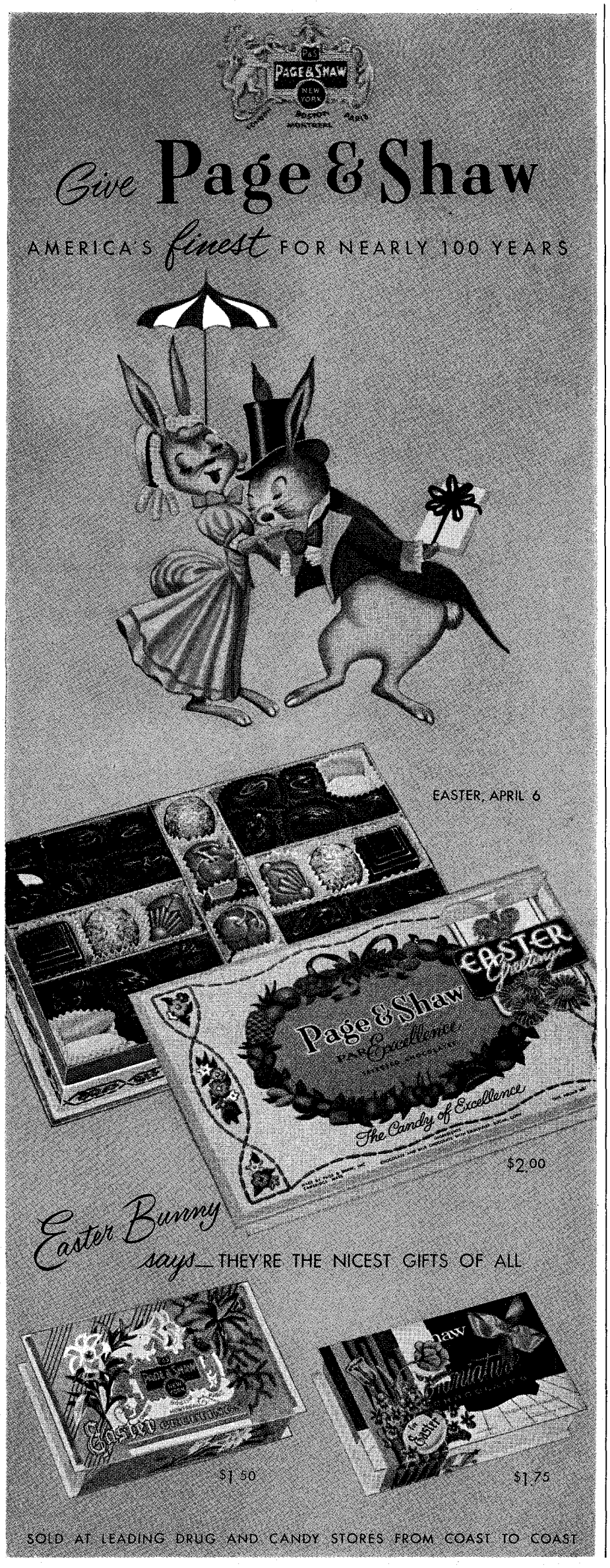

you thought about him to his face without making magic against him on paper.

The letter burned with a tall, cool flame within the dark room and the Indians enjoyed it very much.

The two small cowboys and the two small Indians were down at the bottom of the hogan, counting the money.

"Well, it's all here," Sant said. "Two hundred thousand dollars. Such as it is!"

"What do you mean," Alistair Benjamin said, "such as it is?"

"I mean that it's patent that it's phony money."

"What do you mean, patent?"

"Just what I said."

"Then what do you mean, phony money?"

"I mean," Sant said, "take for example did you ever see money all pressed and in neat packs like this, all crisp and clean? That's not right. That's not money."

"Well," Alistair Benjamin said, "I guess you're right. It must be patent money O.K."

"And it's phony too," Sant said.

"Then what shall we do?"

"Burn it," Sant said.

"Wait a minute," The Other Indian said. "What about my Rolls Royce?"

Sant tilted his porkpie-shaped cowboy hat and thought carefully, closing his eyes to make sure he missed nothing in his judgment.

"Well," he said finally, and still keeping his eyes closed, "the trader man says you got to pay a big price for everything you get out of this world or something."

"Shall we burn the money?"

"My dear sir," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said, "please do."

"You don't have to talk like a rich man any more," Sant said.

"O.K. Then start the fire."

"I thought I heard a jeep."

"You sure it wasn't a Rolls Royce?"

They all laughed and Sant began very solemnly stacking the two hundred thousand dollars in a pyramid shape. "The better to make it burn."

"Imagine that," Sant said, "trying to make fools of us with their phony money and all. I don't even think they're hunters. Why would Government people come dressed like hunters when they can wear Government clothes? I don't even think they're nothing."

"That's right," Alistair Benjamin said.

Sant put the final sheaf of money on the pyramid.

"Sure it is. Do you want to light it up?" he said to The Other Indian. "Or maybe you, sir," he said to Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses.

"I'm only a poor Indian again," Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said.

"Go ahead, light it anyway," Sant said. Sant passed him a pack of matches, but it was The Other Indian who took them and lighted the fire. Two hundred thousand dollars makes a pleasant small fire, but it smokes a lot.

"Always remember this," Sant said, "in case this happens again. It smokes a lot. Let's get out of here."

Sant bent over and the other small cowboy and the two Indians jumped on his back and crawled out the smoking hole. Sant was still trapped down there until, as an afterthought, as they were mounting their horses, the others decided to go back and get him. The Other Indian crawled in with Alistair Benjamin holding his ankles and they pulled Sant out that way.

When they got on their horses Sant was still rubbing his eyes and he said to Alistair Benjamin as they started off, "Always remember, Alley, how much money smokes."

"Yeah," Alistair Benjamin said.

The two city men dressed as hunters drove their jeep through the square pass, the window in the cliff of the La Ventana Mesa. As the jeep rode through this window in the mesa Mike said, "Look, there's somebody in the shack. She's smoking."

"Well, tear down there," the other man said. "The gun's gone off and that's the dust."

The driver drove down the incline toward the hogan as fast as the jeep could make it.

"We must have killed an Indian."

"It serves him right."

The driver jammed on the brakes and they both leaped out of the jeep and ran through the door of the hogan as fast as they could go. There was a big roar as both barrels of the shotgun went off. One of the men dressed as a hunter threw up his hands and collapsed immediately and never moved again. The other man was blasted backward and began to stumble blindly through the sage and yucca and greaseweed as though he were drunken and searching for something. Then he, too, collapsed and never moved again. Above in the very New Mexican blue, the gentle sky, far buzzards began to tighten their circles and move down.

"You hear that shotgun go off?" Sant said. "Maybe those people were hunters, after all."

"I don't think they was," Alistair Benjamin said.

"Then what you think that shotgun blast was? You think they're shooting their own selves?"

"Yeah," Alistair Benjamin said, trying to be difficult.

"My dear sir, why not?" The Other Indian said, trying to be impossible.

"Why not?" Afraid-Of-His-Own-Horses said.

"Yes, why not?" Sant said. "If all the rest of you are crazy, why not me? The hunters are hunting their own selves. The killers are killing each other."

They all guessed that this was true or something and then they began racing their horses down the valley as fast as they could race. They went through the window on the La Ventana Mesa flying fast, and then they scattered, trailing off to their different homes way out there somewhere in the nowhere, in that endless New Mexico country that must go on and on in its bright and weird infinity even after they had sped over the horizon, individual specks now, and disappeared completely.

Now the gentle buzzards came on, waving in on a long concentric glide and lighting big and alone in the exact center of the awful silence, and the sky assumed that huge and violent majesty of color it always does in the mesa country as the day, before quickening into dark, gives her grand and splendored welcome to the night. Finally only a hushed pillar of smoke rising from an abandoned hogan gave any sign at all. THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

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1. Ore.	2. N.H.	3. Minn.
4. N.C.	5. Miss.	6. Neb.
7. N.Y.	8. La.	9. Del.
10. Penna.	11. Ariz.	12. Ky.

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Don't Fall for the Mail Frauds

(Continued from Page 30)

the lonely-hearts-club matrimonial racket, with its appeal for bus or plane fare from prospective brides or grooms who never show up. Some are new—electronic gadgets that flash, click and buzz to cure cancer or find uranium. The department's 950 inspectors have filled a museum with them.

The hottest gimmick in the mail-fraud field today is the alleged weight-reducing pill. Recent emphasis by medical authorities on the harmful effect of overweight has made avoirdupois a national obsession. The underlying causes of overweight are often obscure: boredom, nervousness, unrequited love are only a few. But the cure—eating less—calls for something most fat people don't have when it comes to food: will power.

That's where the gimmicks come in. Certain drugs, medical authorities agree, have the effect of deadening the appetite. Doctors often prescribe them to help obese patients stick to a diet, but they frequently have harmful side effects and generally are available only on prescription. Yet so common is the desire to get something for nothing—in this case slimness without diet—that some schemes promising this impossibility have taken in over a million dollars a year. Forty-five such schemes, not all quite so profitable, have been barred from the mails during the past two years.

About a year ago, the Wonder Drug Corporation, in a flood of full-page newspaper advertisements, heralded an allegedly new reducing discovery called Regimen, which required "no giving up the kinds of food you like to eat." In the box of green, pink and yellow pills you got for three dollars, however, were instructions warning you to avoid heavy gravies, oils, thick soup, rice, spaghetti, jam, jelly, noodles, nuts, ice cream, potatoes, cake, candy, chocolate, cereal, crackers, cream, custard, bread, butter, pastry, pudding, sugar and salt.

Last June, after an investigation by postal inspectors, officials of the Wonder Drug Corporation voluntarily signed an "affidavit of discontinuance," agreeing to stop soliciting orders through the mail—after taking in $200,000 in six months, according to inspectors' estimates. Nevertheless, Regimen is still obtainable over the counter in some retail stores, where postal authorities have no jurisdiction. However, the Federal Trade Commission, which has responsibility concerning deceptive advertising when the mails are not used, has Regimen under investigation.

Why all this red tape in dealing with questionable schemes? The reason is that Congress has always been leery of interfering with the secrecy or speedy delivery of the mails. In 1868, to break up the many notorious lotteries flourishing at the time, Congress declared it unlawful to use the mails for "lotteries and guessing games." In codifying the postal laws four years later, the unlawful list was extended to include mail concerning schemes "intended to deceive and defraud the public." But even today the Postmaster General himself can't open a letter or refuse to deliver it, without following certain judicial or administrative procedures.

The judicial course is to instigate criminal charges in a Federal court, and successful prosecution will not only stop the fraud but will also punish the defrauder with a prison sentence or fine or both. Administrative action is designed to stop the fraud without imposing criminal penalties. The offender is entitled to an open hearing before an impartial examiner, but if a fraud order is issued, mail addressed to him is returned unopened to the sender, marked "Fraudulent."

Because of the time element, the Post Office Department generally relies on administrative rather than court action, at least when only nominal sums are involved. A fraud order can be processed in about six months under the Federal Administrative Procedure Act, and in a matter of weeks if the firm cited voluntarily signs a discontinuance affidavit. A criminal action, on the other hand, usually takes much longer, as it did with a mail-order nursery in Bloomington, Illinois. The proprietor, a James W. Owen, for years had misrepresented all kinds of nursery stock, including an ever-bearing strawberry plant and a red African violet, in weekly ads in 950 newspapers. Dissatisfied customers perturbed him not. One who sent back five dead sticks demanding a refund got instead five dead sticks returned by another victim.

When postal inspectors instigated criminal charges in Federal court, Owen had more than 100 employees filling 25,000 orders a day brought in by his $2,000,000-a-year advertising budget. He was convicted in July, 1954, and sentenced to serve one year and pay fines and costs of $32,000. But he appealed and kept on raking in the cash until the United States Supreme Court refused to review his conviction, in October, 1956.

Next to the delay inherent in administrative or court actions, the postal inspector's biggest stumbling block often proves to be a harmless-looking word in the fraud statute—"intended." They must prove not only that a victim was cheated, but that the scheme in question was contrived with deliberate intent to defraud. That isn't always easy. Several years ago, a young entrepreneur named Murray Kram set up in business as the Religious Culture Society in Pittsburgh, and mailed out thousands of plastic religious medals costing about five cents apiece. With each medal went a card inscribed with a prayer—and a request for a one dollar contribution. When church organizations complained, postal inspectors found that he was receiving an average of $1200 a day. Cited in a fraud complaint, Kram signed a discontinuance affidavit, but soon reorganized as the Religious Distributing Company and resumed operations. His new solicitation bore a note at the bottom of the card in small type, "This material is being sent you by an enterprise owned and operated for the benefit of Murray Kram." One year, he mailed out more than a million of these solicitations. Apparently not all the recipients noticed the fine print. Money continued to pour into his mailbox, and complaints in to the inspectors. With some qualms—the fine print was no finer than that used on some legal documents—the P.O.D. brought fraud charges in Federal court, where a jury found Kram guilty. The conviction was reversed on appeal, however, on the ground that the notice, even in small type, precluded intent to defraud.

More often than not, however, the courts have backed up the postal inspectors. One particularly helpful ruling has been that actual solicitation of money by mail is not necessary to bring a swindle within the purview of the mail-fraud statutes. Use of the mail in any "material" respect is sufficient, as the National Advance Vending Company of Dubuque, Iowa, unhappily discovered.

The N.A.V.C. was an enterprise intended to rebuild the fortunes of one Leo P. Reistroffer, a gentleman who had recently been without gainful employment while doing a stretch for armed robbery. Turning to unarmed robbery, he fared so well with a string of slot machines of the variety known as one-armed bandits that he branched out into the promotion of a coffee-vending machine which a Chicago factory had on its drawing boards. Using it as a kind of legal façade—the Chicago factory eventually did turn out a few leaky coffee machines—he assembled a high-pressure sales staff of proved ability to rob by fountain pen. Without waiting until he had any machines to deliver, he dispatched his salesmen to follow up a nationwide advertising campaign in newspaper "Business Opportunity" columns, wherein investors with modest capital were promised $100 a week for part-time work.

But Reistroffer solicited no money through the mails. Each salesman was required to fleece his victims in person. By keeping his men on the run, Leo avoided local prosecution on the complaints that poured in to authorities and Better Business Bureaus far and wide. Of the thousands who contributed a total of nearly $3,000,000 to Reistroffer's coffers, only 325 got any of the coffee machines. Even those didn't work, and the locations the salesmen claimed to have arranged as part of each deal proved to be fictitious. Just how much Reistroffer cleared in his racket was obscured by a convenient fire which destroyed most of his office records. But one salesman, a Paul Kenneth Brown, was netting $30,000 a year until he ran into a mild-mannered school teacher in Los Angeles, who will mercifully be called Smith.

Answering the stock newspaper ad, Smith went to Brown's spacious hotel suite and, after listening to a glowing sales talk, signed up for three machines—total price $2000. He gave Brown a $300 check and was on his way to the bank to draw $1700 from his savings account when he happened to pass the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau. He decided he'd better make sure about the wisdom of his investment.

Mere mention of the National Advance Vending Company rang a loud bell in the bureau manager's memory. He showed Smith a fistful of B.B.B. warnings about the company's crooked dealings and offered to help him retrieve his check. When they reached the hotel, however, Brown surprised them by returning the check without argument, declaring with an air of injured dignity that he wouldn't deal with a man who impugned his honesty.

Unfortunately the story doesn't end there. After he returned home, Smith got to wondering whether he might have done Brown an injustice. Finally, he called him at the hotel to apologize. Brown was so gracious that Smith found himself hurrying back to the hotel to sign up again, this time with a cashier's check for $2000. It was the last he saw of Brown until he identified him in court. Reistroffer's defense was that the mail-fraud statutes were not applicable because Smith did not mail, but handed the money to Brown in person. The court overruled that on the ground that Brown's subsequently mailing the check to the home office, to get his "commission," was a material part of the fraud. Reistroffer got five years, Brown four, and several other "salesmen" from one to three.

Sometimes one letter is all postal inspectors have to go on. Like most confidence men, the quintet that swindled Augustine J. Cunningham, an elderly industrialist of Rochester, New York, out of nearly half a million dollars stuck to personal visits or used the telephone or telegraph. The mastermind of this group, a silver-tongued stock swindler named Patrick H. Lennon, convinced Cunningham that a company which had gone broke in the '29 stock-market crash held the basic patents on sound movies. He claimed that he and a partner were the only ones who knew about it. But they needed a little more capital to buy up the stock—quietly, at a few cents on the dollar—before suing the whole movie industry for back royalties for twenty-five years. Perhaps the astronomical figures involved in such a settlement stunned Cunningham. Anyhow, he bit. Over a period of about three years, he gave Lennon some $300,000 to buy stock in the defunct company for him. Lennon and his "partner" never put up anything, of course, and never bought any stock for anybody.

When Cunningham began to get suspicious, Lennon bemused him with a further plot twist. The movie industry had learned of the forgotten patents, he said, and was anxious to settle out of court for $20,000,000. Cunningham came through with another $100,000 before he balked again, but even then Lennon wangled a final $25,000—for an armored car to bring the $20,000,000 in cash east from California. It never arrived, naturally, and Cunningham finally told his

"Nurse!!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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story to postal inspectors. Practically all the $425,000 he had put up as his "share," he had given Lennon personally or sent—on Lennon's instructions—by express money order. But one wintry day, rather than leave his cozy office, he had sent Lennon a $10,000 personal check through the mail. That was enough. Inspectors rounded up the group two years ago and brought mail-fraud charges in Federal court in Rochester. Lennon got a five-year sentence, his confederates varying terms from two and one half to five years.

In the case of the "Falling Womacks," not even one letter was involved, at least not directly. Rubber-legged John and Bertha Womack and their six clumsy grown children stumbled and tripped over workmen's tools, light cords or their own feet in stores, buses, taxis and office buildings all over St. Louis. For an assortment of skinned knees, bruised elbows and simulated aching backs they collected nearly $10,000 in personal-injury claims ranging from $8.35 to $300. Then they got greedy.

One day, at a downtown intersection, Mrs. Womack stepped off the curb as a milk truck was passing, and fell to the pavement in pretended agony. Claiming she had been hit by the moving vehicle, her husband filed a $30,000 damage claim for her alleged internal injuries. When the investigation revealed not only the spurious nature of the claim but the family's past tumbling record, they were prosecuted for—of all things—mail fraud. The Womacks themselves had not touched a mailbox in their scheme, but processing their claims had required use of the mails between the local and home offices of the insurance companies—a material factor in collecting the money. The family was convicted en masse and sentenced to terms ranging from two to four years.

Some mail-fraud artists go to great lengths to give their schemes the modern touch. Right up to the minute was the "preview TV" conceived by J. Matt Thompson, a Chicago confidence man of some ingenuity. First, he faked a newspaper clipping reporting the invention of an electronic device, compatible with any coin-operated TV, that would turn on a set for four minutes at the beginning of every half hour to titillate viewers into depositing a quarter to see the rest of the program. Then he founded—on a letterhead—the American Institute of TV Manufacturers of Washington, D.C., which was actually a mailing address served by a secretarial service. With these tools, he induced a reputable motel-trade magazine to run a news story announcing that the "Institute" would accept applications from motel operators willing to co-operate in a market survey of the "million-dollar invention." In return for furnishing financial reports, the preview TV would be installed free, and the motel operator allowed to keep 25 per cent of the receipts. It sounded like a plausible deal and applications came in by the score.

All of them, of course, were forwarded from the "Institute" to Thompson's Chicago office where they made up a "hot" mailing list for his preparatory advertising campaign. Soon an agent of the "Institute" called in person. Yes, the preview TV was free, he explained, but there was the little matter of a neon sign, "Preview TV Shown Here." Each co-operator would be required to install one, but the house cut would soon liquidate the modest cost of $395—or so the sales talk went. Despite this fairly obvious come-on, Thompson and friends "sold" $165,000 worth of signs in three months—all velvet, since neither the signs nor preview TV's were ever delivered.

Then they went financially berserk. From selling $395 signs, they progressed to selling the exclusive right to sell signs, with the preview attachment thrown in, at from $3000 to $10,000 per county. When postal inspectors descended upon them after a year or so of operations, they had taken in nearly $2,000,000 from this imaginary invention—well, mostly imaginary. The investigation did show that Thompson had actually experimented with an electric-clock attachment he installed in a few motel cabins. They turned on the TV set all right, but wouldn't shut it off just because a guest didn't deposit a quarter. The Federal motel where Thompson and associates are now stopping involuntarily doesn't have TV in the "cabins."

Like motel operators, many small businessmen don't always have facilities for making exhaustive character and credit investigations. And even established firms have now and then fallen for what postal inspectors call the "unsolicited business" racket.

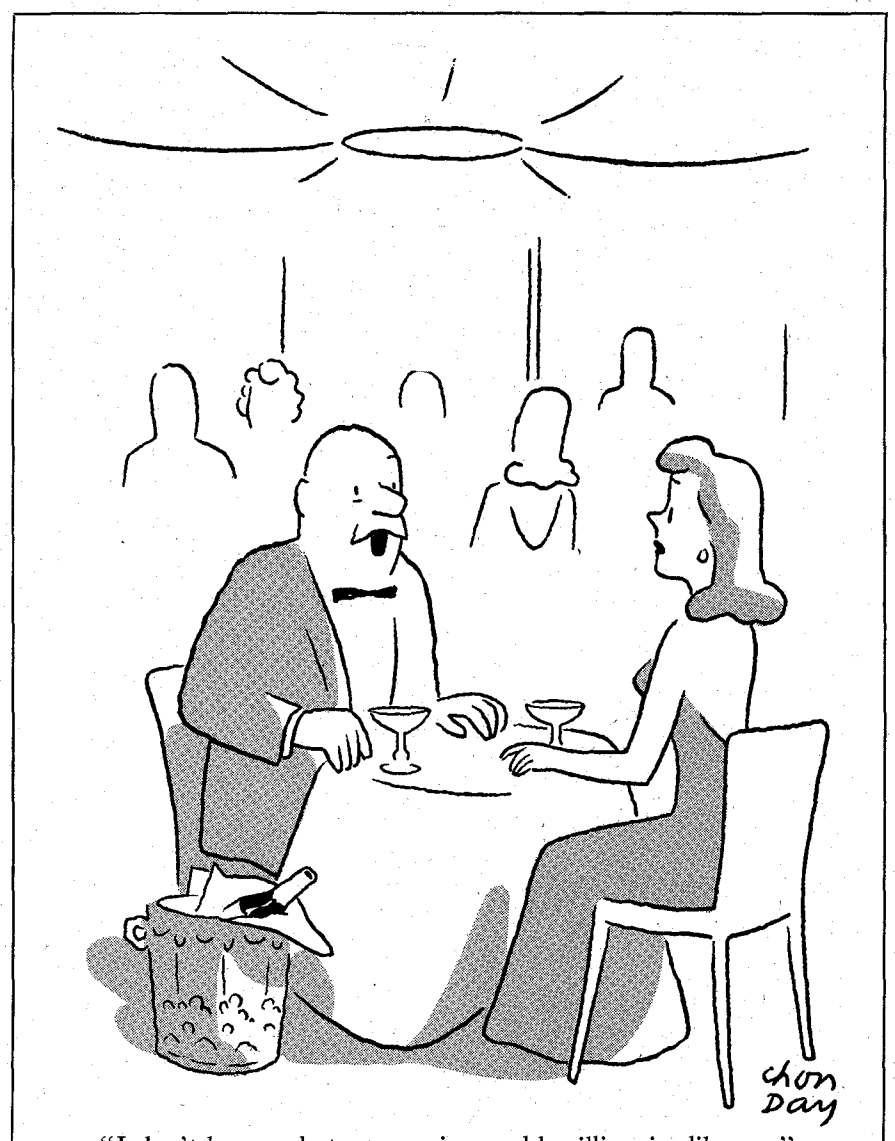
A fairly typical, if rather elementary, example of how this swindle operates is afforded by the case of Isadore W. Hillman. Without bothering to incorporate, Hillman picked from a standard credit guide the name of a New York firm with an excellent rating—the Empire State Buying Corporation—and organized himself as the Empire State Buying Company.

Of the hundreds of suppliers he circularized, three out of four noted the slight difference in names and threw his orders in the nearest wastebasket. But that fourth myopic eager beaver brought Hillman a windfall. In four months, 273 suppliers filled orders averaging about $1000 for merchandise which he quickly disposed of at distress prices—until he changed his address to the Federal penitentiary at Danbury, Connecticut.

Another familiar racket is the "Unordered Merchandise" game. This one is a bit ticklish for the mail-fraud boys because a number of perfectly legitimate religious and charitable organizations support worthy causes by the "sale" of unordered items such as greeting cards. No one wants to discourage public support of these organizations. Yet there simply are no hard and fast rules to help the layman distinguish the bona fide outfits from the swindlers. Meanwhile the postal inspectors are doing their best to root out the frauds.

For instance, the Federated Industries of St. Louis, Missouri, and the National Federation for the Blind of Madison, Wisconsin, were named in a recent fraud complaint after several million boxes of Christmas cards had been mailed out, soliciting contributions of $1.25 or more. The investigation showed that Federated Industries had grossed $1,700,000, of which less than $200,000 accrued to the National Federation for the Blind. Before the complaint reached the hearing stage, however, officials of both organizations signed an agreement with the P.O.D. that any future solicitations would state the proportion of each contribution going to the N.F.B., and would explain the nature and extent of its work. They haven't been heard from since.

A threadbare swindle that often brings in a surprising amount of cash is the work-at-home scheme frequently advertised in the "Help Wanted" columns, offering rich rewards for part-time work. As with "Unordered Merchandise" solicitations, some are perfectly legitimate. But all of them will bear careful scrutiny—the legitimate ones can stand it. The phony ones usually begin with a request to send one dollar for instructions and end by offering something for sale in one guise or another. Two such swindlers jailed at Lynn, Massachusetts, a few months ago didn't even have anything to sell. They sent out scores of ads—paid for by rubber checks—to newspapers all over the country, offering instructions for a lucrative home-work proposition for one dollar. But an intuitive post-office clerk notified an inspector. When the two men called for their mail, the inspector learned that they had neither instructions nor home work, only two large shopping bags to carry away the loot. During the next week, the post-office clerk wore out a "Fraudulent" stamp returning $13,000 to senders.



"I don't know what you see in an old millionaire like me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Unfortunately, postal inspectors can't always nip such schemes in the bud. Even when they spot a racket from the first advertisement, the investigation necessary for filing a formal complaint takes time. Hit-and-run promoters striking with weasel words in a national advertising campaign have been able to raid the public purse before they could be stopped. Having skimmed off the cream in a few months, they are often willing to go out of business voluntarily—until they think up something new. The only cure for that, of course, is more caution on the part of the public concerning schemes that promise too much too soon.

On the other hand, postal inspectors probably could save the public millions of dollars if the victims would report more promptly. A real-estate swindle known as Rocket Town operated in California for seven years. The promoters had sold 2800 lots on a barren tract not far from Death Valley before the first complaint was made to postal authorities. Eight promoters were sent to jail then, but they had taken in nearly $3,000,000.

At a recent conference in Washington, D.C., Chief Postal Inspector David H. Stephens pointed out to representatives of the American Medical Association, the National Better Business Bureau, American Bar Association and commercial-credit associations that postal inspectors can catch only the more obvious swindlers with the staff presently available for monitoring advertisements.

"We can't begin to check the schemes promoted through the use of mailing lists, which can be rented for almost any occasion," he explained. "You can help protect yourself and others by reporting suspected frauds to a postal inspector or your postmaster. Complaints will be investigated promptly."

Should you have occasion to complain to an inspector, you needn't feel embarrassed about being gullible. Millions are right with you, and you can't possibly have been more gullible than the late Gustav Huber of Bristol, Tennessee. After his death, his landlady found among his effects a bundle of receipts for money orders sent to a W. H. Johnson, and a packet of thank-you letters signed "Adolf Hitler." She turned them all over to postal inspectors.

Johnson proved to be a combination preacher and private-eye who had persuaded Huber, a former German Army officer, that he had located Hitler, Eva Braun and a few old generals hiding atop a nearby mountain, from which they were digging a tunnel to capture Washington by surprise. Huber had parted with $11,000, supposedly for picks and shovels and to buy uniforms for a triumphant ride up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. Johnson was sent to jail—because of a dead man, in a manner of speaking. He couldn't resist fifteen dollars that a postal inspector, using an assumed name, offered him in a "test" letter for a job as a *Führer* agent.

But Huber had died a happy dupe. Among his souvenirs was an appointment as "*Führer* No. 2." Presumably, he never knew it was a phony. THE END

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Maple St., Small Town, U.S.A.

A TOWN WHERE "NOTHING EVER HAPPENS"...

A home town—like your town. A place where people said "it couldn't happen to us."

But it *did.* Like a whip, a great tornado lashed down Maple Street, splintering houses, leaving people hurt—homeless—panic-stricken.

A desperate call went out for the Red Cross and quickly, automatically, the team went into action.

Red Cross nurses slipped into uniform . . . volunteers set up first aid stations . . . canteens fed the hungry. Later, Red Cross money and work helped rebuild the town.

Last year was one of the worst disaster years of this century, and the year before, 1956, was almost as bad. Every month and in every state, the Red Cross strained to the limit as hurricanes, floods, tornadoes, forest fires swept across the country.

Red Cross receives no government funds—depends entirely upon *you* for support. Give as much as you can. Your dollars may go to your own town when it needs them most.

Join and Serve

The space for this message is donated by this publication.

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Baseball's Oldest Youngster

(Continued from Page 27)

fellow who can throw like that had an opportunity to pitch up here before?"

Similar questions had been asked in the past by others who had seen Jack in spring training. Going by hindsight, it seems clear today that Sanford got something less than inspired handling in the Phillies' farm system. However, there is at least one bigger reason why it took Jack such a long time to come into his own. In baseball as in other competitive fields, a lot of boys with ability fail because their desire to succeed isn't as intense as the next fellow's. Sanford had the opposite problem. His desire was too intense—or at any rate, too unbridled. This reflected itself in control trouble—both with his temper and with the ball.

Explains Eddie Collins, Jr., former assistant farm director of the Phils, who is now selling foreign cars, "When Jack had a two-and-two count on a batter, and then the umpire gave him what he thought was a bad call, he'd blow his top. It would unsettle him so much that he couldn't do what he wanted to with the next pitch. It's generally agreed that to get good stuff on the ball, a pitcher has to be a little relaxed. He can't be too tense and tightened up."

Traveling secretary John Wise, a long-time Sanford booster, was business manager of the Phils' farm team in Bradford, Pennsylvania, when Jack first broke into the organization. Wise recalls, "He was a real red-neck"—to use a polite approximation of the ballplayers' term for it. "When an umpire called one against him he'd stomp and storm around the infield the next couple of minutes the way Russ Meyer used to."

Comparable testimony is given by many who have known Sanford as a ballplayer from his high-school days on up. The essential truth of it all is recognized today by Sanford himself. He said recently, with commendable self-perception, "I guess maybe it was insecurity more than anything else. I didn't have anything outside of baseball."

Those were his exact words, and they added up to quite an outpouring for a quiet-spoken young man who says very little, but says it with unaffected candor. Visiting Sanford today, it is hard to picture him as the hotheaded type. Blond and chunky, a near six-footer whose playing weight ranges between 185 and 190 pounds, he has a cheery Irish face, a friendly manner, a warm grin.

Most ballplayers make a fetish of being modest about their accomplishments, especially for publication. Sanford follows this custom, but his humility obviously is genuine. He has made the big time at last, and is in a position to furnish a good living for his wife and little daughter, but after so many years of frustration and disappointment he still can't quite believe it's true.

Sitting not long ago in the den of his newly acquired farmhouse-type home in Prospectville in the open country about ten miles north of Philadelphia, Sanford reflected, "I don't think I ever really had confidence until last year. And right now I'd say I'm in the same boat. I mean, having that one good year up here doesn't convince me. You know. All my life I was always trying to make different teams, and I couldn't quite make them. I'd see the other fellow just get there in front of me because he could throw harder or for some reason. And I just never did have that real confidence."

Whether or not Jack is completely sure of himself as yet, he has had the experts sold since the early part of last June. During April and May he had picked up five victories against one defeat, but some observers still had their fingers crossed. Jack had finished only two of his starts up to that point, and his wins had been solely against second-division clubs.

On the night of June first in Philadelphia he got his first test against a top team, the Brooklyn Dodgers. Jack proceeded to blow the Bums down with one of his best games of the season—"the best game of my life," he declares. He shut out the Dodgers with two hits, fanning eleven and walking only one.

His next time out, Sanford scored a three-hit shutout over the Cubs, 1–0, and registered thirteen strike-outs. He followed this with another complete-game victory against the St. Louis Cardinals, limiting them to a single run. By then the last skeptics had been converted.

Sanford wound up having a bigger year in his first National League season than he ever had in the minors. Jack had never won so many games before—sixteen was his previous high—nor had there been any indication that he would emerge as the new strike-out king of the majors. His speed had always brought him more than the usual number of strike-outs, but nothing like last year's average of better than seven per game.

There have been late-ripening pitchers who were even older than Sanford when they finally came up to have successful "rookie" years. However, they invariably were men who compensated for a shortage of natural ability by developing exceptional craftsmanship.

The strong-arm type like Sanford generally makes it fairly soon or not at all. His story departs in other respects from the standard pattern for fireballers. As a rule, pitchers of this breed start being hailed as phenoms at a tender age. Jack Sanford—he was "John" or "Johnny" to folks back home—never had that rating when he was a kid pitcher in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Sanford grew up practically on the doorstep of two major-league clubs—the Boston Red Sox and the Boston Braves, who weren't even thinking in those days of moving to Milwaukee. A Wellesley resident, contractor Lou Perini, became the president of the Braves in 1945, when Sanford was a high-school sophomore. Perini knew Johnny Sanford, who was a friend of young Lou Perini, Jr. And Sanford's high-school baseball coach, Harold Goodnough, was a part-time scout for the Braves.

Yet the Braves passed up Sanford as a baseball prospect, and so did the Red Sox. Boston sportswriters haven't let either club forget this.

Sanford says that Lou Perini, for whom he has a high regard, actually did invite him to sign, around the time he was finishing up at high school. "But he'd never seen me pitch, and I had the feeling he was just trying to do me a favor. I wanted to get started on my own."

Perini confirms this, adding, "Apparently Hal Goodnough did not consider at that time that Jack Sanford had major-league potentiality, and did not recommend to the Braves that he be signed for the club. However, every scout is entitled to a mistake, just as each of us is entitled to make a mistake once in a while."

All this demonstrates once again that baseball scouting is a woefully inexact science. One reason why the talent appraisers so often go wrong is that some boys take much longer than others to mature, both physically and emotionally. Various people in Wellesley who dealt with the youthful Johnny Sanford say that what has really surprised them is not his baseball success, but his development as a person. They don't mean that he ever got in any sort of trouble as a boy. It's simply that they found him difficult to handle.

Bud Hines, a gym instructor and trainer at the local Gamaliel Bradford High School, relates, "After he got started in baseball, he'd sometimes come over during the off season and work out playing basketball. One day he sprained his ankle. I gave him some whirlpool-bath treatments, and he left on schedule for spring training.

"Now this was a boy who, when he was in school here, would just as soon tell an instructor to go chase himself as he would another kid. Well, he'd no sooner got down to Florida that spring than he sent the Mrs. and myself a basket of preserves with a card saying, 'In appreciation of all you've done for me.' What a change from the old days! Why, all I'd done was put him in the whirlpool a couple of times."

The high-school athletic director, Ted Steeves, was head football coach and assistant baseball coach during Sanford's undergraduate years. When asked for

NEXT WEEK

THE HOLY LAND IN COLOR:

I Took the Jerusalem Road

By Daniel Brown

A Visit With Bobby Jones

Golf's All-Time Champ Talks About Today's Players

How Glen Canyon Dam Will Make a New Vacationland in Arizona

I Call on Bing Crosby's Bride

By Pete Martin

The Land That Time Forgot

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comments, he inquired, "Is this on or off the record?"

Told that it was for the record, he said, "Well, I think this is going to turn out all right. John was a boy with a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. He was quick to take offense. He resisted instruction and correction. He didn't like to conform to regulations. Hal Goodnough, the baseball coach, really had to struggle with him.

"Last October, John came back to Wellesley for a testimonial dinner, and I was amazed at what a nice guy he'd become. He handled himself perfectly. He deserves all the more credit because he started out the other way."

Wellesley, the home of the famous women's college of the same name, is a large suburban town of 25,000—"a bedroom for Boston," says the high-school principal, Samuel M. Graves. Jack Sanford—he was christened John Stanley Sanford—was born in adjacent Wellesley Hills on May 18, 1929, the youngest of four children of Frederick L. and Margaret Sanford. Some baseball record books list the year of his birth as 1930. Many ballplayers encourage the belief that they are younger than they actually are, but Sanford says, with typical frankness, "No, I was born in 1929."

In a generally well-to-do community, the Sanfords were less prosperous than many families. While Jack was growing up, his father worked for the town of Wellesley, handling such things as electrical installations. Later the father became a stationary engineer in a wool-processing plant in nearby Newton. During the years when the children were going to school the mother often worked too. It is from his mother that Jack gets his Irish characteristics—she came to this country from Ireland at the age of twelve. His father was of old-line New England Yankee stock. His original family name was Hatch, but he later took the name of a foster father, Frederick S. Sanford.

The Sanfords have known more than their share of family sorrows in recent years. In 1952 the father passed away. About a year ago the wife of Jack's older brother, Fred, Jr., died, leaving six young children. Relatives of the wife assumed the care of two of the children, while Jack's mother, in her mid-sixties, has taken up the role of homemaker for Fred and the four other youngsters. They live in Natick, not far from Wellesley. A radio station in the area, WKOX, gave Mrs. Sanford a Mother of the Year award for this action, and also for her help during the bereavement of a daughter, Mary, who became widowed around the same time, with two children. The other Sanford daughter, Nancy, lives in Dover, Massachusetts. She is Mrs. Robert Rafter, mother of three.

The elder Mrs. Sanford, despite her recent tribulations, is still a vigorous woman. She takes great pride and pleasure in Jack's success, and is highly articulate in furnishing a mother's insight into the baseball urge that has dominated Jack's life.

Speaking in a mellow brogue, she tells what it was like in the offseason during Jack's years in the minors. "When his father died, John bought a house and we made our home together. Sometimes he'd just sit there for an hour or more, not saying a word. Finally I'd say, 'What in the world are you thinking about?' He'd say, 'Oh, I was just thinking about how I could have won that game last August if I'd done something different.'

"At night I'd hear him shouting in his sleep—things like 'Get back!' and 'I'll take it!' There was one year when his father was still living when we had young Fred and his family and my mother-in-law all staying with us. When John came home for the winter, we gave him the bedroom next to my mother-in-law. He almost scared her to death. He'd be waving his arms around and banging the partition, playing baseball in his sleep. By the time the winter was over he'd actually worn a hole in that partition."

The baseball bug was something that Jack acquired on his own. His mother knew nothing about the game, and his father had no special interest in it. But Jack exhibited the urge almost from infancy.

"When John was only two and a half, his father got him a golf ball and a toy club," his mother relates. "He'd go outside and hit that ball around by the hour. Then the ball got lost. We had no peace until his father got him another one."

A period followed when Jack was "so sickly we were afraid we might lose him." The little boy underwent a siege of pneumonia, and later his tonsils became so dangerously infected that the doctor had to remove them on the spot, performing the operation on the kitchen table. Jack continued in frail health until, at the doctor's urging, the Sanfords moved from a rather damp location in Wellesley Hills to a drier spot in Wellesley.

There Jack began playing baseball in earnest. Soon he was clamoring to play with boys twice his age, who naturally brushed him off. At the age of eight, though, he did get into some games with boys of thirteen and fourteen. His big sister Nancy was quite an athlete, and the boys wanted her for catcher. She said, "I won't play unless you let John play too."

There was a later period when Jack's parents tried to make a musician out of him. He took violin lessons for a while, then flatly refused to continue. He agreed to try the piano instead. "After about twelve or thirteen lessons," Jack's mother says, "his piano teacher told us we were just wasting our money."

Meanwhile Jack was playing ball every chance he could get, following in the footsteps of his brother Fred, eight years older. Fred was a promising pitcher himself until he hurt his shoulder playing high-school football. Today he does construction work, specializing in door installations.

A Wellesley man who saw a lot of both Sanford boys was Ernest E. Nelson, of the Boston branch of the private banking house of Brown Brothers Harriman & Co. A son of his was on baseball teams with Fred Sanford, and later coached an American Legion Junior team for which Jack Sanford pitched and played the outfield.

Nelson testifies to the exceptional determination which kept Jack plugging away year after year in the minors. He adds, "Contrary to some reports, I always found Jack very easy to handle, responsive and very happy to get help from anyone insofar as baseball was concerned. He was quiet and thoughtful."

In high school Jack played a little football. His family was against it, after his brother's injury experience, and Jack himself was leery about the possibility of disabling himself for baseball. Says coach Ted Steeves, "If he'd had the same desire in football that he did in baseball, he'd have made a fine single-wing halfback or T-formation quarterback."

Jack played no winter sports in school.

"Most of the time I wasn't available for sports in that second semester," he says candidly. "Usually my marks were a little low." Corroborates his mother, "We used to keep after him about his studies, but it didn't seem to do much good. He just wasn't interested."

In high-school baseball Jack shared pitching honors with Bob Wenning, a

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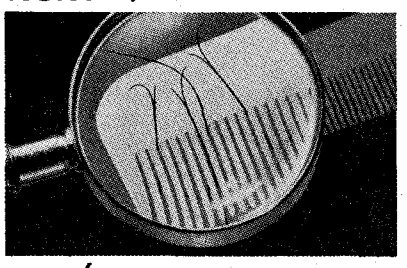

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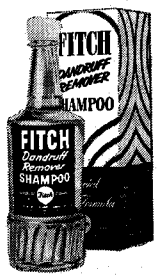

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friend of his since childhood. Sanford won most of his games, but as has been said, no scouts came around to see him. Shortly after his graduation from high school, in the spring of 1947, Jack's sister Nancy prodded him into going to a mass tryout being held by the Red Sox at Fenway Park, in Boston.

"There were a couple of hundred boys there," he recalls. "They told me to go to the mound and take my turn, and when I was through they called me over and said they thought I was too small. They said something about coming back next year when I got more growth.

"I was real disappointed, and I went over and sat down. There was a fellow sitting there, and he asked me my name and address." This discerning observer was Frank Seyboth, then working under Phillies' scout Joe Labate, and now a Giants' scout. "I told him where he could reach me, and I didn't hear anything from him for a couple of months. Then I got a letter saying to meet him at the Hotel Kenmore, in Boston, if I wanted to sign with the Phillies' farm system."

Jack was more than happy to sign up for the Class D wage of $125. In the meantime he had spent a discouraging summer.

Although high-school coach Harold Goodnough—who today works full time for the Braves as a speechmaker—had not pushed Sanford as a Braves' prospect, he did recommend Jack and Bob Wenning to an independent team in Burlington, Vermont. Wenning—who was never to get very far in professional ball—made the team, but Sanford didn't. Then Jack tried out with a club in Canada. He didn't last there either.

As a Phillies' farm hand in 1948, he almost failed to survive the first year. Wild and ineffective in his opening games with Bradford, he was reassigned to another Class D farm at Dover, Delaware, where he did even worse. The Dover team had the poorest record in organized baseball that season—twenty-six wins and 100 losses. The inclination in the Philadelphia front office was to release the entire crew. However, scout Jocko Collins finally was sent, near the end of the season, to see whether any of the individuals on the roster were worth retaining.

Collins wound up recommending Sanford and several others, none of whom ever got all the way to the top. "Sanford's fast ball was alive," says Collins, who doubles today as chief of N.B.A. basketball officials. "He threw extra hard. And I was always told that if a fellow threw a live ball, no matter how wild he was, he was major-league material."

Jack was in Class D again the next year at Americus, Georgia, but this time he showed considerable improvement, with the help of some pointers from Phillies' pitching instructor George Earnshaw. He went on to pretty fair seasons at Wilmington (Class B) in 1950 and Schenectady (Class A) in 1951, although he was still averaging more than five walks a game. Last year, incidentally, he had his bases-on-balls average down to 3.6.

Beginning in 1952 Sanford went to spring training with the Phillies, but he ended up back in Schenectady for the '52 season. Around this stage Jack was being judged as much by his "attitude" as by his still erratic arm. Eddie Collins, Jr., the former assistant farm director, says, "About his fourth year in the organization he had a row with Joe Reardon"—then the farm director. "Jack thought he wasn't getting ahead fast enough. There were hard feelings.

"But with all this talk about Jack's temperament, it should be understood that he was never a bad fellow to have on a ball club. There are some fellows who are pretty good ballplayers, but such a bad influence that you hate to have them around. Jack was never like that. He was no troublemaker in the clubhouse, and he always gave you his best on the field."

In 1953 Jack moved up to a fourteen-and-thirteen season with the old Baltimore club of the International League, but again failed to stick with the Phillies the next spring. Returning to the International League—this time at Syracuse—he won only eight and lost fourteen. He was shut out half a dozen times. In August his frustration boiled over when manager Skeeter Newsome came out to lift him during a game in Havana.

"I wouldn't leave the mound," Jack ruefully remembers. "Skeeter reached for the ball, and I kind of pulled away and knocked the ball out behind second base. It made Skeeter look bad. Shucks, I wasn't thinking. I was totally wrong. I got suspended for ten days."

Despite Jack's misfortunes at Syracuse in 1954, the Phils' general manager, Roy Hamey—who took office that April—says Sanford was so impressive at times that he definitely figured in the Phillies' plans for the following spring. Instead, the Army took Jack at the conclusion of the 1954 season.

Recently Sanford was asked whether his Syracuse suspension was the thing that convinced him he must get his temper under better control.

"No, I don't think it was," he said. "I don't think I reached the turning point until after I was in the service. Unofficially, I had the running of the ball club at Fort Bliss, in Texas, although officially there was an officer that ran it. A lot of times I had to take a pitcher out of the ball game, and I learned how it was for a manager. I knew how bad the pitcher felt, and it was agony to take him out, but it had to be done. We were trying to win."

Sanford also believes—and so do such associates as Robin Roberts and coach Benny Bengough—that while he was in the Army he grew stronger through the arms and shoulders. "The Irish are often late in getting their full growth," Jack declares. "I think that's one of the things that happened to me. I never used to be able to throw as hard as I do now. You can see from the records. I never led any league in strike-outs until I got up here."

Sanford reported directly from the Army to the Phillies, spending a pre-discharge furlough with them in September of 1956. He started and won a game against the Cubs, although he was relieved after seven innings with a 4–1 lead, and he also turned in a couple of good relief jobs. So the club had real hopes for Jack in 1957. But nobody could anticipate that he would come through as sensationally as he did.

Sanford beat every team in the National League at least twice with the exception of the Cincinnati Redlegs, against whom he had three losing starts. In one of those games unearned runs beat him, but the two others he lost strictly through his own wildness and ineffectiveness.

However, the Cincinnati manager, Birdie Tebbetts, doesn't hold Sanford lightly. "Sanford reminds me of some of the old-time pitchers, with that straight overhand stuff of his," says Tebbetts. "He's solid. Maybe we're just his jinx team. I hope so."

Jack's one sustained bad stretch came during September, when he lost three games in a row. He attributes that to the late-summer heat. "A hot sun takes a little bit out of me," he says. "I like to pitch at night better." Anyway, he closed out September with a couple of wins over the Dodgers, giving him a season's record against Brooklyn of four wins and no defeats.

Sanford makes his pitching technique sound very simple. "A lot of pitchers are not overpowering," he says. "They move the ball around. They're what we call real pitchers. Others like me are just throwers. I just want to get the ball somewhere over the plate, as long as I've got something on it. I try to get something on it and throw strikes. I throw mostly fast balls, with the curve as my No. 2 pitch. I don't throw many change-ups at all."

Jack says that he pitches the same way to every batter, except for the left-handed swingers. "And I pitch *them* all the same," he declares. "What I mean is that I change to completely overhand for the left-handers, and I pitch more or less three-quarters-arm to the right-handers. On a right-hander I would say my fast ball moves in. On a left-hander I try to get a little bit of a rise on the fast ball. Of course, there are times when the ball doesn't move at all. Those are the times when they really hit me."

However, the hitters didn't tee off on Jack too often in 1957. He gave up twenty-two home runs in his 237 innings—a very respectable figure for a fast-baller. His earned-run average was a good 3.08.

Although Jack used his curve ball sparingly, it added greatly to his effectiveness. Catcher Stan Lopata thinks the biggest factor in Sanford's 1957 success was "better control of his curve." And Jack threw it with a shorter, sharper break than he had in the past. He credits pitching coach Whit Wyatt with showing him how to do this.

When Sanford first reported to the Phillies in the fall of 1956, the middle finger on his pitching hand had a tendency to go numb after two or three innings, apparently as a result of getting his arm banged in a fracas while in the service. "I got in a scrap in a ball game," he explains. However, whirlpool-bath and manipulative treatments by trainer Frank Wiechec helped to bring the arm around. The tip of the finger still goes numb on a cold winter day.

Jack came out of the service with the added incentive of having to provide for a wife and a baby daughter, Laura Ann. Shortly after entering the Army, he got married to slim, attractive Patricia Reynolds. He had been going with her for years—she was two classes below him in high school. Patsy and Jack are now expecting a second child.

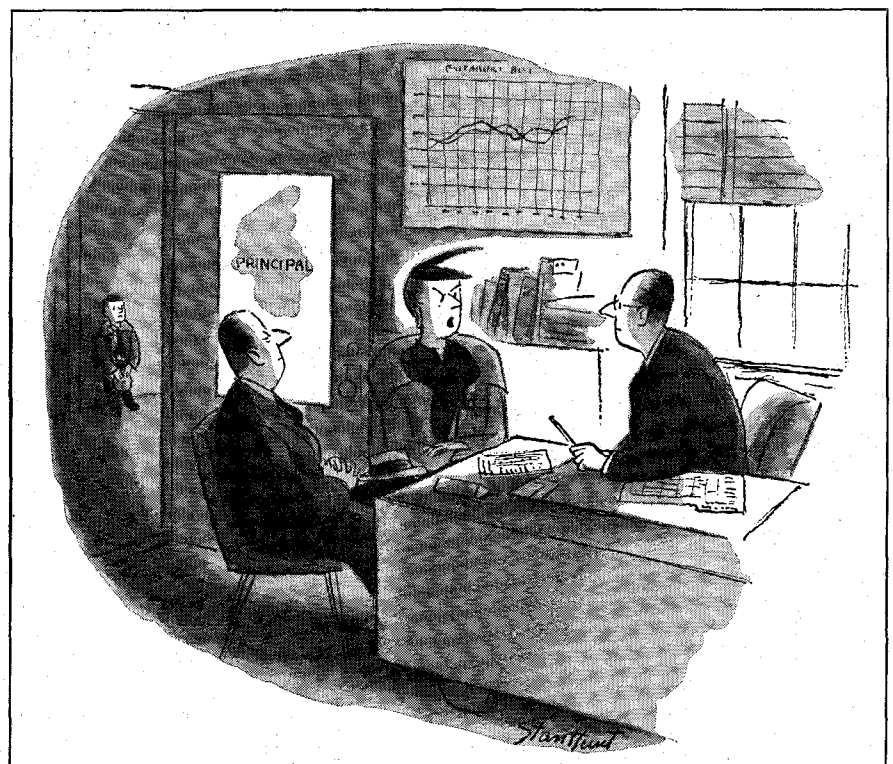
"When I used to go home winters from playing ball," Jack reminisces, "I'd see Patsy, and if I wasn't with her, I'd be hunting"—still his favorite recreation. "That was about all I did. I didn't have many friends in Wellesley. I wasn't a good mixer, is the way I guess you'd put it."

With the Phillies today Sanford doesn't go out much when the team is on the road. He is more likely to watch television or read a pocket novel. However, he is on cordial terms with his fellow ballplayers. Over the winter he joined a basketball team whose members included Robin Roberts, Curt Simmons and the Yankees' Bobby Shantz.

During his minor-league years Jack had a great variety of off-season jobs, including some chauffeuring one winter for the Braves' owner, Lou Perini. This past winter Sanford was a salesman for the Regal Corrugated Box Company, of Philadelphia. Jack Meyer, another Phils' pitcher, also works for Regal. Robin Roberts used to do the same before he went into business for himself as a merchandiser of shrimp.

The selling job could provide a full-time livelihood for Jack Sanford later on, but right now he is eager to make up for lost time on baseball income. Last year he started at a modest salary, probably $6000, then got an automatic raise to around $7500 for surviving the May-fifteenth squad cutdown. At the end of the season he was given a bonus of something like $2500. For 1958 he got a substantial boost—reportedly to $16,000.

Sanford is under no illusion that everything is going to be easy for him in 1958. However, when you ask him if he expects to have as good a season as last year, he says, "I kind of hope to have a better one. You hear a lot about the sophomore jinx. Myself, I think it's a matter of doing just as much work as you did the first year, and maybe a little bit more. I came up to the major leagues a little later in life than most guys, and I'd like to make the money while I can. I'm going to do my best to do it." THE END



"But why should he have feelings of insecurity? After all, he's got us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Land That Time Forgot

(Continued from Page 25)

foot as a thank-you note from a cannibal chief whom she had cured of some illness. She never told me what she did with it.

The other had to do with a converted native who suddenly discovered that somebody had put a curse on him, and he decided to die. Mrs. Booth attended him, nursed him, but he waned to the verge of death. Mrs. Booth had an inspiration.

"Don't die tonight, please," she said. "Wait until I have a chat with my ancestors. I'll find out who cursed you."

She came back as bright as a bird the next morning.

"I have talked with my ancestors," she said. "They told me that they discovered who had cursed you. He was an old man who lived over there"—she pointed—"but my ancestors are more powerful than his ancestors, so my ancestors ate his ancestors. My ancestors tell me that when smoke arises from this dish"—she pointed to a bowl which contained the notable mixture of potassium permanganate and glycerine—"you will become well and arise."

Smoke came from the dish, of course, and the native got up off his bed of pain, completely cured, and went straight to the mission. He went to the missionary and announced that he was through with Christianity. The good father was shocked.

"You were the best convert we had," the missionary said. "Whatever has changed your mind?"

The recently cured invalid rolled his eyes toward the clouds. "Dis Big Fella Masta, Jesu, im he walk long sky, im he no got patch on Missis," the native said.

The missionary suppressed a chuckle, having frequently indulged in a little black magic himself, and explained that without the help of the Big Fella Masta Walk Long Sky, the Missis could not possibly have got in touch with her ancestors, in order that they might eat the ancestors of the man's enemy who had cursed him. Whether one is curing the body or the soul, a certain expediency is forgiven in Stone Age New Guinea.

For instance, the Kukukuku tribes of New Guinea, short, fierce bow experts who fight to alleviate boredom, are possibly as close to Stone Age man as any living creature. The Australian aborigine would be a little bit behind him, perhaps, since the Kuk does practice sketchy agriculture of a sort.

The Australians, who administer, in the name of the United Nations, the high mountain ranges in which the Kuks live a nomadic, dreary, cold, wind-swept life, have made valiant efforts to "tame" them, but the Kuks have made an equally valiant resistance. They live in the Highlands of New Guinea, centered around a spot called Menyamya. The Kukukukus were once described by a district officer named J. K. McCarthy as "the Irish of New Guinea." Mr. McCarthy's navel, he once complained bitterly, has lost its symmetry, due to a Kukukuku arrow.

To quote McCarthy, via Colin Simpson, an Australian expert on New Guinea, "Beside these blokes, the fighting Irish are a bunch of sissies. I don't like shooting them, but you've just got to shoot from time to time. Even then, you can blow one in half, and both halves will get up and have a go at you. One time I was buying *kau-kau* (sweet potatoes) for the carrier line. One dumped down a *billum* (net bag) full of potatoes and held out his hand for salt. The other man shoved his *kau-kau* forward and elbowed the first man aside. The first man just whipped out his stone-headed club from under his bark cape and went 'chunk!' Staved the other one's skull in—he fell dead on the spot. The man who killed him barely gave him a glance."

I was in the Kukukuku country recently. We slipped in at twenty knots crosswind over the sharp creases of the *kunai*-grassed hills, and the pilot crossed himself, rolled his eyes and said, "My heaven, did I do that?" as we rolled up to the toughest administrative district in New Guinea's Highlands. This was Menyamya, a bleak, rocky valley surrounded by mountains like upended brown razor blades, sere, wind-blown, cold and nonproductive of anything but warfare. This is pure Kukukuku country. Just over the district officer's *boma*, long past the mission, is a hill whose sides are stuck full of smoked, dried, ocher-painted dead Kukukuku elders. They shove them in the niche, high on the mountaintop, and prop them up with arrows. We came to see how the patrol was faring with the murderers.

Horrie Niall, a senior district commissioner of the Morobe District, was with me. We were met by Ken Chester, the assistant district officer.

The primitive airstrip—you have to land and take off into the grim face of a mountain—was lined with Kukukukus, some young, some old. Young Chester gestured at a happy-smiling youngster.

"Remember him? That's the one they found in the river when his mother threw him away. Quite a nice lad."

Niall, a lean, dryly humorous man, went over to a black policeman in *lap-lap*, badge and bayonet, standing stiffly at attention. He took the policeman by both shoulders and shook him warmly.

"One of my best," he said over his shoulder. "Been around for twenty-five years. A Sepik boy. A really tough one, and a damned good one. We saw some arrows together. Nobody's tougher, really, than the Sepik lads—except," his voice trailed almost reverently, "these little devils that live on those ridges. They invented the idea of toughness."

"Come see the new weapons," young Chester said. "We've some new shillelaghs I never saw before. Begorra, the Irish could take lessons on making head bashers. Look." He pointed to a collection of gnarled clubs, some from tree roots, some with stones set in the end. One of them was almost ludicrously vindictive in its spread-out strikers. Niall, who has been out in New Guinea for about thirty years, broke into laughter.

"You couldn't say this cove was underendowed with imagination," he chuckled. "You could swing that once and collect a village, just on the bits and pieces." It was a natural, gnarled club with at least a dozen heavy roots like spread fingers at the end.

"What, if anything, have you heard from the patrol?" Niall asked.

"We've got two of eighteen each out at the moment," Chester said. "Evidently the Kuks have declared war on Australia. We ran into an ambush the other day, and they gave us a shower of arrows. We fired over their heads and avoided killing anybody on either side, thank God."

We walked over to the *pit-pit*-palm-thatched jail, which was not too far from the mission. Goats and sheep grazed close at hand. The mission was a scattering of white buildings. Chester kissed his hand toward the mission. There was nobody in the jail. The prisoners—all murderers—were out tilling the soil.

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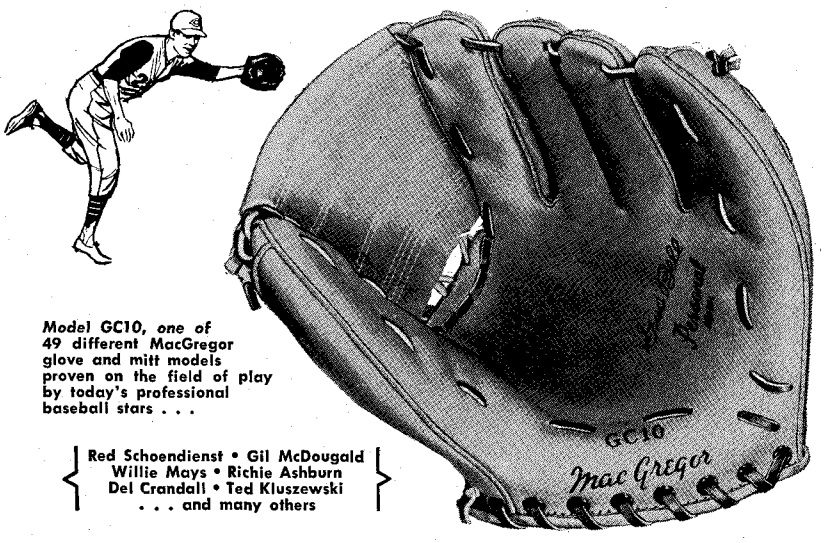

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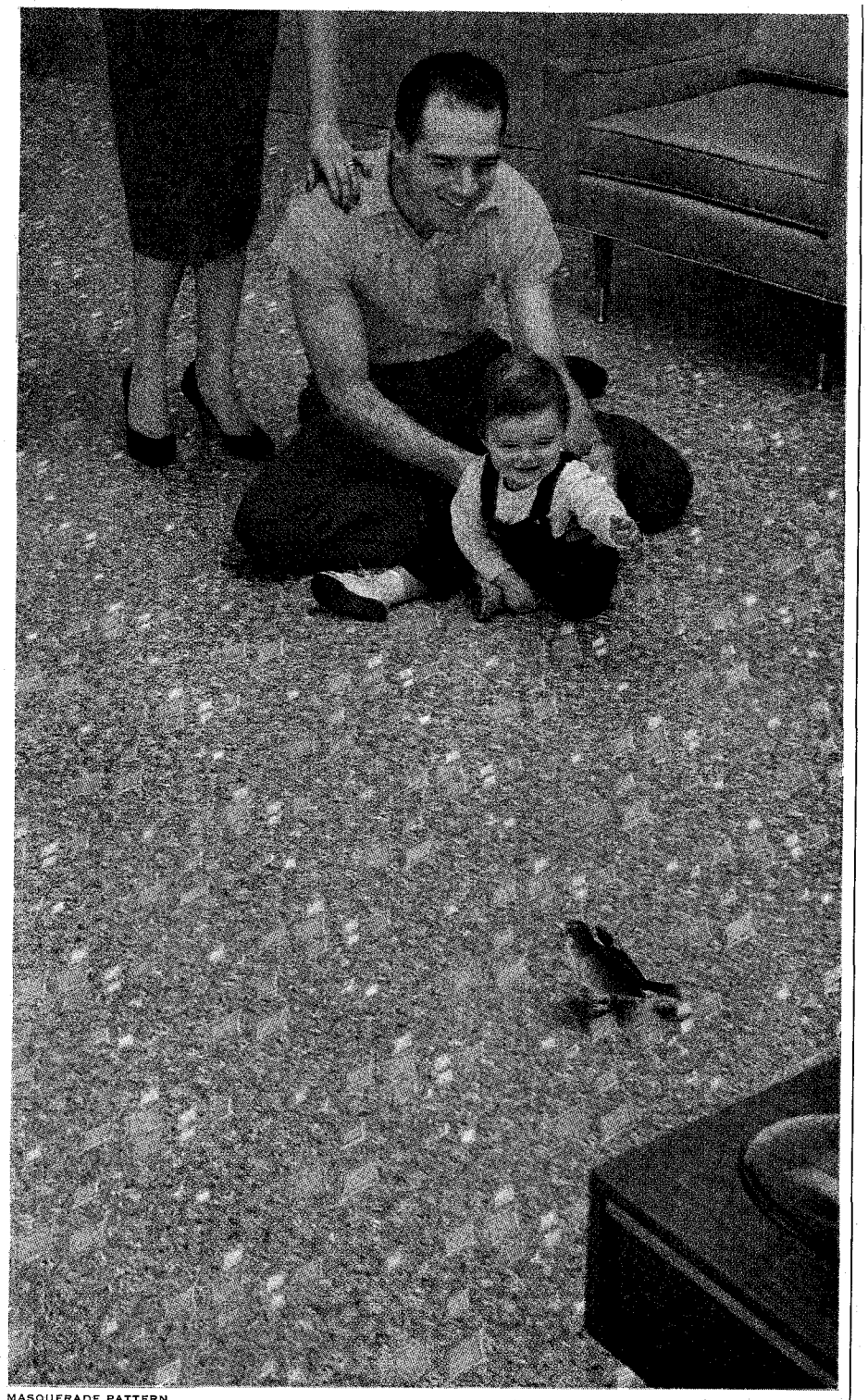

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yamya," he said. "The mission has cows and gives us milk and spiritual assistance. The jail is the only piece of solid security these poor chaps have ever had. They are even changing in appearance, between the Good Lord, security at night in jail and a balanced diet. You can't kick 'em out of jail when they've served their time. They never knew what a decent night's sleep was before. Or the certain expectancy of a good meal. I really don't know what we can do for these chaps."

"Some sort of grazing, I should imagine," Niall said. "If we can ever stop them killing each other."

"Poor beggars are just bored," Chester said. "Come and have some tea and meet the missis."

The local crisis, Chester said over tea and scones served in his simple but comfortable house—every stick of which had been dangerously flown in from the prefab plant at Bulolo, on an airstrip which won't take a DC-3—had to do with a fit of bad temper.

Let us say that Bill, a Kukukuku, was sitting, chewing his betel nut, which has a mild narcotic effect, more marked at high altitudes. Bill would be a classic five feet tall, stocky, black as coal. His lips are scarlet as blood from the betel juice, his teeth blackened. He would be wearing pig's tusks joined through the septum of his nose, and they would be turned down if he was at peace; turned up, if at war.

He would be wearing little else except a grass sporran in front, nothing behind. The Kuk does not go in for adornment. Other New Guinea natives make fantastic wigs and go heavily for plumed headdresses and pearl-shell necklaces. Not the Kuk. If he wears anything, it is a tapa-cloth cloak, under which he carries his stone-headed skull-cracker.

Bill's shield—a solid piece of root which will turn a bullet if it strikes it obliquely—is over in the corner of a little hut which is not high enough even for a five-footer to stand upright in. It is a sketchy hive, really, and if Bill's mary—pidgin for woman—can find some firewood, a fire smolders with no means for the smoke to escape. Bill's kids would have burn scars from tumbling into the fire. Bill pays no attention to his home. Somebody is going to burn it down someday, anyhow.

Bill's left arm is arrow-scarred, because when Bill fights, he ducks around the left side of the shield, after peering over the notch in its square front. Consequently his left arm and shoulder take the brunt of enemy arrows when he whips off his own arrows and can't quite get back in time. Bill hunts singly and in packs. When he hunts in packs, he has artillery spotters on his flanks and he fires arrows in salvos.

Bill's bow is made of tough black palm and develops tremendous power. It is as tall or taller than Bill, and is strung with bamboo fiber. Bill's arrows are unfletched, reed-shafted, unnotched, and have no barbs on the hardwood head. No native of New Guinea poisons his arrows—this being unnecessary for a sound reason. The arrow is so filthy from being stuck into pigs and what not that in a day or so, without the presence of wonder drugs, infection sets in and the victim of a superficial wound is dead as bones.

Even unnotched, shot flat-ended from a strip of bamboo half an inch wide, Bill can keep three arrows in the air, replacing the bolt with another from the cluster in his string hand. One of his cuter tricks is to fire high in the air and watch 'em drop on his covered enemies. It is tactical bombing, more or less, because it moves his targets, even if it doesn't hit them. Then he fires level and hits them fatally.

Bill has a few pigs about, maybe, but they do not assume the same religious significance, the same social significance, that the pig occupies in other parts of New Guinea and the Solomons. Bill cuts his hair to a crew crop; he wears no plumes except a cassowary feather or two, and perhaps some cassowary thigh bones made into a knife. He is not interested in adornment. He is interested in killing people for fun. This is difficult to explain, because even the most primitive tribes generally have a reason to kill. But Bill has no reason *not* to kill, since killing takes the place of religion, television, food, sport and do-it-yourself.

Fancy a man with literally no tribal dances, no real basic religion save ancestor worship, no clement climate, no easy food, no nothing except wind and cold and insecurity. Bill's one desire is to live in a hut on a higher ridge than any of his neighbors. He has no allegiance to anybody, since the Kukukukus have no chiefs, only temporary war leaders. The only legend that is perpetuated is from some old gaffer who sits around a feebly flickering fire and tells all hands how many people he did in during the good old days when men were men, and the talker was young, and the warriors weren't soft, but went out and did something about the killing business.

So Bill is raised with one idea: Any time I leave my hut, I will come back and find it burned flat, my children dead, my wife dead, my two pigs stolen and my *kau-kau* uprooted. Also, there is nothing else to do up in the hills but kill.

That brings us to the recent declaration of war against Australia.

Bill is still sitting in his hut, chewing his betel nut, when his mary announces that one of the pigs has either strayed or been stolen. Bill mutters something about the incompetence of females, absentmindedly reaches for his club, whacks his mary over the head and goes back to chewing.

The mary makes it to her sister's hut and dies. We call her sister's husband "Pete."

"Pete," says the mary's sister, "that no-good Bill has just killed Susie."

"Cut a chop off her and don't bother me," says Pete. "She probably had it coming. Where's the pandanus leaf? You'd think a man could chew a little betel nut without this constant interruption."

"Look at you," says Polly. "Sitting there half gone from that dirty betel when my own sister is dead on the doorstep. What kind of a man are you, anyhow?"

"Nag, nag, nag," says Pete. "What do you want I should do?"

"Something, anything!" shrieks Polly. "But go do it! It's getting so a girl can't hold up her head at the sing-sing."

"All right, all right," Pete says, yawning and scratching his lice. "Where's me bloody club?"

"Don't say 'bloody' in front of the children," Polly says. "It's over there in the rack with your bow'n'arrer. And try to get back in time for dinner. We've got boiled cousin and *kau-kau*."

"You want I should kill Bill? They got four kids, you know. If I kill Bill, we wind up with the kids."

"So don't kill Bill. Kill his cousin or his brother, but heavens to Betsy, go kill somebody, so I can clean up the hut."

"Right," says Pete. "Keep the cousin on the fire until I get back. He looked a little tough yesterday when we were hunting possum together."

Pete took his bow and arrows and his club, and went down the ridge. He saw a distant relative of his brother-in-law tending a *kau-kau* field, his bow and arrows lying against a tree. He stole up care-

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fully, took the bow and arrows, and then crept up behind the man and killed him with a club. On the way home, he saw a stranger washing himself in a stream, and let him have a stout shaft through the spine. As the man thrashed about, he went up and polished him off with the stone-headed club. Then he went home, tired from a hard day of commerce.

He handed his wife his bow and arrows and club. "Is this bloody enough for you?" he asked. "Where's dinner?"

"How was the score?" asked Polly.

"Two down," said Pete. "Fetch me a piece of cousin. I'm beat."

"Oh, you wonderful man!" says Polly. "But please don't say 'bloody' in front of the children. Oh, by the way. I just shoved Susie down the hill into the ADO's camp."

"What's the matter with him? Can't he hunt his own meat? Bring me some cousin. I'm starved."

At about this time a similar conversation is ensuing down the ridge a bit, where Helen and Dottie and Virginia are giving their spouses a hard time. By the time the conversation is over, a new war party is on the march, and it is no time at all before Polly and Pete have had their skulls cracked. Then the nearer relatives of Polly and Pete turn on Helen and Dottie and Virginia and husbands.

When I got to Menyamya a couple of years ago, the score was seven dead, one rolled down the hill, a salvo of arrows fired at the ADO's patrols, and by now the Kukukukus may have conquered Australia.

The patrols had already collected some of the suspected murderers, who were flown to Lae for trial under the tribunal headed by Horrie Niall.

"I suppose we ought to hang one or two," Horrie Niall said. "Maybe it would teach them that this eternal killing is bad pidgin. But dammit, man, I've not the heart for it. Fighting's the only amusement they've got, poor devils, and they don't see anything wrong with it. It would be like hanging an Englishman for the sin of playing cricket, an American for admiring baseball. What we must do is find something to replace killing as a sport."

He stopped as we walked back to the plane, parked among the seminude hills. He went over to pat a "tame" Kuk on the shoulders. The stubby little man, who had arrow scars on his off-shield shoulder, grinned a bloody betel-nut grin through his narcotic cud, and shook Niall's hand warmly—using his non-bow-holding hand.

Niall shrugged. "One has to like them," Niall said. "Look at him. At least nine men down and a good portion eaten. Im he strong fella too much. But I think he no *kai-kai* long pig (people) recently. Let's go. I'm stark frightened of aircraft and mountains, and it's getting late, and my daughter's expecting me for tea."

As we walked to the plane, a couple of semiconverted cannibals gave me a bow, arrows and a very bloody club. The little boy whose mother had thrown him away was part of the mob. A thin trickle of people was beginning to come down off the mountains, two here, three there.

Ken Chester, the ADO, said, "Horrie, I'm beginning to have hope. In the trouble (the massacre) the other day, one Kuk came onto another unarmed. He took him by the wrist and said, 'I could kill you, but the KIAP (district commissioner or government) says he doesn't like that sort of thing. So now I let you go.'"

"That's the first sign of hope I've heard," said Horrie Niall, the New Guinea veteran. "Maybe it's the first faint sign we're getting through. What do you think? Sheep or cattle?"

"I don't know," the young ADO said. "I'm off on patrol to see what's happening in the bush."

"What about the wife and kiddie?"

"Oh, I'm leaving them here," Ken Chester said. "She and the baby love it here. She'll be fine."

Horrie Niall shook his head and we climbed into the plane.

"I'm frightened ill of planes," he said, as we went through a pass which has literally been widened to accommodate wings, and were thrust upward 500 feet by a gusty draft. "See over there? Your friend Downs had a hell of a thin time from the Kuks not so very long ago. I believe they defeated him, as we're not trying to conquer this place with gunpowder. He left in a hurry."

The plane dipped, swooped and was hurled sideways.

"Oh, Lord, pilot," said Mr. Niall, "are you bringing that United Nations inspection group in here next week?"

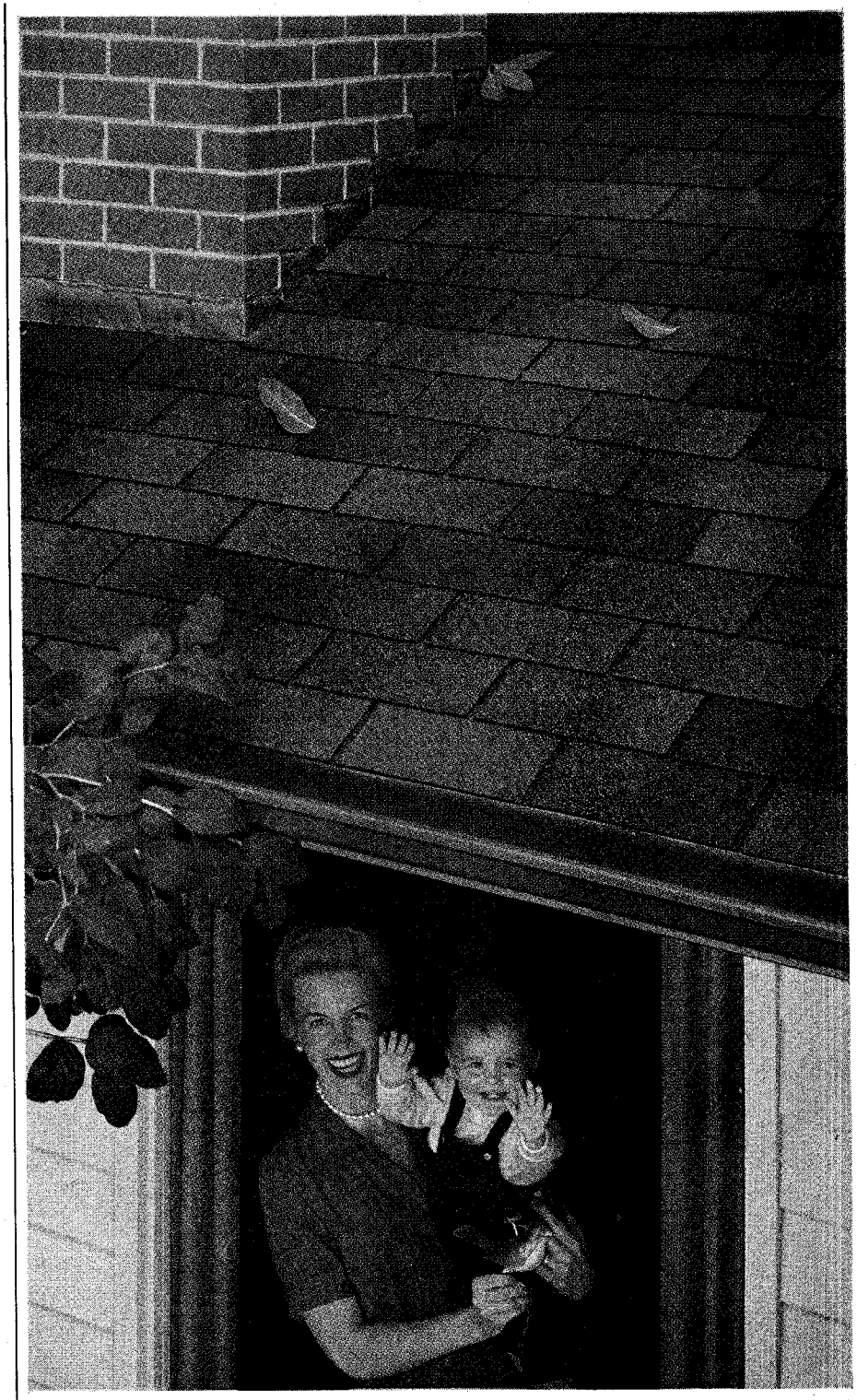
The pilot nodded.

"Then for heaven's sake," Niall said, "have them run the U.N. banner a little bit below the Union Jack, but not too much. The problems we have out here. What do you think about the Kuks? Cattle is the answer? Sheep? . . . Watch that mountain, pilot."

"Goats," I said. . . . "Watch that other mountain, pilot. I don't want to miss my tea."

Editors' Note: This is the second of three articles. The concluding one will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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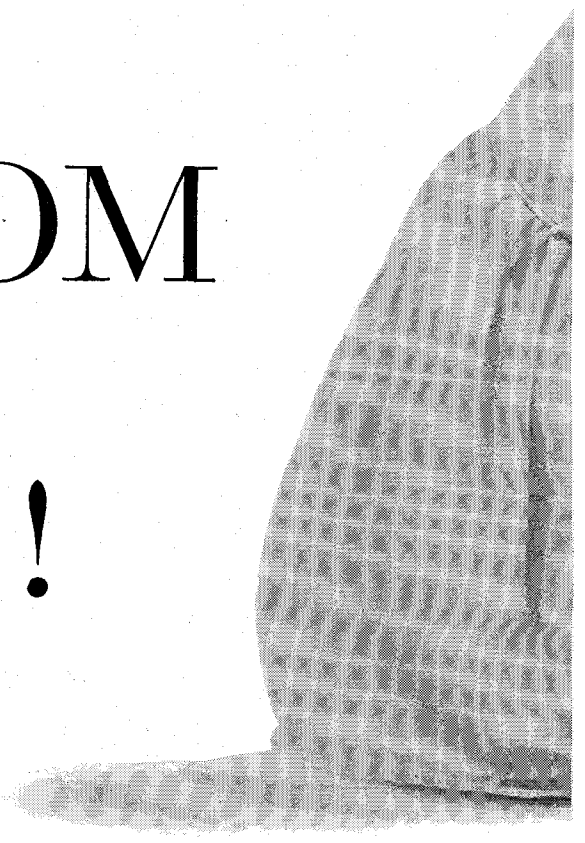

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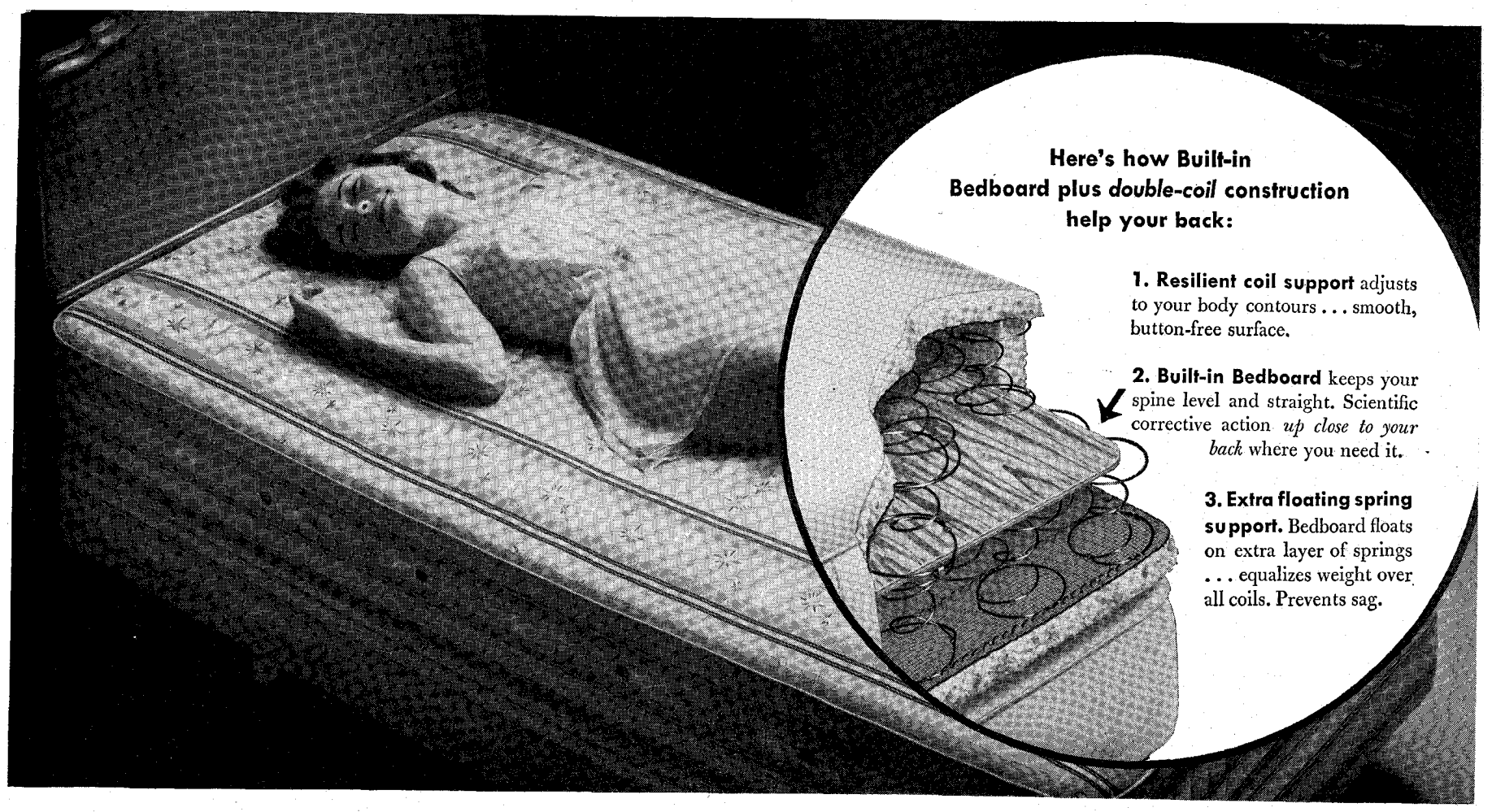
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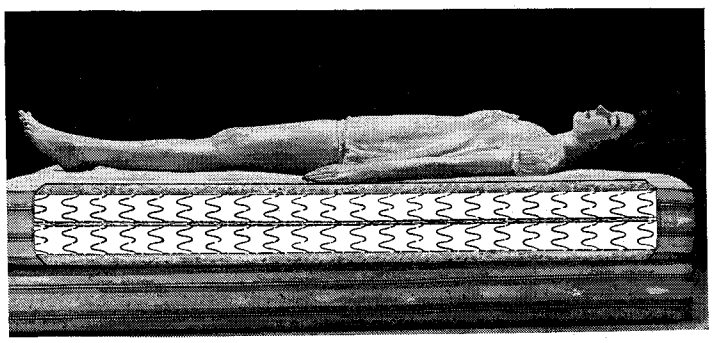

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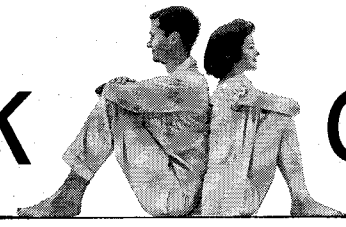

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Seven Days to Tingyong (Continued from Page 43)

and seize Tingyong Ga by the fifth. Shanz will march in fifteen minutes, sir."

Anger darkened Ashmiller's face. Beyond him, Antioch saw that the last L-4 was turning to start its take-off run; then he saw something else. A man burst out of the cover on the far side of the air strip and was running toward the plane now. Other men converged on him, and caught him while he was still yards away from the already-moving ship, and there was a swirl of yellow dust as the first man went down. Reluctantly Antioch pulled his attention back to Ashmiller.

"I have given you a direct order, major!" the latter was saying, rage making his voice shrill. "Do you refuse to obey it?"

"That's right," Antioch told him thinly. Then added, an edge in his voice, "What do you expect? You arrive here unannounced. You try to give me orders directly contrary to those I personally received from General Parsons yesterday morning. Do you think I am going to disobey those orders on nothing more than your unsupported word?"

Ashmiller's face was purple now. "You —— By heaven, I mean to break you for this, major! I'll promise you that!"

Well, he'd gone this far; he might just as well really toss the harpoon into Col. Clay Ashmiller, Antioch thought suddenly, with sardonic amusement. "Colonel, for all I know, you could be a Jap agent who has slipped up here to try to sabotage the North Burma campaign. I understand that there have been several attempts to do that already, by numerous people. Not all Jap agents, either."

He didn't wait for an answer to that, but wheeled away as he saw the last L-4 gain altitude and bank toward the river. A group of dusty men was coming across the air strip, marching another in front of them, and Antioch recognized the soldier. A BAR man, named Burke, from George Company; behind Burke was Willie Haw, his face set and angry. Antioch moved out to intercept them just as Turk Haussan emerged from the *kunai* grass, Huddleston at his shoulder.

"What the hell is all this?" Antioch demanded harshly as Haw halted his prisoner and detail a few feet away.

"He was tryin' to desert, major," Willie Haw said, looking at Burke with baleful eyes. "We figured he'd try to make a break for one of those planes, only we got him first."

Ned Huddleston came up now, moving unhurriedly, but Antioch saw that his eyes held the same bleak unfriendliness that was in Haw's face as he glanced at Burke. The latter stood sullenly, dirt a yellow smear across his sweaty face.

"I'll handle this, if you don't mind, skipper," Huddleston said in his lazy drawl. "It seems that Private Burke doesn't like our company, so he decided to go elsewhere."

"Report to me what you find, Ned," Antioch agreed quietly.

"It would be a hell of a lot simpler," Huddleston said with cold venom in his voice as he looked at Burke, "just to stand the louse up here at the edge of the air strip and shoot him now. Just say the word, skipper ——"

"Let that go, Ned," Antioch interrupted sharply; he swung around to Haussan. "Is the column ready to move, Turk?"

Isaac Haussan yanked at the strap of his helmet and hitched at his slung Tommy gun while he glanced out of the corners of his eyes at Col. Clay Ashmiller, standing there in the sun. A faint air of uncertainty had come into the staff officer's face now, Antioch thought absently. Then he realized with a little start that the last L-4 had taken off—wouldn't be back—and that, in all probability, Ashmiller was stranded up here on the Langa Hka.

"We're ready to shove," Haussan was saying. "I'll march with George at the head of the column if it's all right with you."

From the broad grin on Haussan's face, Antioch knew that his exec had guessed the situation here with regard to Ashmiller and was getting a kick out of it.

"Pass the word to move out," Antioch said in clipped tones. "I'll be at the head of Fox, Turk, if you need me."

Haussan flapped a big hand. "Aye, aye, sir," he said, giving Ashmiller a friendly leer. "I'll be in touch by walkie-talkie."

He swung away, following Willie Haw's detail. Antioch turned back to Ashmiller and his voice was hard.

"You can either come with us or stay here, colonel," he said flatly. "Unless you've arranged for a liaison plane to return and pick you up, you'd better accompany the column; there'll be nothing left here after Shanz clears the camp. If you decide to come along, we'll get one thing straight right now. I shall remain in command."

At least Col. Clay Ashmiller knew when he was licked, Antioch conceded with a grudging admiration. The other took it standing up and with no more argument.

"I'll accompany the column, major," he said coldly. "However, just to keep another part of the record straight, I intend to place you under arrest just as soon as I can get in touch with New Delhi again."

"That could be a hell of a long time from now," Antioch told him soberly, remembering the march ahead. "Well, let's go."

Ashmiller hesitated for a moment longer and, when he spoke again, Antioch detected the faint diffidence in his voice. "That lieutenant in the wide-brimmed hat, major," he said uncertainly. "Would he actually have shot that soldier here at the air strip?"

Antioch nodded, his mouth flattening out. "Huddleston would have had him shot without a second thought, colonel," he said shortly. "That young man is just as rough as they come."

"And you tolerate such officers?"

"Colonel," Frank Antioch said softly, "Shanz is tough. It has had to be tough to survive this long; it will have to be even tougher to survive a march through the mountains and a fight at Tingyong Ga. I not only tolerate, I welcome such officers."

He swung off to lead the way through the *kunai* grass, and Ashmiller followed. Before them, the Kugan Hills climbed into the clouds which were beginning to swallow the sun now. After a little, the first drops of rain began to fall; they came down faster as the tail of the column—men and mules—cleared the bivouac on the Langa Hka.

The column halted, straggled beside the rough trail, to eat cold K rations and rest for an hour as dusk came down. A temporary halt, for Shanz would march far into the night now, while the going was still relatively easy. In George Company's second platoon, Willie Haw lay propped against the bank, smoking a cigarette—for the rain had stopped for a little—while he listened to Thorn Healy's endless argument.

"I know what they're trying to do!" Healy was saying angrily. "They're trying to promote that damn Haw! As soon as the rest of us are dead, he'll be head man of George Company. It's like death and taxes!"

"What are taxes?" Mary Jesus wanted to know.

Healy snorted. "Why I put up with a dumb Mex like you, I couldn't guess. Why don't you get lost? Why don't you fall off of a cliff like one of O'Fannion's stupid mules?"

"I'm the sure-footed type," Mary answered equably. "You want to know something? I ain't Mex. My old lady was an Injun. Montezuma was an uncle on my mamma's side."

"I couldn't care less," Healy grunted. "That Montezuma, he was a hell of a rich guy," Joe Hakari said. "I seen a movie about him once. If you're a relative of his, how about loaning me ten bucks until pay day? You'll never miss it."

"I'll loan you a hundred," Mary said grandly. "Just meet me at the bank. . . . Give me a butt, Healy. I'll loan you a hundred too."

"I gave you a butt at the last halt," Healy said angrily. "Why don't you carry your own cigarettes, you damn moocher?"

"Mr. Moocher, to you," Mary murmured tolerantly. "Thank you, Mr. Healy, sir. I got my own match."

Farther down the trail, under the watchful eyes of First Sergeant Garbo, Finn Burke sat and stared at the ground. He was thinking of the things that Lieutenant Huddleston had said to him before the company had marched, things rough as a fist in the belly.

"Every nasty job that comes up, you get it," the lieutenant had promised grimly. "Whenever there's a fight, you're going to be in the front of it, because I'll be right beside you to see that you're there! Then, if you're still alive after Tingyong Ga, I'll stand you up and have you shot! You don't rat on George Company."

Well, they'd see about that, Burke was thinking. In the days ahead he'd get his chance; there'd come a time when he'd find Natty Ned in the sights of his weapon. He could wait.

The dusk got thicker and the word passed along, "On your feet! Column's moving!" Presently the rain started again.

Back in Fox Company a harmonica lifted its reedy notes in Long, Long Trail Awinding, and, after a little, voices joined in—not softly, but with the loud and derisive cynicism that was the trade-mark of Shanz.

Doc Gregg clumped along behind Antioch and he asked now, a trace of awe in his voice, "How do you like that, Frank? Half those birds should be in a hospital bed with a nurse worrying over their fever charts right now, so help me!"

"I know," Antioch said. "I once read something, doc, that might give you a clue if you want it."

"What was that?"

"Some general said it back in World War One, I think," Antioch answered softly. "He said: 'Gentlemen, the limit of human endurance has never been reached.' He could have been thinking of Shanz."

It was midafternoon on the third day out from the Langa Hka when Wally Zimmer's recon platoon—scouting ahead of Shanz—reached the last ridge that led to Akyna Pass. Today had been rough going—damned rough going. Now Wally stood here with Stan McClure, his platoon sergeant, and looked at what still lay ahead.

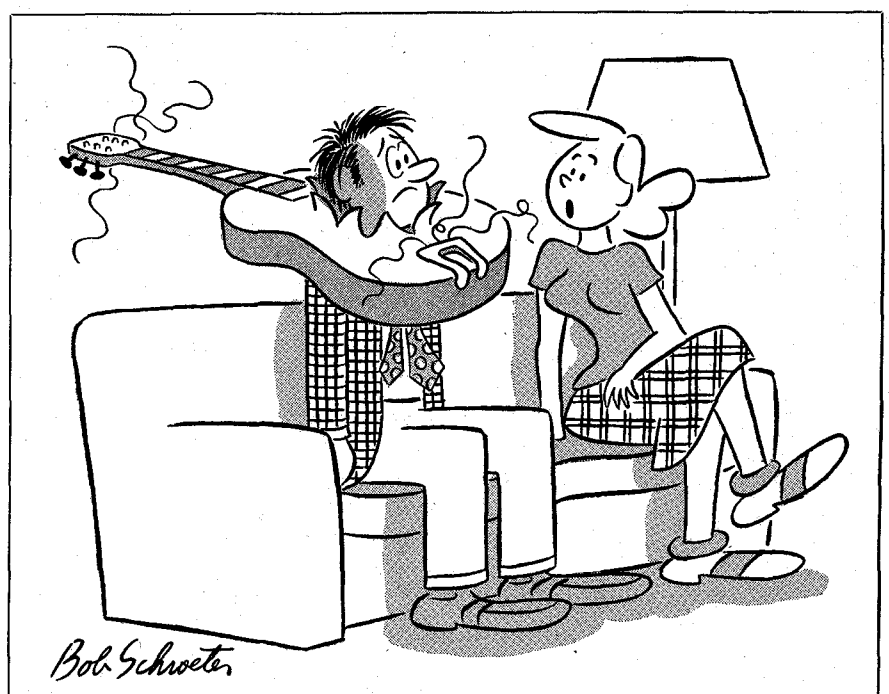
The faint, long-unused trail had crossed the ridge through a tangled growth of stunted rhododendron; here it left the ridge again, skirting the cliffs which broke the ridge's spine, to angle up steeply along the concave face of the mountainside to come onto the ridge again two or three miles from the dark gut of the pass. A place of rock slides here. They had left their marks in the deep scars which fell away in thousand-foot drops to the white thread of the stream below.

"I don't like it," Zimmer grunted. "Look at that stuff up there above the trail; the rain has loosened it so a whisper could bring it down. Been a couple of small slides this year already."

McClure scrubbed at the bristles on his cheeks and spat. "Maybe there's some way around?" he suggested.

Zimmer shook his head. "I scouted the other side while the rest of you were cutting trail up to the ridge," he said. "This is the only way. Get the platoon up. We'll have to build a trail across one of those slides if Pete O'Fannion is to get his jugheads through here. I'll get Antioch on the walkie-talkie and tell him to send us some help. We're going to need it."

Frank Antioch was resting on the crest of a spur, Bert Messner with him, when Wally Zimmer got through to Bert on the walkie-talkie. On the slope below, Pete



"I'm afraid this has given you the wrong impression of dad."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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O'Fannion's mule train was zigzagging up, following the hairpin turns of the switchbacks. The going was really getting rough now, Antioch was thinking; Pete had lost two mules into the gorge already today. Precious ammunition and the short-range radio.

Messner said, "Lieutenant Zimmer wants to talk to you, major," and handed over the handset. Antioch listened as Wally's voice came tinnily to him, telling him of the slides ahead.

"I'll be up," Antioch said, and gave the handset back. Turk Haussan was coming up the last switchback and Frank beckoned to him and called out, "Zimmer's got trouble ahead! We better have a look!"

They came to the main ridge after a half hour and turned up it toward where Akyna Pass opened a dark gateway half hidden by the lowering clouds. Presently they reached a knob where they could get a clear look at the ridge ahead. Antioch and the others halted while they caught their breath and looked across to where, an air-line mile away, the recon platoon worked on the face of the slide.

"Wally wasn't lying when he said we got trouble, skipper," Haussan said softly. "Look at that slope. It'll be like walking a rope across Niagara Falls to take Pete's mules across there. . . . Ah-h-h-h! Look out, Wally! For God's sake, look out!"

Frank Antioch had seen it at the same time. One of those violent thunderstorms had swept suddenly out of Akyna Pass; rain shot with lightning and driven by the gale winds that funneled through the gap. It swept down the face of the mountain, blotting out the recon platoon, bunched at the slide, as though a gray curtain had been pulled abruptly down. Now the reverberating echoes of the thunder were underlaid by a deeper and more sustained sound—that of earth beginning to move. High on the mountain, Antioch saw the slide start as the rain began to come down in driving sheets.

The slide moved slowly at first—then broke wholly free, and the three back on the ridge watched with white faces as it thundered down on top of the recon platoon with an express-train roar. Then it was gone and there was nothing at all left out there except a deeper scar which gouged down the mountainside.

"Good God," Isaac Haussan said under his breath, and it was the first time that Frank Antioch had ever seen the other shaken by anything. "It took them all—just like that!"

For a moment, Antioch stood there staring, his mind refusing to accept what he'd just seen; then he laid the weight of his will onto his emotions and forced himself to think clearly again. Wally and the recon platoon were gone and nothing could be done about that now. But Shanz still had to get across that mile-long stretch where the trail had been, and back on the ridge and up to the pass.

He said abruptly to Haussan, "Go back and start the companies pushing up here as fast as they can come. Tell O'Fannion to bring the combat train on here to the ridge and unload the mules where the trail detours to miss the cliffs. We'll manhandle the cargo across as soon as we've built some sort of a trail to cross on."

"O.K.," Haussan said soberly. "What about Wally—and the others, skipper? Are we going to look for them?"

"There's not a chance in a thousand that any of them are still alive," Antioch told him bluntly; then his voice softened. "But Shanz hasn't abandoned its people before, and it's not going to start now. As soon as you've got the companies on their way up here, take a detail and work down the slide and see what you can find."

Haussan grunted, "Right!" and hitched at his Tommy gun and started back through the scrub rhododendron. Antioch watched until his exec was out of sight; then said curtly to Bert Messner, "Come on, son. We'll have a look at what's got to be done."

The delay in getting across the slope and onto the ridge again would put Shanz hours behind schedule, he was thinking. Perhaps as much as a day, and Shanz didn't have a day to spare. Then there was the air drop scheduled to come into the pass tomorrow morning. Rain clouds had covered the mountains for the last two days, but in this country you never could tell. The full force of the southwest monsoon wasn't due for another three weeks yet and there was just a chance that the weather might break tomorrow so that the C-47's could find the pass; they'd have to come in on their own, now that the other radio was down somewhere in a thousand-foot gorge. Anyway, he'd get O'Fannion up to the pass tonight to get the signal panels laid out. Shanz was going to march damned hungry if they didn't get an air drop at the pass.

He and Messner came presently, picking their way across the roof-steep face of the mountain, to where the slide had gone down, and, for a moment Antioch stood looking with an expressionless face as the afternoon began to die and the rain came down again. His eyes picked out a tentative route across. Difficult, but not wholly impossible. They could cut a foothold here and shore up a passage there; they'd fill with timber and brush and rock, and somehow they'd drag the loads across and work the mules through.

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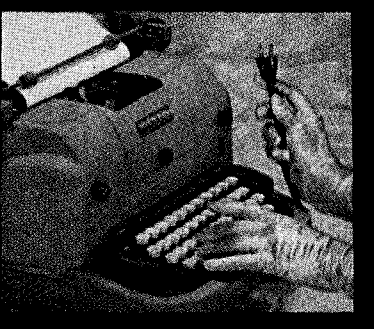

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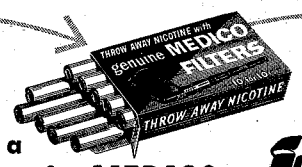

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"Looks pretty nasty, don't it, sir?" Messner said.

Antioch gave him a tired grin and signaled that they'd go on back to the ridge. "It's not Fifth Avenue, son," he said. "Still, I guess there's enough mountain goat in Shanz to make it."

The daylight was starting to die as George Company climbed the last switchback and came out on the main ridge, and Ned Huddleston passed the word to take a blow. Willie Haw squatted in the rhododendron with his back against a rock.

"God sure stood this country on end and forgot to put it back down again," he said to nobody in particular.

Mary Jesus lay with his head on his pack while he squinted from behind the mud patterns on his face. "I want a furlough, sarge," he said loudly. "I just this minute remembered that the Army owes me some furlough time. How about approving it? I could start back now."

"I'm fresh out of furlough forms," Willie grunted.

"That's the Army for you," Mary said without rancor. "You ask for something and the Army is fresh out of it. Why can't the Army be fresh in of something for a change?"

"I'll tell you something the Army is fresh in of," Thorn Healy put in sourly. "Just ask me; I'll be glad to tell you."

"My old lady back in El Paso wouldn't want her boy listening to no words like that," Mary said in a reproving voice. "That nice Mr. Healy wouldn't just happen to have an extra butt on him, would he, nice Mr. Healy, sir?"

"You're nothing but a damn panhandler!" Healy said violently. "I bet when you're home you panhandle on the main drag!"

"It's the family career," Mary said modestly. "All my family are panhandlers; it's been handed down for generations. I think I'll write a letter to the War Department about my furlough. Or maybe I'll write to Mr. Franklin Roosevelt. You think he'd like to know?"

"Write a letter to the devil, for all I care," Healy said crossly. "I'm bushed. My tongue's hanging down so I step on it when I walk. . . . Willie, when we going to stop for the night?"

"How would I know?" Willie said. "Go ask the lieutenant if you got to find out."

Mary Jesus had got to his feet so that he could look up the ridge. "Neddy's talking to the Turk," he said. "Something's up; I can tell it. We must of got bad news in the mail."

Fifty yards up the slope of the ridge, Turk Haussan talked with Huddleston, and the faces of both men were sober. "Just like that, huh?" Huddleston said. "Nothing left."

"Like you'd wiped them off the mountain with a dirty rag," Haussan agreed harshly. "I want a detail to go down into the gorge and see if I can find any of them still alive, Ned. Give me a platoon of George; then take the rest of the company up to Antioch."

Ned Huddleston took his hat off and carefully beat the rain from its brim; then as carefully put it back at just the right angle on his head while he looked impassively back at Haussan. "So Old Detestable's going on to the pass anyway, Turk?"

"Hell, yes, he's going on!" Haussan retorted angrily. "Where the devil did you think he was going?"

"You just got through telling me that a bird couldn't get across the place where the recon platoon got it," Huddleston answered, unruffled. "Or did I misunderstand you?"

"O.K., so we're not birds," Haussan grunted. "Which platoon you want me to take, chum?"

"The second; it's the best one," Huddleston told him, and then raised his voice, "Haw! Bring Two Platoon and report up here!"

Then Willie Haw came, the rest at his back, and Haussan issued his orders. They'd leave the packs here; take only weapons and ammo with them as they moved on across the ridge and dropped down the far side into the canyon below. Then they'd work up the steep scarp of the slide.

Willie Haw nodded and said, "O.K., you guys. Stack packs over here. . . . Dietrick, you stay here and guard 'em. I don't trust them bandits that'll be coming along in Fox and Easy."

Haussan was on the walkie-talkie now, speaking to Jim Simmonds, who commanded Fox, and Murch Shoemaker, who commanded Easy Company; telling them what had happened and passing on Antioch's orders to move up the ridge as fast as possible.

Haussan finished; he spoke briefly to Pete O'Fannion, back with the combat train, and then turned to where Two Platoon was waiting in the dripping rhododendrons.

"Let's go," Turk said curtly. "Follow me."

All down the column the word was passing now. The recon platoon had bought it; you could scratch Wally Zimmer and his boys. But Shanz was going across the mountains just the same, because Old Detestable had said that was the way it would be.

Finn Burke stood a little apart while he turned the thing over in his mind. He didn't care, he decided vindictively; it was nothing to him if Zimmer and the rest were dead. He wished that that damned Huddleston were lying down there at the bottom of the gorge too.

The rain stopped and a little before midnight the clouds broke to let a pale moon show through. That cheered Antioch a little as he went back to the ridge where O'Fannion had unloaded and picketed his mules. If this break in the weather held, they might be able to get that air drop in; the moonlight helped in the work at the slide, too, and they needed all the help they could get.

For nearly seven hours now Shanz had worked to span the gap that the slide had left in its wake, and the task wasn't half completed. The cribs they'd built had collapsed time after time and gone slipping down into the night; the rain-soaked earth wouldn't hold the trail they'd tried to cut. And Shanz was tired now—dead tired. Antioch knew that, for he could feel the ache of exhaustion in his own bones.

Pete O'Fannion was waiting in the moonlight as he got back to the ridge. Behind Pete, Butch Marley wiped his bald head and replaced his denim hat, its eagle feather wilted and broken now. Farther along, the mules stamped uneasily, restless because they'd got no feed of grain tonight, and, hidden by the shadows, Col. Clay Ashmiller sat by himself, poking aimlessly at the mud with his swagger stick.

O'Fannion asked softly as Antioch came up, "What's the dope, Frank? You ready to start the loads going across?"

Antioch shook his head. "It'll be daylight or better before we can start to move them, Pete," he said tiredly. "I've got another chore for you now. With the weather breaking, there's a chance that our air drop will come in on schedule tomorrow. If that happens, you've got to be in the pass with your panel detail. Can do?"

O'Fannion considered that, his face lean and thoughtful in the moonlight. "Can do," he said finally. "I'll take two men with me; we'll rope up and work across the last of the slide. Marley can boss getting the loads across and packing up the mules again on the other side."

"You could run into Japs at the pass," Antioch said quietly. "I'll get somebody up to support you as soon as I can. If you do run into trouble, let the air drop go and fall back here. We'll be covering you."

Antioch was turning to go down the ridge to where Doc Gregg had set up a hasty aid station when his ears caught the sound of men coming up the trail, and he quickened his pace as he guessed that Haussan and his patrol were returning.

He met the little column not far from the aid station; he saw by the drawn, spent faces of the men that they'd had a bad time of it. Between them they carried three improvised litters, and Doc Gregg's voice came angrily out of the scrub now: "Bring those men over here, damn it!"

The litter bearers moved in that direction and Haussan said tiredly to the rest of the platoon, "O.K., fall out and take five," and saw his men drop down where they stood as he went to meet Antioch.

"Just three of them, Turk?" the latter asked quietly.

Haussan nodded, pushing his helmet onto the back of his head as he sat on a rock, the Tommy gun between his knees. "That's all there were," he said soberly. "We were lucky to find the three; they'd been thrown clear of the main slide about halfway down. The rest are gone, skipper—buried under tons of rock."

"Who'd you bring back?"

"Nevers, Finstromm and Harstad," Haussan answered wearily. "They're all in pretty bad shape."

"No trace of Wally Zimmer?"

Adventure

By Neil M. Clark

It's tiger time in Central Park
Go softly, watch, step hushfully.
Let no child squeal, let no dog bark
When it's tiger time in Central Park.
Each bush examine ruefully;
Walk on the grass; from tree to tree
Slip as swiftly as a bee.
Make no sudden move or sound
When it's tiger time and a tiger's around.
Conceal it if your heart goes thump;
Be brave—but hide behind a stump.
The tiger slinks, the tiger purrs,
If nurse holds your hand, you hold hers.
Be bold—but ready on your mark
To fly as swiftly as a lark
When it's tiger time in Central Park.

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"None, Frank. None at all."

For a moment Antioch said nothing; then, with an effort, he pulled his mind back to the things that still had to be done. "Pete's gone on to the pass with two men," he said to Haussan. "He'll bring the air drop in if the weather holds. There could be Jap patrols in the pass, but Pete's cagey; he'll be able to stay out of trouble until the C-Forty-sevens arrive. After that he's got to have help."

"Meaning that the Turk boy is tapped for the job," Haussan grunted with wry humor. "I'd like to get my hands on that clerk who's been holding up my transfer to Nua Nevi." He paused and then jerked his head toward where Two Platoon rested. "You want me to take those boys up—that it, Frank?"

"That's right," Antioch told him. "As of now, you and they are the recon platoon, Turk. I'll tell Huddleston. Get a couple of hours' sleep now—all of you. We'll have some sort of a trail across the slide by daylight. Once you're across you'll be able to make pretty good time and should reach the pass in an hour."

Haussan grunted, "You're the doctor, chief," and then called out to Willie Haw, "Take the platoon up to where we left the packs, sergeant. Then you can sack out for a little. I'll wake you when it's time to move on again."

Antioch said again, "Get a little sleep yourself, Turk. There's going to be damned little chance for it, once we reach the pass."

"When do you sleep, Frank?" Haussan asked softly.

Antioch let the question go, his mind already moving ahead to the coming day. "We'll halt in the pass for a while tomorrow. It'll cost us time that we haven't got, but the men are dead on their feet. A little sleep and something in their bellies will help."

Haussan got up slowly in the moonlight, slinging his Tommy gun again. "It's a long war, Frank," he said soberly. "A long one and a rough one. Suppose that Shanz bogs down on you in the pass and refuses to go on. It could happen. Shanz hasn't got much left."

"It's got enough," Antioch told him in a grim voice. "I'll tell you one thing: Shanz is going on, even if there's only one man who finally shows up at Tingyong Ga."

"Who?"

"Me," Antioch said without any particular emphasis. "Get going, Turk. I'll rout you out when it's time."

Haussan looked back at the other for a moment; then flapped a big hand as he turned. "Make that two men, skipper," he said in his old, careless voice. "Hell, if not Nua Nevi, I'll just have to make Tingyong Ga do, I reckon."

Doc Gregg was working over the three men who'd been brought back up the mountain as Antioch came to the aid station. A lantern supplemented the moon's pale light as doc and a corpsman set Harstad's leg. The latter lay there among the rocks, sweat beading his forehead and his mouth clamped tight as doc worked. Then the job was finally done and Gregg got slowly to his feet while Antioch stood looking down at the wounded man.

"How does it go, Harstad?" he asked.

"Pretty good, sir," the man answered, and it was then that Antioch saw the fear that lay at the back of the other's eyes. "What happens now, major? There ain't no evacuation planes that can get in to us here. We goin' to be left behind?"

That was the same question that had been chewing at Antioch's mind with a little rat's gnaw of worry ever since he'd seen those three litters being carried up the ridge in the moonlight. Shanz was going to have to move fast down the eastern slopes of the mountains, once it had cleared the pass, to make up for the time it had lost tonight. And the chances were good that it would have to fight its way through a screen of Jap patrols as it went; the task would be immeasurably harder if the column were to be slowed by wounded men. Then Antioch's mouth flattened out as he made his decision.

"You're not going to be left behind, soldier," he said to Harstad, and saw the heads of the two others turn as they listened. Then he added the thing he'd said to Haussan earlier, "Shanz hasn't left its hurt behind so far; it's not going to start now."

He saw the relief that flooded the faces of the three as he beckoned to Doc Gregg and moved off out of earshot. He saw the anger in doc's face and knew that this was going to be difficult. Doc thought in terms of the well-being of the men; doc didn't have to think in terms of an airfield taken and a war moved forward another notch.

"How badly hurt are they, doc?" he asked, hoping to forestall the storm he saw in the other's eyes. "Can you move them on blankets slung between mules?"

"They're damned badly hurt, Antioch!" Gregg said violently. It was the first time that the other had addressed him as anything but Frank, Antioch thought absently. "They'd do all right if I could get them to a hospital in the next twelve hours. Can you guarantee that?"

"I can guarantee nothing except that Shanz is going on to Tingyong Ga," Antioch said, making his voice rough. "Try and get this through your thick Scottish head, doc: This is a war we're working at! It's not a shift in an airplane plant back in the States! People get hurt in wars. More men are going to get hurt in Shanz before this thing is over and there are going to be more graves beside the trail—maybe yours, for one. Maybe mine, for another. Nevertheless, we're going to take that airfield at Tingyong Ga by the fifth. Do you understand?"

"The thing's impossible, and you know it, Antioch!" Gregg said violently. "You're a day behind schedule now. Do you think that you can march these men for three more days through the mountains and fight at the end of that march? I tell you, you can't!" The fury suddenly left the doctor's voice as he flung a hand out in the moonlight. "Be reasonable, Frank. Head back for the Langa Hka. Repair that radio you left there and call for evacuation planes to come in. Can't you see that Shanz is already finished?"

The regret was heavy in Antioch's voice as he answered, "I'm sorry, doc. I can't. Shanz has got to go on as long as there's anyone left who can stand on his two legs and carry a gun. I've got no choice."

Gregg's temper flared again. "You're crazy!" he said, his voice rising. "You and all the rest of your kind! They put a West Point ring on your finger up there on the Hudson and you all go crazy. Your duty, honor, country mumbo-jumbo becomes a fetish with you! Well, I want no part of it! Either Shanz goes back to the Langa or ——"

Gregg turned abruptly away, but Antioch's hand shot out and clamped on the other's shoulder, and he spun the doctor back, held him while he shoved his face, hatchet-hard now, close to Gregg's.

"I told you Shanz was going on, doc," he said, spacing his words coldly. "I'll tell you something more; I will stand any man who tries to prevent that in front of a firing squad and shoot him! That includes you! Now see about rigging those mule litters!"

Antioch turned and started back up the ridge, feeling cold and a little sick inside as his anger died. Doc Gregg was his

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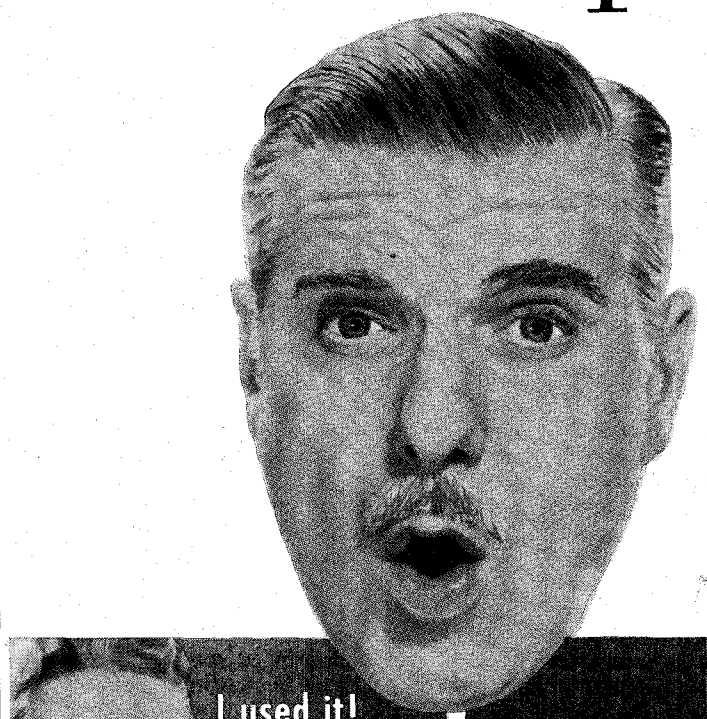

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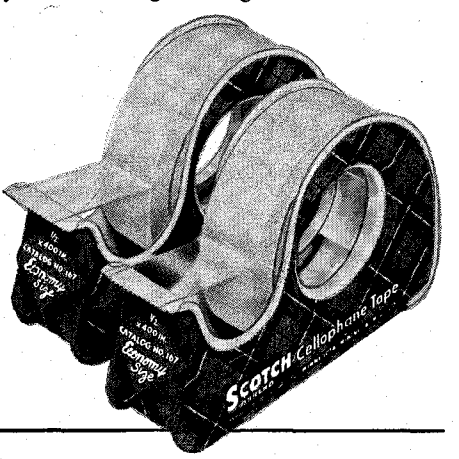

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friend; yet he knew that he could do what he'd just promised if he had to do it. A man could serve only one loyalty, and he'd made his choice as to where his lay when he'd given the Old Man that simple answer back at Sector. His word that they'd take Tingyong Ga.

Clay Ashmiller had been on his way down the ridge when he'd heard Antioch's and Gregg's voices raised in angry argument, and he'd stopped to listen. Now he watched from the shadows as Antioch went on past him, and a plan was already beginning to form in his mind. The doctor was right; Antioch was a madman who had to be stopped. The doctor couldn't stop him alone, nor could Clay Ashmiller. But if all the officers of Shanz should refuse to go on from the pass —— It would be mutiny, of a sort, he supposed, but who would ever call it that, once the circumstances were known? Not New Delhi, Ashmiller thought.

This operation had never had the blessing of the staff in the first place. Damn it, they'd all be dead if Antioch had his way! He'd talk to Gregg now, he decided. There'd be a chance to talk to the rest tomorrow at the pass because Antioch had said the column would halt there for a few hours to rest. It shouldn't be hard to convince bone-tired hungry men of the rightness of his decision, Ashmiller decided as he went on toward the aid station.

The rain held off and the moonlight stayed as the three companies of Shanz finished the rough trail across the slide. Dawn was coming as Butch Marley and his mule skinners, walking as though they trod on eggs, got the jugheads to the other side and onto a reasonably flat stretch of the old trail where the animals could be packed again. The rest of Shanz was manhandling the cargo across, men working like silent automatons as they stumbled with fatigue.

Frank Antioch worked along with them, shouldering his case of grenades, staggering along beneath a load of .30-caliber ammo. On a trip back he paused for a moment beside Ned Huddleston. Natty Ned still wore his indefinable air of elegance, although he, too, had worked as hard as any man in George through the night.

"We'll move on to the pass, Ned," Antioch told him. "Rest there for a few hours. Pass the word along."

Huddleston nodded. "My boys can use a little rest. Has Turk come back yet?"

"I forgot to tell you, Ned," Antioch said, angry with himself for violating such an elementary principle. Damn it, you didn't take a part of a man's command away without telling him about it! Any green second lieutenant knew that. "Turk's back. Sorry, but I've got to let him keep Haw and the rest for a recon platoon now."

"Well, he's got some good boys," Huddleston murmured.

Antioch nodded and moved on to where Jim Simmonds, commanding Fox, leaned against the bank with his heavy face sagging and his eyes bloodshot. The latter didn't bother to straighten as Antioch repeated the information that he'd given to Huddleston and added, "We'll get a ration drop at the pass if we're lucky. A little rest and full bellies will do a lot for everybody, Jim."

"Full bellies on K rations?" Simmonds mumbled, not looking at Antioch and not bothering to hide the dissatisfaction in his voice. "Don't make me laugh, Antioch!"

Antioch didn't miss the challenge in the big captain's voice, but he let it go for now; the other was half out on his feet, and this was no time for a showdown. He said, as though he'd noticed nothing, "I'm going on to the pass with Haussan and a provisional recon platoon, Jim. You'll be in command of the column until I rejoin you. Get it moving again as soon as you can and bring it on to the pass."

Simmonds made no answer to that, but stayed as he was, staring with sullen eyes down the slope, which was beginning to emerge from the dawn mist. Antioch saw that indifferent stare and it sparked his anger again. Damn it, Simmonds wasn't some school kid to sulk just because he was tired and hungry and he didn't like the chores he had to do! Simmonds was supposed to be a soldier!

"I just gave you an order, Jim," he said, putting the lash into his voice. "Either acknowledge it or I'll relieve you and put Shoemaker in command of the column. Do you understand?"

The big captain jerked as though he'd suddenly been waked out of a deep sleep; he blinked uncertainly and then straightened as his eyes swung to Antioch's face. "Yes, sir," he said, and Antioch gave him a long stare and then went on to where Turk Haussan and his men waited.

A few hours' sleep had brought Two Platoon back a long way. Antioch could see that in their faces as they waited for him, packs and weapons slung. Haussan came forward to meet him, the exec's flaming beard seeming to bristle confidence in the growing light.

"Ready to move, Frank," he said, flapping a big hand in his flamboyant semi-salute. "One platoon, reconnaissance, Government issue. You've something tasty for us in the way of chores, no doubt?"

Antioch grinned in spite of his tiredness. The big lieutenant was like a tonic, he thought. "Scout the pass, Turk, and then move a couple of miles down the trail on the other side, where you can cover the rest of Shanz while it gets a little rest. I'll go with you until we meet up with Pete; after that, keep in touch by walkie-talkie."

"You wouldn't care for us to scout Nua Nevi instead, skipper?" Haussan asked loudly, and Antioch saw the grins that showed on the faces of the men. He gave them a tight grin of his own.

"Akyna Pass will have to do for now, Turk," he said.

"It's a hell of a war," Haussan announced. . . . "All right, forward march, you birds! Hup, two, three, four! Hup, two, three ——"

Isaac Haussan was one in a million, Antioch thought as they moved on out. It would be a comfort to know that he was in command out in front from now on. Antioch slung his carbine and followed as the little column began to climb through the morning mists.

It was nearing 0700 when the ridge top finally flattened out and they came to the gut of the pass, a place strewn with great boulders fallen from the walls above and hemmed in by ravines that led upward for a thousand feet. Over it, the peaks sullenly looked down through the clouds, which were beginning to roll in from the southwest again. Antioch had been anxiously watching those clouds as they'd come up the ridge; it was going to be touch and go whether or not the C-47's arrived before the weather closed in again, he decided grimly. He saw Pete O'Fannion coming to meet them; he felt a surge of relief as he knew that Pete and his detail hadn't run into trouble so far.

He left the column now, waving Haussan and the rest on and calling, "Keep in touch, Turk!"

"It don't look too good, skipper," Pete said, squinting at the gray clouds, which were beginning to press lower against the peaks now. "If they don't come in an hour, our air drop is *kaput*, I think."

"Your panels where they can be spotted, Pete?"

"As good as we can get," Pete answered. "Those planes will have to thread this pass like you thread a needle to see 'em, though. Me, I wouldn't want to be riding one of them ships this morning."

They waited, time running remorselessly on until a quarter of an hour had gone, then a half hour, and the clouds were dropping lower and threatening again to start spilling torrents out of their bulging gray bellies. Turk Haussan came in on Pete's walkie-talkie—Antioch had left Bert Messner back to come up with Simmonds and the rest of the column—and Pete handed the handset over.

"We're at the east end of the pass, skipper," Haussan said. "The trail looks a lot easier going down on this side than it was coming up. We're starting down now."

"Any sign of Japs?" Antioch wanted to know.

"Nary a smell of 'em so far," Haussan answered, his voice sounding cheerful despite the tinny timbre of the instrument. "Everything disgustingly peaceful."

"O.K.," Antioch told him. "Keep in touch."

He sat back on his heels and began his search of the lowering sky again as he took a little comfort from Haussan's words. He knew that the eastern slopes of the Kugans were less precipitous than the western approaches they'd just climbed; if the trail turned out to be reasonably good, they stood a fair chance of making up the twelve hours they'd lost. That meant two days from here to the river and Tingyong Ga, and another day to secure the airfield, so that the Old Man's troop carriers could begin to land on the fifth. That would do it.

And, since Haussan had discovered no sign of the Japanese so far, it was just possible, too, that Shanz might get to Tingyong Ga undiscovered. That would mean a lot, Antioch knew. If they could catch the Japs by surprise and go in on one swift, deadly rush, the job would be done and the cost not too great. Yes, the thing was still possible—difficult, but possible.

Pete O'Fannion interrupted his thoughts, "You hear anything, skipper? I could swear that I heard engines then."

He broke that off, and the two of them listened, straining their ears against the whistle of the wind that blew gustily through the pass from west to east now; then Antioch did hear, and there was no mistaking the sound. The heavy lump which had been settling deeper into his belly during these minutes of waiting eased a little now. The air drop was coming in.

It was five minutes later when he saw the first of the C-47's emerge from the clouds, which were hanging dangerously low now. Another ship followed and the two of them came on, the sound of their engines reaching ahead of them to beat at the pass. They were circling now and the watching men knew that the pilots were scanning the gap and hunting for a hole through which to come in. They found it, and the first ship leveled off once more, flying just beneath the cloud cover.

"Them guys got more guts than I got," Pete O'Fannion mumbled under his breath. "Just one little mistake and we wipe 'em off them damned rocks with a towel."

Antioch wordlessly said *Amen* to that, and watched as he involuntarily held his breath. The first ship was no more than three hundred feet up as it entered the pass, he thought; then it seemed to be directly overhead and he could see the kickers clinging to the door as the dark bales came tumbling out. There wasn't going to be enough altitude for the cargo 'chutes to open properly, but some of them were opening just the same. Then the C-47 was climbing swiftly and the clouds swallowed it as the second plane came in on its run. Presently it, too, was gone and the pass was empty again, except for the dying echoes of the engines beating against the rocky walls.

"Ah-h-h-h!" Pete was saying thickly. "The wind—that damned wind!" and Antioch saw what the other meant.

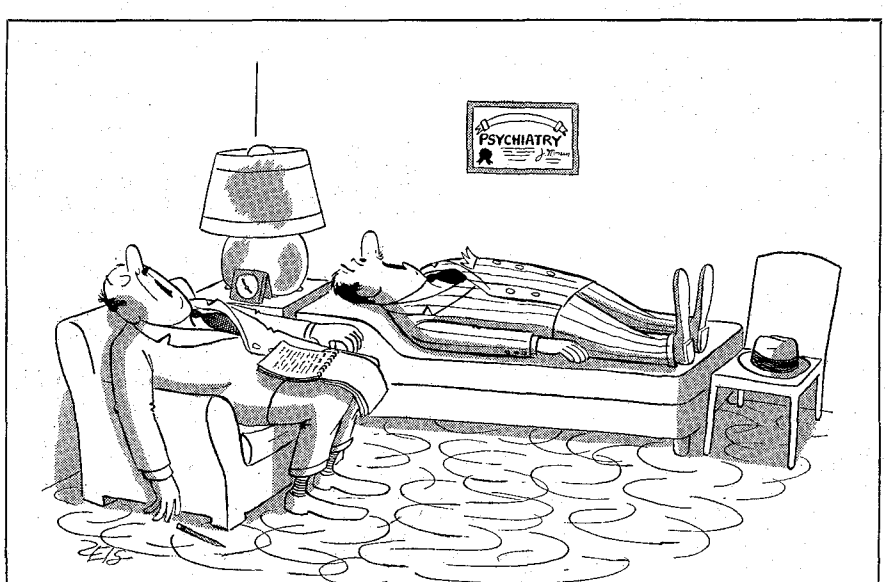
The gale, blowing in big gusts through the funnel, was drifting the loads before it, smashing them against the boulders which carpeted the floor of the pass. Slamming them into the buttressed walls. The air drop had come in all right, but it was scattered over God alone knew how many acres of brush-choked ground or it was hung up on the rocky pinnacles out of reach. Shanz Force would leave Akyna Pass little less hungry than it had come.

"They did their best," Antioch said, his voice emotionless. "We'll gather up what we can."

"If we can salvage a full day's rations out of the lot of it, we'll be lucky," Pete said glumly. "And, if that ain't enough, it's starting to rain again. What a stinking country!"

The haze was settling down over the mouth of the pass now, but through it Antioch could see that men were coming up the ridge. The column was coming in. It would be a grim welcome for tired, hungry men when they arrived, he knew.

TO BE CONCLUDED



"People find me boring."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Gigolo (Continued from Page 38)

treated not only with affection but with the deepest respect.

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at these," he said, setting up canvases for her. "You see, we younger painters don't try for realism. What we try to do is capture feelings, impressions. We use design and color to ——"

"We have colleges in Texas, believe it or not," replied Hank. "I had two years of art appreciation."

"Then you like these?"

"I won't go that far," said Hank, "but I know enough to know they're good."

Charlie regarded her with intense admiration. "Tell me," he asked, "do you also appreciate food, you wonderful, beautiful thing?"

Nothing catastrophic could happen to her in a restaurant, decided Hank. They went for lunch to a place on the little island in the Seine that is Paris's very heart, where the tablecloths were sheets of wrapping paper and everybody kept his napkin—for somewhat too long a time, perhaps—in a numbered wooden ring.

"Taxi chauffeurs eat here," said Charlie, busy shaking hands with taxi chauffeurs. "That's always a sign of good food."

"At home we say it's truck drivers," said Hank.

After lunch, astride the scooter, they went sight-seeing. They viewed the Grands Boulevards, the Champs Élysées under chestnut parasols, the Bois with lovers sprawled on the grass. Hank's legs were well received. It seemed only mannerly for her to ask Charlie, little as she trusted him, to dine with her parents.

He arrived at the Ritz in a dinner jacket—no doubt a rented one, Hank said to herself, though his bamboo-thin figure gave it a certain splendor. In the lapel was a small, puckered green ribbon.

"What the dickens is that?" boomed Hank's gigantic, hearty father, spying the decoration. "You're too young to have been in the war, boy."

"It's an agricultural prize for raising cabbages without damage from the harlequin bug," answered Charlie. "My family have a little farm in the Midi. In France we take agriculture very seriously."

"We take it seriously in Texas," said Mr. Nesbitt. "I'm a grapefruit farmer, myself. Our pest is the Mexican fruit fly."

It was clear that Charlie and Mr. Nesbitt were going to get along like lodge brothers. Hank was not sure that she approved of it.

In a fifteenth-century house a mile up the Seine they ate an excellent dinner. Charlie then pointed out that Paris contained, along with its own private river and forest, its own private mountain, Montmartre. He conducted them on a tour of it, from simple taverns in which they sat on trestle benches and sang old songs to garish smoky clubs, all spotlights and rhinestones, in which the chorus girls followed the fashions not of Paris but of Bali. No matter how varied the night spots were, however, all of them had one thing in common. All of them knew Charlie. Headwaiters embraced him. Orchestras played tangos for him while he instructed Mrs. Nesbitt and her daughter in the most elegant of dances.

"Charlie, my boy," boomed Mr. Nesbitt at three A.M., "I just latched onto an idea. The girls and I are going to hire a car and tour France, but we need somebody to show us the sights. Come on along, why don't you?"

"I'd like nothing better," said Charlie, gazing at Hank in a way that made her question the wisdom of the necklines on French evening dresses. "Nothing!"

"Now," continued Hank's father, "I'm a businessman and I believe in plain speaking. Your inflation is worse than ours, prices are high, and you're a young fellow just starting out. I want to pay you a salary. How about a hundred bucks a week?"

"You call it plain speaking, do you?" asked Charlie. "I call it kindheartedness and tact. *Certainement*. I can use the money; I accept with pleasure."

At the Ritz, late though it was, Hank gave an imitation of a tornado.

"Can't you see he's spotted us for some tourists he can take?" she stormed. "He's playing us for suckers! Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face!"

"Pooh," scoffed Mr. Nesbitt, removing his dress tie. "He isn't the type, Hank."

"Why, he's a darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Nesbitt. "He's absolutely charming!"

"There are men who make a profession of it," said Hank, "in case you haven't heard."

"Matter of fact," said her father, "he's the one who's doing us a favor. Now we've got an English-speaking guide to show us around for not much more than I'd pay a driver. Relax."

"And there's something else you haven't thought of, Henrietta," said Mrs. Nesbitt. "Travel with a twenty-one-year-old girl can be a bit difficult. Now you have a regular date. Can that boy mambo!"

"I'll choose my own dates!" Hank's voice approached full volume. "What if he drives us off on a side road somewhere and holds us up? What if he sneaks into my room at night in some lonely country hotel and—and assaults me?"

"When he assaults you," suggested Mr. Nesbitt, "scream good and loud, like you're doing now. . . . Good night, chicks. Wake me at noon."

In Hank's room at the other end of the suite she discovered a package, delivered apparently by a bellboy. Across it was written: "For Hank, because she knows enough to know it's good." Inside was one of the paintings Charlie had shown her at his dealer's—product of weeks, possibly months of work. *Bah*, said Hank to herself, sniffing, *he probably dashes them off in five minutes and gives them to every girl he picks up. He's not fooling me for an instant.*

Their route south would have driven a map maker in an automobile club to a psychoanalyst's couch. Charlie, who believed with all Latins that eighty was a safe and comfortable speed, drove not from town to town but from cheese to cheese, from local wine to local wine, from *truite farcie au porto* to *volaille de Bresse à la crème*. The hours they gained on the highway they spent—for "wasted" was not the word—at table. Luncheons, in the remote but triple-starred restaurants to which Charlie piloted them, began at noon and concluded at three. Dinners began at eight and ended at eleven—later, if the brandy was exceptional, and the brandy was always exceptional.

"At this rate," said Hank, following a considered policy of refrigeration, "I estimate we'll take twenty years to get to the Riviera. We may all die along the road somewhere and nobody will find us."

"Anyhow, we sure won't die of starvation," remarked her father with something between a rumble and a sigh. . . . "Mother, did you get the recipe for that duck with truffles?"

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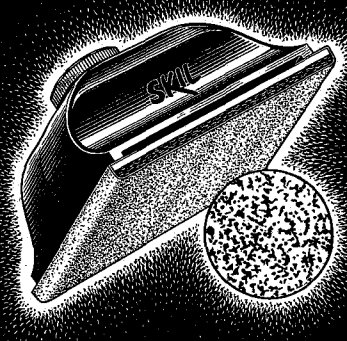

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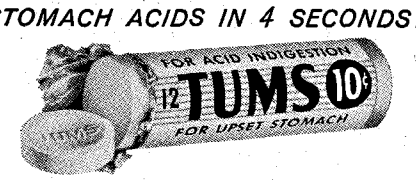


PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

In the Midi, the central plain of France, the wheatfields flared just as Van Gogh had painted them—as if the planet were still a molten ball; in every incandescent field carmine poppies. The Nesbitts and their knowledgeable, personable tour leader slept under canopies of wisteria in tumbledown inns without baths. They slept in turreted *châteaux* with baths of green marble that had black onyx tubs with gold angels for faucets. But in inns and castles alike toothless old kitchenmaids and pouch-eyed proprietors in white aprons came running out to the rented Daimler with cries of "Ah, Charlie! Charlie, my dear!"

They explored a vineyard where the men and women working in the tender green vines removed their broad straw hats as Charlie greeted them by name. And at the end of the week, when Hank and Mrs. Nesbitt were having trouble getting their dresses over their hips, they visited an orphan asylum. The orphans, in worn blue smocks, sang Frère Jacques for them. Afterward, carrying small wooden bowls, they marched in their wooden shoes into a tiled cloister for their big meal of the day—cabbage soup, served them by nuns whose caps were white swans against the blue sky.

That evening in Nîmes, when Charlie changed out of his rope-soled sandals and the blue-and-white-striped sailor's undergarment he wore as a T shirt, Hank did not plead fatigue when he asked her if she would care to take a stroll. She was up to her ears in eulogies of Charlie's exquisite courtesy, Charlie's astonishing education, Charlie's gay spontaneity, Charlie's wholesome modesty, Charlie's lovely disposition. If she could not make her position clear to her lovesick parents, she was determined to make it clear once and for all to the fair-haired boy himself. . . . The two of them walked at random in the dusk, past old men bowling on vacant lots, past families chattering on café terraces, past shops with necklaces of tinware and sponges hanging outside the door, until an iron fence brought them up short. Beyond the fence lay a small, columned, perfectly preserved Roman temple.

"This was Diana's," said Charlie, "goddess of the moon, virgins and hunting. A curious mixture, don't you think?"

"Very," replied Hank. "Ominous, in fact."

"You don't like me at all, not even the least little bit, do you?" asked Charlie.

"Everybody else does. Everybody in France, as far as I can make out," replied Hank. "You don't need me in the bundle. I'm just a lone dissenter from the Lone Star State."

"But what if I do need you?" asked Charlie. "Suppose—just suppose, Hank—I'm honest when I say that." He pronounced her nickname as "Honk." "Don't you think you owe it to me to tell me why I'm—how do you say?—poison to you?"

It was the opportunity Hank wanted. "All right, I'll tell you," she said, with spirit. "I like my mysteries in paperbacks, Charlie, or in the movies. Explain a few things. Why were you so well known wherever we went in Paris?"

"Because, even in a city as large as Paris, people with the same interests, or maybe I should say the same view of life, come to know each other."

"Interests, for example," said Hank, "like steering tourists to night spots and collecting a percentage of the check. This is rude of me, I know, but you asked for it. How about these places we've stopped at along the road? They all know you too. More commissions?"

"France is a small country," said Charlie. "It's possible to have friends all over it, especially when you've been a traveling salesman as I have. Next question. . . ."

"Why did those peasants at the vineyard snatch off their hats? Are you a duke or something? Are you just having fun with a laughable little group of three American barbarians?"

"A graduate of a great Texas university ought to know there aren't any titles in France—not valid ones, anyhow," said Charlie. "But, yes, my grandfather did have one he used sometimes with snobs he disliked, and since we come from the Midi, these people know us. What do you want me to do—hurt their feelings by telling them to put their silly hats back on their heads?"

The new moon was a drawn bow of silver. It waited in the darkening sky as if it were reluctant to leave Diana's chaste little temple.

"Permit me," said Charlie. "I shall be as blunt now as you have been. Either you are younger than any European girl of your age would be or you have not inherited your parents' wisdom about people. Your father knows there are two kinds of people, the hunters"—he gestured toward the temple—"and those who give what they can, whether it's paintings or friendliness or a beautiful voice or grapefruit. Do you know your papa wrote a check that will keep that orphanage going for a year?"

"I have a pretty good idea you took us there so he would."

"I did," said Charlie. "And he knows it, and he's grateful to me. That's what you don't understand. *Alors*, I dislike you every bit as much as you dislike me, Honk, and it disturbs me deeply, because I have had the bad luck to fall in love with you. I do not, you see, wish a wife so filled with suspicion that she cannot believe in the existence of good deeds."

"Really!" said Hank. "There's not the least danger I'll ever be your wife, believe me."

"I wish I could," said Charlie, "but you're in love with me too. A virgin does not always know." He bowed toward the temple. "Guide her, Diana. She is one of yours."

The Riviera, the Coast of Azure, was much as Hank had imagined it would be. A boulevard festive with palms and pennants curved alongside a radiant Mediterranean, with huge hotels built wall to wall—hundreds of them, a solid white palisade against the cactus-spiked slopes of the southern Alps.

"How depressing," said Mrs. Nesbitt. "Luxury hotels are the same from Acapulco to Miami Beach. I hate to end up in one of these when we've been having so much fun."

"Me too. Best time I've had since I was a kid tramping the fruit," agreed Mr. Nesbitt. "Charlie, don't you know some place that isn't so fancypants?"

"Sure," replied Charlie, waving at a traffic cop in a cape, who waved his white baton in return, "but the food is ordinary, the rooms are hot and the servants are fresh—they're young artists earning their summer vacations. It costs fifty dollars a day apiece too. Not for me, because I stay there free, but that's what it'll cost you."

"What's good about it?" asked Hank. "If anything."

"Only the people. The same guests come year after year because they like each other so much."

"I've got to lose five pounds," said Mrs. Nesbitt. "Let's try it."

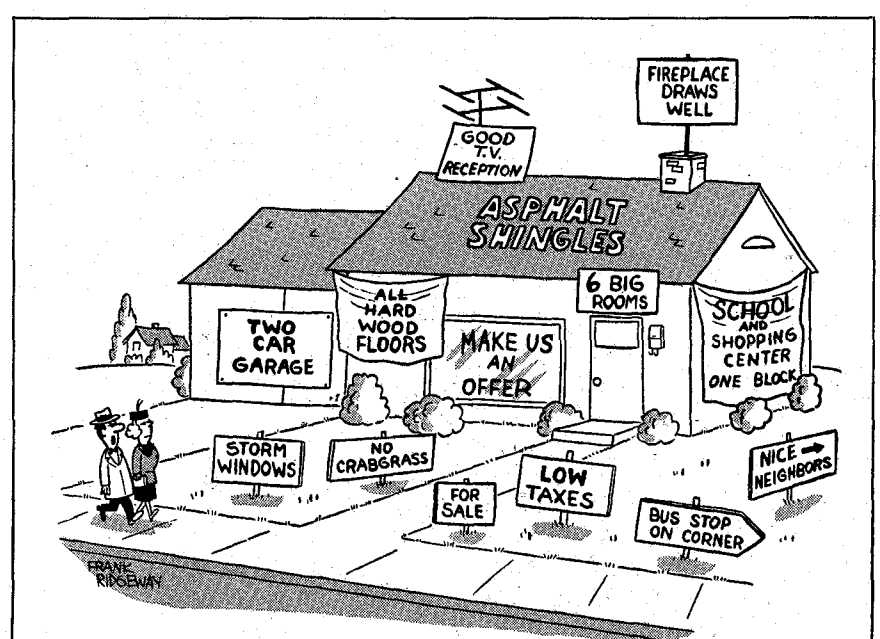
The Auberge Matelot, its shingle walls faded by salt air, looked like a run-down boardinghouse on Cape Cod. In the lounge the chintz covers on the wicker furniture dated from 1930. Every inch of the walls inside was covered by new, unframed paintings, evidently put up for sale by the talented help. The proprietor greeted them in a frock coat worn over bathing trunks.

"I'm afraid you've been misdirected," he said courteously to Mr. Nesbitt. "This is a private club, and our rooms are booked through 1960. I am so sorry——"

At this point Charlie, helping two bearded boys in white sailor suits with the luggage, came in from the car.

"Charlie!" cried the proprietor, grasping him by the ears and kissing him soundly on both cheeks. "The Princess was saying just yesterday she wished you were here. She wanted you to rub away one of her headaches. . . . Let's see, what do I have for your friends? How about two rooms with a sitting room?"

The gardens of the Auberge Matelot were a tangle of mimosa, bougainvillaea, roses and neglected lemon and orange trees that made Mr. Nesbitt groan. Tables were hidden away in the bushes like birds' nests. Each table had its late-luncheon or early-cocktail party—it was hard to say which—with women in simple little three-hundred-dollar cottons pouring for other women in shabby beach robes and towel turbans, for men in ragged tennis shoes. Up a path, pursued by a nursemaid, sped a sun-tanned little Spanish girl of five or six, naked except for a diamond necklace.



"I understand the Brownes are anxious to sell."

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"Hoo-hoo!" somebody called.

"Isn't that Elsa Maxwell?" asked Mrs. Nesbitt.

"Where?" inquired Charlie, looking in the other direction.

"It is, and she's calling you."

"Hank doesn't like me to know so many people. Now here," said Charlie as they reached the bottom of the garden, "is what I want to show you." The shrubbery came to an end on an outcrop of pale gray granite. Steps, each of them a hundred feet long, were cut into the stone. They led straight down into the waveless sea. "No one knows who made these," continued Charlie. "Perhaps the Romans, for a landing place for their royal galleys. But look, you can walk down into blue water fifty feet deep. I've seen pictures of the California beaches and the Greek islands, but this must be the most beautiful place to swim in all the world."

Down the coast, possibly a quarter of a mile away, they could see a small fishing village, with brown nets drying in the sun and boats moored at a stone quay.

A tall, thin man—tall and thin as Charlie himself—came up out of the water. He wore faded red trunks with moth-holes.

"*Ça va?*" he asked.

"Hello, Arch," replied Charlie. "Have you got a dinner jacket I can wear?"

"Who'd you give yours to?"

"A barber in Avignon. He needs it to get married in."

"Sure. I'll be in my room, the broom closet over the kitchen," said the lean man in the red trunks, and trotted up the path.

"Come on, Charlie," said Mr. Nesbitt, chuckling over the plight of his women, who appeared to have been stricken with palsy. "Even I can recognize that one. That was Cary Grant."

"I guess so," admitted Charlie in a reluctant murmur.

Mrs. Nesbitt recovered her voice. "What is this place?" she demanded.

"I told you," said Charlie. "They're very friendly people."

Charlie was to eat his dinner that evening with the proprietor and his wife, M. and Mme. Auby. He urged the Nesbitts to drive into Nice if they wanted a respectable meal, but even Hank was tired after the two-day drive that had taken two weeks. Her mother and father went early to their shaky old brass beds. Thus at ten o'clock Hank found herself alone in the deserted lounge. Everybody, she told herself, was out having a gay time; everybody but Henrietta Nesbitt.

Down the staircase came an elderly gentleman whose eyebrows were as black as his silk suit—black, bushy and turned up at the ends, like Satan's. Spying Hank, he addressed her in weird English, tacking a breathy whistle onto his words so that it sounded as if he were accompanying himself on a flute. "But, my-ee dear," he exclaimed, "youth-ee is not-ee to be wasted like this-ee! Come, we will make-ee a party, you-ee and I-ee!"

"Oh, no, thank you," answered Hank, shrinking on her chair.

"*Ecco!* I-ee will call-ee a cab. We will go-ee to Monte Carlo! We will drink wine-ee, we will dance-ee ——"

Hands outstretched, eyes glittering, he advanced upon her. With a small scream, Hank leaped from her chair, a white satin rocket. The nearest door let her into the cobbled lane to the fishing village. She ran as fast as her plastic slippers with their slim aluminum heels permitted, until she was in the public square with its plane trees and benches. The square was empty and dark. There was only one spot of light, where a workman on a stepladder was painting a sign for a restaurant under a bare electric bulb hanging from a wire.

Each of them asked the same question: "What are you doing here?"

"I," said Charlie from the stepladder, "am creating a masterpiece. *Voilà!*" He gestured. Over the doorway of the restaurant, a scroll read CHEZ JEAN. A panel to the left of the door displayed a basket containing a bouquet of fish. A second panel, on the right side, bore a half-finished crawfish in bright scarlet. "Jean cannot afford a professional sign painter."

"Oh, you've shaved off your beard!"

"The climate. You," said Charlie, "have been running."

"A nasty old man at the hotel tried to make me go out with him. He had eyebrows like the Devil."

"That's Orsini from Rome, the authority on early Christian plain song. He's the gentlest and kindest of men. Also he's seventy-five." Thoughtful, Charlie capped his tube of scarlet and descended a few steps on the ladder. "I begin to understand," he said. "An extremely feminine girl, probably afraid of mice and lightning, in a foreign country for the first time. How could I have been so unperceptive, so stupid? Naturally you suspect me, suspect Orsini, suspect everything. You're scared. I have misjudged you seriously. Hank, I'm sorry."

Hank looked at the crawfish, painted with artists' colors that cost more than a sign painter earned in a week. She remembered the dinner jacket given to a barber. She remembered the orphans. She remembered the dozens upon dozens of people who loved Charlie because he was Charlie.

"I wish you'd slapped me when I said those horrible things to you," she said sincerely. "Slap me now. Good and hard."

Charlie climbed down, cleansed his hands of scarlet, and deposited his box of colors and brushes in the restaurant. Side by side, through soft night perfumed with mimosa and turpentine, they walked back to the hotel and down the gravel path to the great stone steps. The horizon was a backdrop of stars—some of which, redder than the rest, rocked slowly back and forth: lanterns in the boats of the fishermen.

"I assume," said Charlie, "you have been kissed."

"Not too often," replied Hank.

"Do you like it?"

"It's all right. Friendly, as you say."

"There are friendly kisses that have something more than friendliness," said Charlie. "Nobody knows exactly what the something is, but when it's there it's pretty good proof that two people love each other."

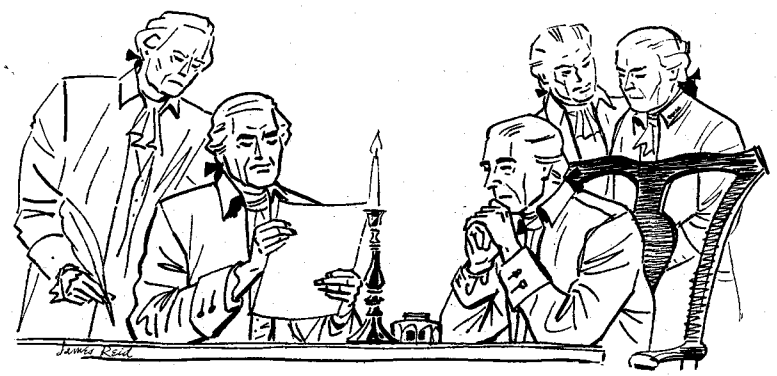
Hank felt his mouth on hers. For a moment that was all she felt. Not that it was not enough. But then a number of curious things happened. A procession of little men twirling Fourth-of-July sparklers marched along her upper lip. Other little men, inhabiting her lower lip, built bright bonfires and leaped over them. Someone marched along with a bass drum, coming closer and closer. Yet the to-do, strangely enough, was relaxing. Hank's eyelids fell. Her teeth parted. She reclined on velvet cushions in a gondola on a canal in Venice. Now five hundred Roman candles blasted off, followed by a salvo of skyrockets, and suddenly the Venetian canal became a Northwest Passage walled with ice, and she shivered from head to toe.

Afterward, neither of them spoke. Charlie left her at the foot of the staircase in the empty lounge, laying a forefinger for a moment against her hot cheek, and Hank stumbled upstairs to her room.

Charlie rapped on the door of the suite at ten in the morning as the Nesbitts, after a breakfast of crescent rolls, fresh farm butter, honey that tasted of grapes, and bowls of *café au lait*, were getting into swimsuits for a morning in the sun. Charlie wore M. Auby's frock coat with a carnation in the lapel, striped gray trousers and an Ascot tie. He carried gloves. Clearly, his was a formal call. Either that or he was on his way to a funeral.

"Sir," he said to Mr. Nesbitt, who jumped, "I don't know the Texan customs, so you must forgive me if I blunder. I request your permission to ask your daughter, Miss Henrietta, to be my wife."

Mr. Nesbitt, in trunks, looked not unlike a hippopotamus photographed in jolly mood at a picnic. "Sure," he replied. "Want some coffee?"



What's Going On Here?

A far-reaching struggle racks the nation on this day, November 17, 1781. A little band of solemn men assemble and endorse a document which begins, "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary. . . ." The document lists a long series of wrongs and oppressions which, it alleges, government has committed against individuals. Who signed it, and at what government was it aimed?

Richard Q. Rodgers

(*Answers on Page 90*)

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"For goodness' sake, sit down," added Mrs. Nesbitt.

"This is too solemn an occasion for sitting," Charlie gently rebuked her. Turning, he bowed to Hank. "Henrietta, it is clear to both of us, I hope, that we cannot live happily without each other," he said. "Will you do me the honor of becoming Mrs. Charles George Surmont?"

Hank, surprising herself, burst into tears suddenly and violently, as if somebody had stepped on her big toe. It was all she could do to answer yes.

"How perfectly sweet," said Mrs. Nesbitt. "Now you will have some coffee, won't you, Charlie dear? I'm sure you didn't eat a bite of breakfast."

Charlie seated himself at random. "I am somewhat dazed," he remarked to the room at large.

"Son," said Mr. Nesbitt, "I don't know when I've met a young fellow I like as much as I do you. Mother feels the same way: if you don't come home with us I'm afraid mother won't come either. But I'm a businessman and I believe in plain speaking. There's one thing we'd better clear up, I guess."

Charlie turned pale.

"Your pal Mongsoor Auby likes to show off his English," continued Hank's father, "so he and I had a nice long gabfest. He says you give away five paintings for every one you sell. He says that ribbon you wear isn't for raising cabbages, it's awarded to French citizens called Benefactors of the Republic. At that orphanage, while I was writing a check, the Mother Superior had a hundred-buck bill in her hand. I figured it had to come from you; it was your first week's salary I'd just given you. But Mongsoor Auby says you have another orphanage on your string. He says you raise dough for a home for old actors too. Charlie, I'm all for it. I try to do what I can, myself. But I'm a millionaire, and you aren't. Maybe you're a nut. If I take you home to manage Cielo Verde, the ranch I deeded to Hank on her twenty-first birthday, are you going to give the darned place away tree by tree?"

"But it should be obvious to you," said Charlie, "that I can't support orphanages on what I earn painting. I, too, have a business."

"Well, that's more like it," said Mr. Nesbitt.

"But I don't want to tell you about it," said Charlie sadly. "Because, you see, I am what Hank thought I was. I am a swindler."

"I don't believe it," cried Hank.

From the striped trousers, which were much too short for him, Charlie drew his wallet, and from the wallet an envelope. He handed the envelope to Mrs. Nesbitt. "Open it, please," he requested her, "and read the letter."

Mrs. Nesbitt obeyed. "Why, it's about the antiques I bought in Paris," she said, perplexed. "The shop has returned my check!"

"I told them to," said Charlie. "The pieces are forgeries."

"Charlie, I know antiques," protested Mrs. Nesbitt. "The wood was old; I tested it with my thumbnail. There were wormholes. The broken leg on the refectory table was mended with a handwrought iron nail."

"The wood is aged in pits and hardened with carbamide," said Charlie. "The nail was genuine, but the leg was broken on purpose so it could be mended with the nail. I am sure of my facts, you see, because I own the factory. All of the authentic Provincial furniture in France, like our period furniture, was bought long ago by collectors. So today when somebody opens a country inn or a restaurant he must buy copies from me—good copies, made by hand, giving employment to old craftsmen who badly need the work, but copies just the same."

"That doesn't make you a swindler," interposed Hank loyally.

"My dearest Hank, you are wrong," said Charlie, "because now and then a tourist stumbles on our warehouse, like your mamma. 'Are these antiques?' she asks. 'No,' says old Papa Pierre, my caretaker. But the lady never believes him. She thinks he is an ignorant dodderer. She buys. She insists on buying."

Mr. Nesbitt laughed until he coughed through his cigar and blew sparks. "You mean the tourists try to take advantage of you."

"It is morally reprehensible on both sides."

"Some of them are just plain trying to gyp you. They get what they deserve, and you get money for your orphans and your old actors and cabinetmakers," said Mr. Nesbitt. Still chuckling, he took up the telephone. Several seconds passed before anybody answered it, since all of the servants were out in the garden painting.

"Service de rooms?" said Mr. Nesbitt into the phone. "Say, we're having a little celebration up here. Send up a bottle of ——" He paused, frowned in consternation and turned to Charlie. "Son," he asked, "how the heck do you say champagne in French?"

Death Stalks the Bride (Continued from Page 22)

with the spring wind blowing through her brown hair, or north along Sheridan Road to the family home in Lake Forest with the fall sunshine filtering through the bright leaves overhead. For the delights of spring and fall she cheerfully endured the clamminess in the winter, the whip of the wind through the canvas top.

She had her key. She inserted it in the ignition. She started to turn it. A man's hand came out of the darkness. It clamped firmly over her mouth. She struggled and twisted, trying to cry out. The taste of grease was against her lips, the smell of dirt and sweat close to her face. With determination she set her teeth into the hand. A man's voice swore obscenely. His hand loosened for an instant. She screamed. The man slapped her brutally. She rocked dizzily back against the seat, fighting pain and nausea.

The man was jerked suddenly away from her. In the darkness she heard the sound of knuckles meeting bone, body meeting body. The unmistakable thumps and thuds of a fight. She reached unsteadily for the car lights, switched them on. She had a momentary glimpse of a thick, unkempt man reeling backward into the lights. Another man pursued him, a tall black-haired young man who moved with the lithe grace of a cat, the savage muscle and strength of a professional fighter. His fists pounded the heavier man mercilessly: face, stomach, closing an eye, spreading a crimson smear from the big man's lip, doubling him up, forcing him down on one knee. Then a final brutal blow which sent him crashing heavily to the pavement, to lie there unmoving.

The tall black-haired young man bent coolly to touch him. He stood up, dusting his hands, examining the knuckles. He walked back to the car.

"All right?" he asked.

"No," said Jessamine weakly, "I'm going to be sick."

"Open the car door," he said practically.

Jessamine was very sick indeed.

"Don't—just stand there!" she gasped finally. "Get that—that man—a doctor! You may have killed him!"

"He'll be all right. And you?"

"He didn't h-hurt me. But my teeth keep ch-chattering."

"Shock," he said, "and hysteria."

"I was never hysterical in my life!"

"You are now. Steady." The man slid into the car beside her. He put an arm around her, gently but impersonally, holding her tight. "Shut your eyes and be quiet a few minutes. You'll be all right."

She obeyed his cool, efficient voice without question. She put her head on his shoulder. She was crying helplessly. But presently, as he had said, the dizziness and nausea passed. She raised her head, dabbing at her eyes with angry little jerks of her handkerchief. "I'm sorry. I'm not usually such a baby. I'm all right now."

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 89)

Paraphrasing the Declaration of Independence, signed in July of 1776, this later declaration was endorsed by American Loyalists who sided with the British Crown. It was directed against the Continental Congress and wartime American government. In it, Congress was accused of usurping authority, devaluating money, quartering troops on the citizens, abolishing constitutional law, and with creating "a multitude of new offices . . . filled with men from their own body, or with their creatures and dependents, to eat out the substance of the people. . . ."

He said coldly, "And very lucky too. Of all the stupid, harebrained females!"

"I ——"

"You certainly are old enough to know better than to be alone on this street at night. Asking for trouble."

"I ——"

"Walking around wearing a diamond like that one on your finger, driving an expensive car like this."

"I was working in the settlement house," she snapped. "I usually come out in the daylight."

"Why didn't you today?"

"I forgot it was so late."

"Then why didn't you go back in and get someone to walk out to your car with you? The director? One of the men instructors?"

"I didn't think."

"Next time, think."

She looked where the car lights illuminated the sidewalk. "Stop lecturing me and think yourself. That man's gone!"

The black-haired young man flung the door open and disappeared into the darkness. He returned a moment later, shaking his head. "That thug must have been able to walk. He isn't around now."

"Call the police!"

"What good will that do? He's gone. Can you identify him?"

"The settlement house is full of young girls. A man like that must be reported."

"This is a neighborhood of men like that. After dark the girls are only allowed to come and go in groups of three or more. That thug is in no state to bother anyone else tonight. He's after money, anyhow. Robbery. He didn't try anything else. To call the police would be just to spatter your name over the front pages, give Lunt House bad publicity."

"But we must do something!"

"In the morning," he said patiently, "you will call the director. The director will take steps. To have a policeman stationed, perhaps. No publicity, no fuss."

"I'll call the director tonight! I should go in now."

"You should go home now," he said. "I'll drive."

"I think I could ——"

"Look at your hands."

She looked at her hands. They shook very noticeably.

"Perhaps, if you don't mind, Mr. ——"

"Barthelmieu. Eric Barthelmieu." He pronounced Eric in the French fashion, giving the *E* almost the sound of *A*, the *i* a sound of liquid *e*. "I also teach a class. I saw you come out alone and wondered."

"But I didn't see you behind me."

"And a good thing I came," he said grimly. "Of all the ——"

"Now don't start that again!"

He laughed suddenly, an abrupt, almost harsh sound that died as quickly as it was born. "Give me your car key."

He had a little difficulty getting away from the curb; plainly he was not used to handling such a long car.

"I haven't properly thanked you, Mr. Barthelmieu," she said. "In fact, I haven't thanked you at all."

"It isn't necessary."

"But I ——"

"Not at all."

The conversation died. He turned the car in silence, rounding the corner awkwardly on the wrong side of the road.

"How stupid of me," she said. "I haven't even told you my name. I'm Jessamine Abbot."

"I know."

"How did you know?"

"My students. The little ones; Miss Abbot has been telling them a story. The most wonderful story about a stolen conscience. The big ones; Miss Abbot has shown them how to bake a cake. The most wonderful chocolate marble cake. The most wonderful Miss Abbot this, and the most wonderful Miss Abbot that."

Jessamine felt a glow of pleasure. "I love the children," she said softly. "I think perhaps they know that. I'm not the world's best storyteller and sometimes my cakes fall, but perhaps loving them helps a little."

Eric Barthelmieu turned to look at her. He said quietly, "Loving anyone helps a lot. No matter what the price, love is always worth it."

He was silent now, completely, as if she had not been beside him. Jessamine shut her eyes, fighting dizziness again. When she opened them, she studied Eric's face,

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profile, under the street lights. It was a clean-cut face, very masculine, almost rugged. There had been a break in the sharp line of the nose. He wore his black hair unparted and had a habit of throwing it back, even when there was no necessity for the gesture.

"Do you mind if I ask you what you teach?" she said.

Eric Barthelmieu sounded almost as if he had forgotten her presence. "Dancing. Interpretative dancing. And ballroom."

She said warmly, "How kind of you to come and help the children. Dancing will be wonderful for them."

He spoke politely, as at a distance. "What did you think I taught?"

"Well, seeing you beat that man so much heavier than you were, I did think ——"

"I was a fighter? I was, once. At least I fought in the Golden Gloves." He touched his nose. "That was where I got this break. I did a little boxing in the Navy too. Not much."

They were silent again. The man's dark profile was grim, almost forbidding. Jessamine had a sensation almost of fright. Certainly one of strangeness. She might not have been there; the man might have been riding alone. Or perhaps with someone else, whom she could not see.

"I haven't told you where I live," she said quickly. "Just off Scott Street. Fortunately we're heading the right way."

Eric Barthelmieu did not speak again until she gave him the number and they pulled up in front of it.

"You live in that big place?"

"Yes. Won't you come in?"

Under the porch light, Eric Barthelmieu's eyes were dark blue with thick black lashes. When they turned to her now, she had a sensation almost of shock. For they were, she thought, the saddest eyes she had ever seen.

"No," he said.

"Have you had your dinner? Aine, our housekeeper, is a wonderful cook. My sister is out West, but ——"

"No." He turned abruptly away. "You have your key?"

She took it out. He put it in the door and opened it for her. He bowed formally. "Good night, Miss Abbot."

"I don't feel I have properly thanked you."

He was gone, silently and definitely. Puzzled, Jessamine turned into the colonial-papered hall. Puzzled by the man himself, his strangely impersonal quality and the deep sadness in his eyes. She put her hand to her head. It ached badly. Suddenly she felt the bruise on her jaw, the shock the blow had sent through her outraged body. She was shivering again. She wondered if she could stand up long enough to get into a hot tub, to fall into bed afterward. Plenty of time later to think about Eric Barthelmieu.

Jessamine held her warm palm against the etched frost patterns on the window of her room. The glass was very cold. So was the wetness as the frost melted. The edges glazed again as soon as she took her hand away. But now she could see Scott Street, around the corner, two floors below.

She stood there for a moment before putting on her wedding dress. Outside, the late January wind was howling, cold and bleak as Chicago can be in winter. Jessamine hugged her bare shoulders in her lacy slip. She wished again, as she always had, that she could have been less tall, better rounded, as her older sister, Willi, was. Jessamine looked at herself more critically than ever today; her long brown hair, smooth in its shining braid around her head; her light, fine-grained skin. There was nothing wrong with her features as such, unless they were too symmetrical, too balanced. Her deep brown eyes were widely spaced, calm, thoughtful. Her nose was straight and well proportioned; her mouth perhaps overly generous, but her smile was pleasant. It was a good face, an intelligent one, yet not a face that anyone on the street ever turned to look at a second time, like Willi's. People forgot what Jessamine looked like. They never forgot Willi.

Through the cleared space on the frosted window, Jessamine saw Uncle Ansford's black limousine arriving for the wedding. The chauffeur came around and opened the car door. Aunt Evie and Uncle Ansford came cautiously up the front steps. Jessamine opened the window an inch or two to call to them.

"Always thought Jessamine was the one sensible Abbot girl!" Uncle Ansford was roaring. "But now I've changed my mind! Getting married in this weather! This fast! A few days' notice! What's the matter with June? Willi's weddings are always in June. Jessamine could open the family house in Lake Forest and have the wedding in the rose garden then. Civilized month, June."

Aunt Evie's voice was shrill and piping, "I think Jessamine is very sensible to be doing this while Willi is in Reno. Foolish to wait, anyway, at her age."

"Never thought Jessamine would get married," Uncle Ansford roared back. "She must be nearly thirty. Over twenty-five anyway. Never thought she was interested in men. Never saw her with any."

"With Willi around?"

Aunt Evie and Uncle Ansford disappeared into the house. Jessamine closed the window and rose, shivering. She turned back into the room resolutely. It was not her habit to be late for anything; certainly not for her own wedding.

She looked at the dress which Aine, her housekeeper had laid out on the bed. A calf-length yellow chiffon, with brown touches at waist and throat, it was, Jessamine knew, expensively simple and becoming. Eminently appropriate for a small home wedding. Yet she longed, suddenly and unreasonably, for the trailing white satin and her grandmother's lace veil that Willi had worn in her first wedding,

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for the organ music, and a string of pastel bridesmaids, and her own great church—where the Abbots had worshiped and been trustees for three generations—filled with people who had come to see her marry Eric. She wanted everyone to see her marry Eric.

But Jessamine was nearly ten years older now than Willi had been. Anyway, this was how Eric wanted the wedding—as simple as possible. Jessamine had told him teasingly that she thought he would have liked to run off and be married in some dingy office of a justice of the peace. He had answered, in his dark, serious way, no, since she was an Abbot the publicity would be even worse that way.

And that sort of wedding was, of course, impossible for Jessamine. She had been born to certain responsibilities, to family and tradition. She accepted them and lived up to them. A wedding was a dignified solemn occasion, pledging one's life and love and loyalty. Not a scurrying, surreptitious thing. Jessamine was an Abbot. Her Grandfather Abbot had come from his rocky Vermont farm to found the small meat-packing firm that her father had carried on with the strength of the convictions of his own New England boyhood and made the great meat organization now bearing the Abbot name. Jessamine's beautiful Southern mother seemed to have flitted briefly through their lives; like Jessamine's older sister, Willi, gay, beautiful, charming, but, like Willi, restless, beating like a moth against the principles and traditions of the Abbot life. When Willi was four and Jessamine two, their mother had left suddenly for Paris. They never saw her again before her death. Jessamine had grown up in this house with her father, a straight-lipped, prematurely gray man who worked endless hours, spoke as few words as possible to Jessamine and none at all to Willi, except in reprimand. He had died when Jessamine was twelve.

Laughter for the first time had entered their family life when Aunt Caroline came to look after them. Though their father's sister, and possessed of her own share of the family's New England conscience and respectability, Aunt Caroline had married a Midwesterner and lived in Chicago long enough to seem a Chicagoan—utterly frank, good-humored, more than willing to live and let live. Jessamine wished Aunt Caroline could have lived a year longer, to see this day, for no one would have enjoyed it more.

Jessamine remembered one summer when she was a child, standing beside her aunt at the club when they were vacationing at Charlevoix, Michigan. They had watched Willi enter the pool in the briefest of bathing suits, with her usual following of half the young male population.

Aunt Caroline had shaken her head. "Your father was very wise to leave you all the money."

"He wasn't wise! He was wrong and unfair! Willi shall always have half! Always!" Jessamine had replied hotly.

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Aunt Caroline. "People are meant to live two by two. I'm glad you've got the money."

"To help me get a husband? Do you think I'd want the kind of man who wanted my money?"

"Nonsense," said Aunt Caroline. "Nonsense. Let's walk down to the clubhouse and get a soda."

Jessamine could still taste the bitterness of that ice cream.

But now, finally, all that did not matter. Willi had had her three husbands and her three divorces. But Jessamine was going to marry Eric. And that made everything all right. For Eric was worth waiting for. Even Willi had never had anything as wonderful as Eric.

Aine knocked softly. Aine had understood Jessamine's desire for these last few moments alone, and had locked the door and shooed away the buzzing relatives. Aine stood in the door now, trim in her gray uniform, its sedate lines entirely failing to conceal her lush curves. Her gray eyes danced in her round Irish face.

"Nearly time, Miss Jessamine."

Aine, too, was an Abbot tradition; her mother had come to this house as maid to Jessamine's mother as a bride. The maid had remained when her mistress left. Several years later, without benefit of clergy, she had produced Aine, who had stayed too. After her mother's death, Aine, then nearly twenty, had quietly and efficiently taken over the reins of the household. She was twenty-four now. Yet she talked to Jessamine, whom she loved wholeheartedly, as if she were old enough to be Jessamine's mother.

"Dear Aine!" said Jessamine now. "I feel closer to you than to any of them."

Aine came forward matter-of-factly and embraced her with her soft warm strength but unmatter-of-factly spoiled the effect by wiping away her tears.

"I wish you could be my bridesmaid," said Jessamine.

"Miss Jessamine!" said Aine, properly shocked. "I hope I know my place."

"That is your place. There's no one I love like you. Except Willi, of course. I should have waited for Willi, Aine."

"No," said Aine, a trifle grimly. "Stop talking wild now, and get dressed. It's bad luck to be late for a wedding."

Jessamine held both of Aine's strong young hands. "You do think I'm doing the right thing? Oh, Aine, I don't know! I'm scared!"

"Of course," said Aine, winking. "All brides are scared. The good ones, that is. Now Miss Willi—don't you worry about it, Miss Jessamine. All brides hate the grooms, just before the ceremony. It's all right, soon as it's over."

"I don't hate Eric," said Jessamine. "Not now or any time. I couldn't, Aine. Not ever. It's just that suddenly I'm frightened. It all happened so fast. I haven't even known him six weeks!"

And most of that time I didn't even see him, she thought. *At first, it was just the occasional meetings at the settlement house. His driving me home when it was dark. He didn't talk much more than that first night. It was almost as if he didn't know I was there. Or as if someone else was. And then one night he came in to borrow the copy of T. S. Eliot, and Aine made him stay to eat her cheese blintzes; that was the beginning, that night when we sat before the fire and talked and talked for hours, all night, about everything under the sun: How he loves rare steak; what I thought of the Eiffel Tower in the rain the first time I was in Paris; an island he saw in the Pacific when he was in the Navy; how I got a black eye playing hockey the night of the Halloween dance at Northwestern. I told him things I've never told anyone before, never in my life. My shyness was gone, all of it; I had words I never knew I had, and warmth I never felt before. Oh, there were times when he was still distant, still sat looking into the fire and forgot I was in the room. But then we danced. I never danced like that before. I felt I had wings, red shoes. And finally he kissed me. I didn't know, until the first time he kissed me, that he felt about me the way I did about him. It was as if he were resisting loving me. But I knew then. And there was no reason for waiting. We had waited so long already to meet.*

"Love doesn't need time," said Aine. "All life is bodies and souls reaching out for each other. When just the bodies meet, that's sex; when just the souls, that's a pity. But when bodies and souls meet, that's love. And it can happen like that, your eyes touching his across a field, without your even meeting. And when it does, time has nothing to do with it."

"Of course," said Jessamine. "If I could just see Eric, I wouldn't be scared. But all I've seen today have been awful silver soup tureens and awful silver candlesticks and aunts and uncles and cousins. Yes, Uncle Bill. No, Aunt Jane. Thank you for —— I haven't seen Eric all day."

"Very proper, that," said Aine primly. "It's seven kinds of bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the ceremony."

"You and your bad luck! Please bring Eric up, Aine. If I could see him, even for a moment ——"

"Not I," said Aine firmly.

"Please!"

"No. Anyhow, I couldn't. He isn't here yet."

"He isn't?"

"You know Mr. Eric," said Aine. "Not predictable, but dependable. He'll be here."

"Of course he will! But it's almost time."

"And you're not ready." Aine was stern.

"Stand by the window and watch for him. Let me see him when he comes!"

Aine considered this. "I don't know that there's any bad luck in that. So long as he doesn't see you, mind. But I won't watch for him if you don't get that dress on."

"I'll get it on right away."

Jessamine slid the yellow chiffon carefully over her head. She opened the small box of flowers, touching the white camellias and Eric's card for the hundredth time. "For Jessamine, with my heart."

"Don't you see him?"

"I do that," said Aine resignedly. "Down the block. There can't be another car in Chicago as old and battered as that one. Or as noisy. Are you really going on your honeymoon in that old car?"

"Of course."

"Love," said Aine, sighing.

Jessamine patted her hand. "It will happen to you, too, Aine, one of these days."

"Not me," said Aine. "Oh, sex, that's natural; but ——"

Jessamine made a face at her in the mirror. "What would Aunt Caroline say to hear you mention that word?"

Aine tossed her short hair. "She'd tell me to be more careful than my mother was."

"Aine!"

"Don't worry. I will."

"Aine!"

"Now keep back from that window," said Aine. "Look at him, do. But don't let him see you. Unhappiness will dog your marriage, and crows sit upon your shoulder at your wedding feast. Please, Miss Jessamine."

Jessamine looked down, watching as Eric stamped his feet in the snow. At the sight of him, Jessamine felt warmth engulf her. Seeing him was like coming home. For he had brought into Jessamine's life something very precious, which she had long wanted without knowing her necessity—the pure joy of needing another person, of having him need you.

She pushed Aine's protesting hands aside, ignored her very real wail of protest. She knelt to pull the window up again. "Darling!"

Eric always moved all of a piece, without giving the impression of bones and joints. He stopped now, and Jessamine could almost feel the muscles of his lean body move beneath the shabby overcoat. He flung back his black unparted hair in one quick, experienced gesture. His face was unsmiling, as were his dark blue eyes.

"You don't know my bridge club."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Jessamine! Are the dragons assembled?" Eric always referred to her family in this fashion.

"Sh-h! They'll hear you!"

Eric looked up at her almost wildly. "I can't face them," he said. "Even for you. Please meet me at the back door and we'll go ——"

Jessamine, who had so much needed the reassurance of his strength, had it; now she was the strong one. "I'll be right down. The front stairs," she told him, laughing. "Will you be there?"

Eric nodded glumly.

Jessamine leaned forward. She said in a loud stage whisper, "I love you, Eric."

The Botsford cousins, arriving late, gave Jessamine a shocked and disapproving look. Eric did not even seem to see them. Jessamine blew Eric a kiss.

Aine was crossing herself and wailing audibly, "Why did you do it, Miss Jessamine? Why did you let him see you? Now your marriage is bound to be ill-fated, marked by disaster."

"Nonsense," said Jessamine, giving Aine a little pat. "Help me fasten my flowers, please. And then go and tell Miss Kelly I'm ready."

Aine produced a small amulet. "For luck. Not that it will do much good," she said glumly. "Put it around your neck. Let's check. Something borrowed, something blue ——"

Jessamine stood, completely calm now, listening as Miss Kelly, at the piano, began the opening bars of Lohengrin. Jessamine smiled at Aunt Caroline's picture and walked confidently out the door of her room, down the narrow, old-fashioned, curling staircase. Her head was high and her step steady and rhythmical, befitting an Abbot going to marry the man she loved.

Below her, the faces of her kinsfolk were turned toward her; Uncle Ansford's handle-bar mustache; Aunt Evie's diamonds at her wrinkled throat. The Abbot clan was here in a body, and there were a lot of them. The young Botsford cousins, all red-headed, though nobody in either family had ever been. The faces of the very close friends she had called: Gabby, from the settlement house; Jane, her roommate at Northwestern; Valentine Vreeland, Inez Ussher and their husbands ——

Jessamine caught the gleam of Aine's beautiful polish on her grandmother's Victorian sofa; the reflections of the white candles on her mother's rosewood piano. She smelled the lilies of the valley and the orange blossoms which she herself had arranged that morning in the ugly heirloom silver urns and vases which the Abbot clan would expect to see. But she really saw only Eric's face, serious and almost frightened, waiting for her beside the improvised altar, beside the minister who had baptized her. Eric's blue eyes, even now with their incredible sadness, looking at her without seeing her, looking almost wildly over his shoulder, as if for escape. Looking, as she had often before felt he was looking, at someone else, someone whom Jessamine could not see.

Jessamine was standing at Eric's side, then, smiling at him, unsteadied as always by his very nearness. The music had stopped. The minister's words had begun, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered ——"

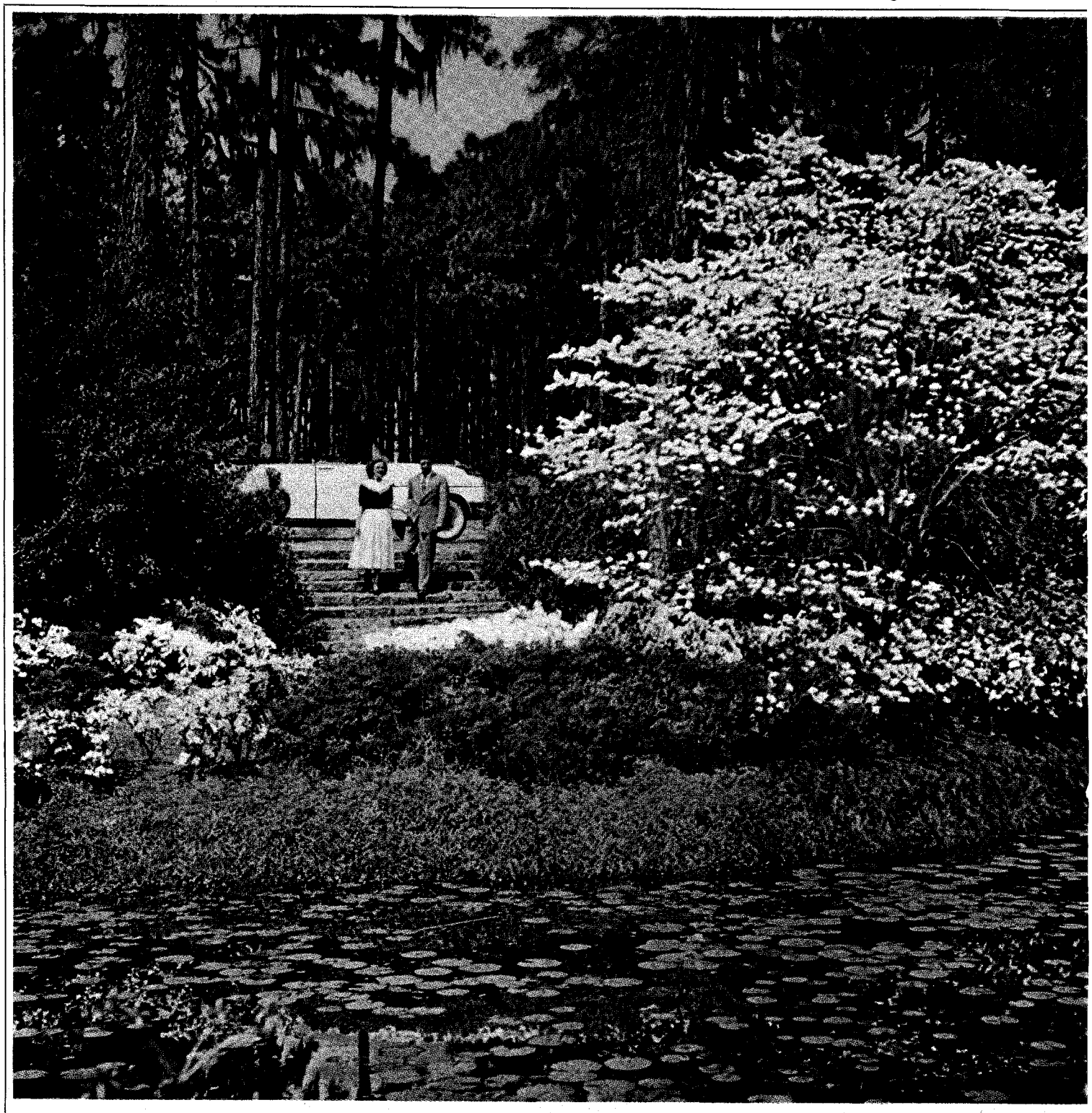
Behind her, Jessamine heard the doorbell ring sharply, imperiously. Then a commotion in the hall, instantly hushed. Heads turned, whispers were almost audible. Jessamine knew without the whispering, without turning. Something warmed her heart, yet something chilled her hands. She was still the bride, but it was no longer Jessamine Abbot's wedding. Jessamine had

Stars and a Frog

By Herbert Merrill

Now down the old, star-
stubbled field of night
Orion shoulders westward
out of sight
And leaves a last few winter
stars to lie
Like hobnails stamped upon
the midnight sky.

But up the cloudy east new
planets climb
The dark path leading them
to summertime,
And far below where earth
lies warm and wet
The first spring peeper
plays his castanet.



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once again become what she had been all her life: Willi Abbot's sister. Willi had come home again.

Willi was the first one to reach them when the wedding ceremony had ended. Willi, her shining corn-silk-blond hair cut so skillfully in the just slightly curled frame for her face, with that deceptive one-sided bang over her right eye. Willi's beautiful blue eyes, so demure, yet so devilish; Willi's utterly gay, carefree laugh, showing her straight white little teeth. Willi.

"Darling!" she said. Typically of Willi, she said it, not to Jessamine but to Eric, whom she had not yet met. And it was Eric she embraced. From Willi, the gesture was perfectly natural and unaffected. Indeed, everything Willi did was. Willi had been born with personality. All her life she had been doing outrageous things. The record of schools she had been expelled from was a long and distinguished one, as were the reasons for which she had been expelled. Willi always did exactly what seemed to Willi the proper thing at the moment—her standard of proper, of course, being a highly subjective one. At the age of twelve it had seemed proper to Willi to walk a roof ledge in her nightgown, waving gaily at the firemen who, summoned, stood open-mouthed below her. At twenty-one, after a violent quarrel with her then-husband, an artist in Greenwich Village, it had seemed proper to Willi to pick up a handy revolver and fire it at him—fortunately missing. Always the wild and the unpredictable seemed proper to Willi, and, with Willi doing it, to almost everybody else.

Jessamine firmly disentangled her beautiful older sister from her bewildered new husband.

"Eric," she said, "this is Willi."

Eric tossed his black hair back, an invariable sign of his nervousness. "Willi?"

"My sister." Eric had heard her name many times, of course; he had simply forgotten, under the strain and tension of all this.

"Oh." Eric made Willi a formal little bow. "Wilhelmina. How do you do?"

Willi shrieked, "Darling, he's priceless! Wherever did you find him?"

Jessamine saw a thin line of pink above Eric's collar. She said severely, "Willi, behave. Kiss me nicely and then go and help Aine with the caterers."

Willi turned her soft eyes on her, genuinely hurt. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Of course I'm glad to see you." Jessamine bent forward to take Willi's kiss. She put her arms around Willi, loving her as she always had, blindly, unquestioningly. Willi was Willi, that was all. Jessamine had always taken her part against the world, and she always would. She stood beside her now, soothing the wounded feelings of relatives after Willi's outrageous remarks to them as they came down the receiving line, introducing Eric, but conscious always of his stiffness, his remoteness, as he stood beside her. She tried to smile at him, to squeeze his hand. But he gave her the same formal smile he gave Aunt Evie and Uncle Ansford; he leaned forward, speaking politely and civilly, as if to a stranger.

"Darling, these are all our people," said Willi audibly. "Didn't what's-his-name invite anybody?"

"His name is Eric!"

"Well, didn't he invite anybody?"

"No. He—spoke as if he has no family, and he didn't want to ask anyone else."

"Why not?" Willi leaned around Jessamine to take another look at Eric, who drew back, visibly startled. "Darling, he's beautiful. So tough. What do you care if he hasn't any friends? . . . Hello, Uncle Bill. Have you solved the mystery of all those red-haired children yet?"

"Willi!" said Jessamine mechanically. She wondered how many times she had said the word just that way in her lifetime.

Uncle Bill, very white-faced and stern, kissed Jessamine, shook hands with Eric, turned and marched directly from the house.

Willi looked after him unrepentantly. "He always was a stuffed shirt," she said. . . . "You don't like stuffed shirts, either, do you, Eric?"

Eric looked at her. "I don't know any."

Weddings aren't like this, Jessamine thought wildly. *Weddings are happy occasions, where two people plight their love everlastingly, where their friends and families are happy for them. Eric and I might be strangers; these people might hate us both.*

Eric's arm touched hers, and he did not know it. He did not tighten his fingers on hers or smile his brief, infrequent smile. He stood beside her and was a million miles away. His dark blue eyes with the great sadness behind them looked at her, and through her, unseeing. Jessamine had the same feeling she had had that first night in the car with him. As if he were riding alone. Or not alone. With someone she could not see.

Somehow Jessamine continued to shake hands, to be kissed, wished every happiness, to smile at the sedately rakish jokes of the uncles and the coy hints of the aunts. In a lull, she became aware of the fact that someone was watching her from across the room—someone she had never seen before. An uninvited guest. She was a tiny young woman, dressed in a daringly tight black dress, slit at the side, with her dark red hair long against her shoulders. Her sharp black eyes met Jessamine's expressionlessly in cool appraisal.

Jessamine touched Eric's hand. "Darling, did you ——"

Eric said something under his breath. Then he said, "Excuse me," politely to Jessamine, and crossed to speak to the red-haired young woman. She answered him, shrugging her shoulders expressively, moving her dainty childlike hands. Her movements were quick, graceful, and somehow gave the appearance of soaring. Eric's words seemed to be angry, but the woman remained cool and collected, untouched by his anger.

There was a sudden, unfortunate lull in the room, and Eric's words sounded quite clearly. "He couldn't have found out! He can't be coming here!"

She shrugged. "But he did. And he is. I thought that as your friend I should come to tell you, and to help if I could."

Around them the silence deepened. Eric seemed suddenly to be aware that their words had been heard. He said stiffly, "I want you to meet my wife."

The woman showed her flashing white teeth. "I shall be delighted to meet your—wife, Eric."

Eric's white face flushed a little. He walked an absolutely straight line toward Jessamine. He said simply, "This is Maxann York."

Maxann York said, in a sultry voice entirely without inflection, "How do you do?"

Jessamine said something. She did not know what. She smiled. She nudged Willi, who smiled too. Without further words, Maxann York moved on, a tiny graceful figure, sure of herself, even with the eyes of the entire room upon her.

Willi said, quite audibly, "Do you suppose that red hair is natural?"

Jessamine said, "Willi!" She smiled at the next person, was kissed, made polite conversation. Then the next. . . . Dimly, in the distance, she heard the doorbell ring. Jessamine felt the eyes upon her, the aunts wondering, the uncles muttering to each other. The polite murmur of conversation stopped; again the wedding guests were silent. Jessamine saw Aine's face across the room as Aine scurried toward her.

In the doorway behind Aine, Jessamine saw a shabby, white-haired man. He stood there quite easily, a violin case under his arm. His white hair was thick and very silky, his face delicate and sensitive.

Jessamine thought she had never seen such a beautiful old man; beautiful not so much in feature—for his eyes were deeply sunken, his nose sharp and straight—as in expression. He stood calmly, neither obsequious nor bold; he was simply independent of them all.

"Miss Jessamine ——" There was breathless panic in Aine's tone. "He says he's Mr. Eric's father!"

Jessamine turned. For just an instant she saw an expression on Eric's face that she had never expected to see there. He was very pale, very grim. But the look in his eyes was pure fright. Almost panic.

She put her hand on his. She said gently, "Eric?"

The expression was gone now; Eric had control of himself. He moved slowly forward. He said stiffly, "Certainly he's my father. Anything so strange about that?"

"Eric!"

But Eric had passed her to meet the old man. He had taken his hand, put a strong arm over the frail shoulder.

He said, "This is my father," too loudly, and there was defiance in his tone—defiance and belligerence.

Jessamine thought bewilderedly, *Eric can't be ashamed of his father. He couldn't. Not Eric. But why does he use that tone?*

Around them, the wedding guests were still. Too still. It was a well-bred stillness. No one whispered, no one moved. But nonetheless the feeling was there. The feeling that these well-dressed, fabulously jeweled people had drawn together, facing this shabby interloper in his worn black velvet jacket, buttoned tight to the neck, his shiny, straight-cut black trousers.

Jessamine and Willi went forward together, the Abbot sisters again, going to greet a guest in their home. To those who knew them well, the only sign of strain was the fact that Willi, for once, was silent, and stayed a step or two behind Jessamine, as she had all her life in moments of crisis.

But tiny red-haired Maxann York was before them, her voice sounding sharp, almost anxious, "Papa Raoul, you shouldn't be here. I'll take you home now."

The old man had a soft—very soft—voice, with an accent that was unmistakably Latin, probably French, blurred by many years of English usage. He said with great dignity, "I read in the paper of my son's wedding. I told myself it must be a mistake that I was not invited."

Maxann York said, "Please come."

Eric spoke to her sharply. "He's here now. Let him stay."

The old man might not have heard either of them. He said, "I told myself that I must come to welcome my new daughter."

He did not move to kiss her. Jessamine hesitated for a moment before she went toward him. He was not unfriendly, surely; it was more of a weighing of an opinion, like a judge. But she had to force herself forward. His cheek, when she put her lips to it, was stone-cold.

The old man's eyes stopped watching Willi too. Now he studied only Jessamine. He said simply, "It is this one, then. The lady." He patted Jessamine's shoulder. He said very quietly, "You love my son?"

Jessamine met his bright blue eyes. "Yes. I do."

"And you love her, Eric?"

Eric said, almost harshly, "Yes."

The old man smiled suddenly. His smile lit up his face, relaxed the sternness of its lines. He said, "You will call me as Eric does. Papa Raoul. It is good."

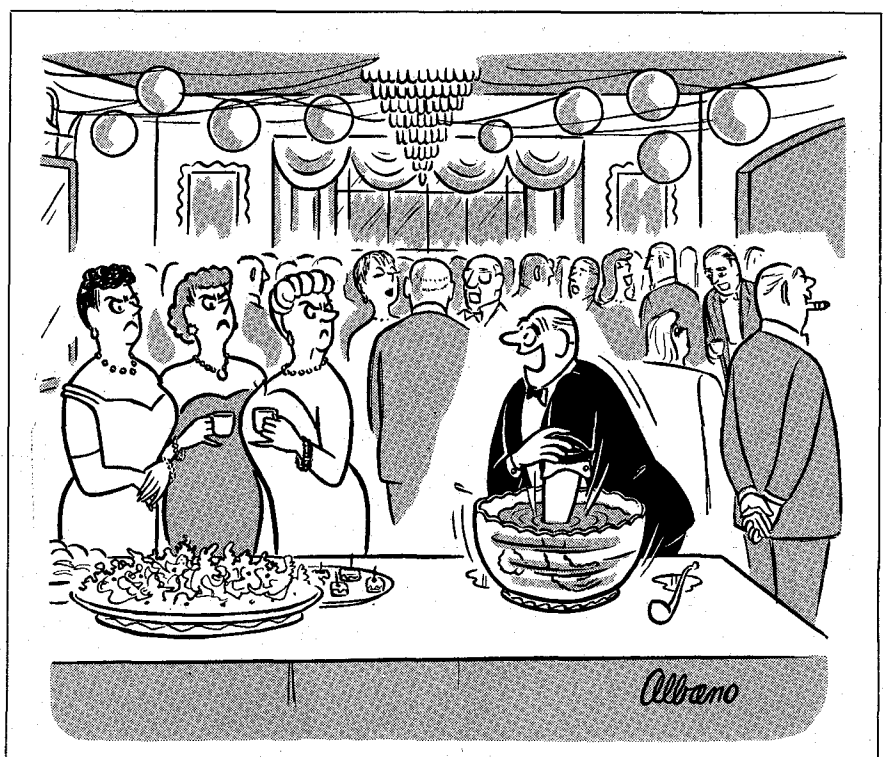
And somehow, with the coming of this old man, it was good.

Willi moved forward now with her bright smile. "I shall call you Papa Raoul too. After all, I would have married your son if I had seen him first. Since I didn't, I see only one thing to do. Papa Raoul, will you marry me?"

Papa Raoul's eyes twinkled back at her. But he said solemnly, "No."

Willi, with a crow of pure delight, seized his arm. "I love to have a man resist me. But don't worry. You won't escape."

Papa Raoul said gravely, "You think not?"



"Dropped my cup."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Maxann York was gone, as abruptly as she had come.

Papa Raoul said now, "I have brought my violin. I shall play for you."

The silence which settled was a polite one. It was also appalled. It became more silent, more appalled as the old man's calloused fingers fumbled with the shabby case and the instrument's strings.

But the music, when it came from the old violin, was clear and true; without technical mastery, perhaps, but with something much better: depths of emotion and feeling. He played Ave Maria, and there were tears on the cheeks of the expensively gowned and jeweled guests. He played part of the Moonlight Sonata, and they crowded around him, asking for more. But he refused politely. His eyes met Jessamine's across the crowded room. She smiled and he inclined his head slightly. She understood. The music was his wedding gift to her, the only gift he could make her. And of her gifts, it was the most treasured.

The gaiety of Willi with Papa Raoul was infectious. All around them people relaxed. Jessamine drew a deep breath. She put her hand on Eric's.

"Your father seems to be making a success of our wedding," she said breathlessly.

"And Willi." Eric was too polite.

"They do seem to get on well, don't they?"

"Can't we get away now?"

"Eric! There's the buffet. And the cake to cut."

He sighed.

Presently everyone was eating the inevitable creamed chicken in patty shells, which the aunts and uncles would, of course, expect, the fruit salad, the ice-cream molds. The cake was cut and passed. Jessamine escaped upstairs, throwing her camellias directly into Aine's arms.

Willi followed Jessamine, to lie gracefully on the bed as Jessamine changed.

"Hussy!" she said, her great eyes widening further at the sight of Jessamine's lingerie.

Jessamine blushed. Willi laughed delightedly.

"Love," said Willi, "is wonderful. I've almost forgotten."

"After three husbands?"

"They ended six weeks ago. How long a memory do you think I have? Although Reno wasn't exactly dull. I met the most fascinating Englishman named Nicholas Ostrander. Not a penny, unfortunately, but all that damned English charm." Willi stretched her dainty body, kicking her lovely legs. "Give. Where did you find the blue-eyed stranger? Why didn't you write big sister about him until you decided to marry him, literally?"

"I don't know," said Jessamine slowly. "I—there wasn't much to write until then. And it was—well, private. . . . Stop grinning like a Cheshire cat!"

"I keep thinking I should tell you the facts of life or something," said Willi. "But after all, you've seen me through three marriages. You must know ——"

"Really, Willi," said Jessamine.

Willi got up to feel the material of Jessamine's brown wool going-away suit. "Very nice," she said. "Looks expensive. Suitable. A bit tailored, perhaps."

"Well, so am I," said Jessamine. "I can't wear your frilly blouses and latest-fashion waistlines. I'm not the type. You look cute, but I look silly."

Willi nodded. "I know. I'm wondering about that hat. The feather may be a mistake. I mean, on you. I thought that yellow dress was. And you know you never handle high heels properly. I've often thought perhaps a tint to redden your hair a little. It's so brown. It was rough on you when we were children and Aunt Caroline wanted us to dress alike. Because I always picked the clothes and you just wore them, patiently. Why didn't you ever complain, darling? Why didn't you bite and kick and scratch, like I did when I didn't get my way?"

"Probably because I didn't want Aunt Caroline to throw water on me, as she did on you when you had a temper tantrum."

Willi laughed. "No. It was more than that. Why do you put up with me, Jessamine? Why don't you beat my ears off and throw me out of the house. Miller—you remember my first husband—was your beau before I married him. So was George."

"Don't, Willi." Jessamine repaired her lipstick with an unsteady hand. "We're sisters and we love each other, as sisters should. You put up with my faults and I put up with yours."

Willi came over suddenly to put her arms around her. Jessamine saw with surprise that Willi's cheeks, under her expertly mascaraed lashes, were wet.

"Willi."

Willi said suddenly, "If that Eric isn't good to you, I'll shoot him!"

"Now, no more shooting people."

They were both laughing when they went out into the hall where Eric was waiting.

He held Jessamine's fur jacket for her. "Your bags are in the car. Can't we sneak out the back way?"

"No, darling," said Willi. "You're in the Abbot clan now. Don't forget that. An Abbot never sneaks out anywhere. You will go down the front stairs and curtsy to the assembled company, who will throw sedate handfuls of rice at you, generally with infallible aim hitting you in the eye."

They went down the front stairs. They endured the sedate rice throwing. Finally they were out the door. For an intimate, unbelievable moment they were alone, Eric holding her arm, looking down at her. There was a flash.

Jessamine started, colored, laughed. "It's just a photographer."

"But we agreed on no pictures."

"I know," said Jessamine, regretful again at the decision. "I don't see why you were superstitious about it, but since you were, we didn't have any pictures of the ceremony. But I can't help this. He's just a photographer from one of the papers."

Eric's hand on her arm loosened, was gone. He went down the steps after the photographer, a bent blond man with huge shoulders. They engaged in an at first coldly polite, then a more heated controversy.

Jessamine was acutely conscious of the eyes of her aunts behind the lace parlor curtains, watching the bride and groom depart. She came down the steps alone.

"Eric," she said, "it doesn't matter, really. These aren't pictures of the wedding."

The photographer said, "I'm sick of arguing with you, guy. Nobody bribes me. Nobody tells me what pictures to take. You can't expect to become Mr. Abbot without somebody taking your picture."

Jessamine saw, with startled dismay, almost fright, the sudden blackness of Eric's anger, his violently clenched right fist. She went quickly between the two men. Eric turned his movement away from her. His arm brushed her jacket. She backed too hastily. She tripped on her high heels. She collided with the photographer. They went down in a heap. She heard the crash of his camera hitting the swept-clean stone steps, the tinkling sound of glass breaking.

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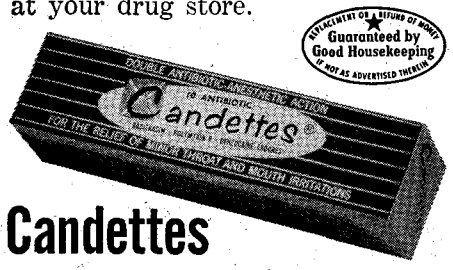

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They Believed I Was an Arab Prince

(Continued from Page 29)

rambling stucco home in the hills, our plans were set. While I sat regally in the car, Frank walked into the house and gave Reg and his guests the following pitch: "Look, folks, I'm in a little bit of a spot. I met a Saudi Arabian prince ——"

"A prince?"

"Yeah, King Saud's son. I met him at a party some Egyptian friends of mine threw in Beverly Hills the other night. He wants to see how Americans really live, and he asked me to show him around town. I've got him out in the car and ——"

"Right now?"

"Now. So look. I'm gonna bring him in. Now don't panic! He's a regular guy and he doesn't want any fuss made over him. Just remember to address him as 'your highness.' But one thing—be casual!"

With a brand of dignified casualness of his own, like Calvin Coolidge eating an ice-cream soda, Frank played doorman and opened both car and house doors for me.

And once inside: "Your Royal Highness Prince Hair, may I present ——"

"Xeer," I corrected with a condescending manner, pronouncing the "X" as though I were swabbing my throat with it. We had selected the name because it was unpronounceable.

"Hair," said Frank.

"Xeer," said I.

"Ah, yes. . . . Your highness, may I present ——" And around we went. To each of the men I gave a typically soft Arab handshake, and a "How arr you? Sank you very mush." The ladies each got a kiss on the hand, which I nearly muffed on account of my dark glasses and eagle beak.

Then no one moved.

"Would your highness care to sit down?" asked Betty Spurr.

I didn't answer. I hastily spotted the most imposing chair in the room, marched over to it like Yul Brynner imitating Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and sat down, curling my fingers around the arm rests as though the chair were a throne, and, so help me, I felt majestic, even though I was wearing desert boots, Bermuda shorts and a loud, peppermint-striped shirt.

No one spoke. The TV was tuned in to a pro football game. I pulled out a cigarette and Frank nearly broke a leg rushing over to light it for me. Then after scruting everyone deliberately through my inscrutable sunglasses, I fastened my royal orbs on the TV screen. Everyone sat down and did likewise.

No one spoke for five minutes.

Suddenly, "Asualcay!" reminded Frank in pig Latin; and "Do you like football, your highness?" asked Denny Owen, a rugged college footballer.

"Foutball?"

"Ah—don't they play football in your country?"

"I—sink—no."

"Well ——" And he good-heartedly launched into an explanation of the game. This seemed to ease the tension considerably, and someone else asked me if I would like a beer. I gave him the royal *oui*, and Denny and Frank went into the kitchen. I overheard this conversation:

DENNY: Cripes, I can't hardly stand it! A prince! Here! And watchin' the Rams on TV!

FRANK: Take it easy, will ya, Denny? He'll hear you.

DENNY: What's the deal on the candy-stripe shirt, huh, Frank?

FRANK: Oh, he's just trying to be one of the boys. Here, give him his beer.

DENNY: A can, Frank—a can? We gotta give it to 'im in a glass!

FRANK: Nah, he's a regular guy, I tell ya.

DENNY: Well, O.K.

And at this point I turned on my thro—— er—chair, and saw rugged Denny carefully wiping and rubbing the top of the beer can with the tail of his clean white shirt.

Meanwhile, the Rams won the game, the TV was turned off and everyone became convivial. I learned later that some of the people in the room rather sided with the Israelis in the Arab-Israel dispute, but they were warm and friendly, and never gave a sign of their feelings. They were even suggesting night clubs that they thought I should visit, places like the world-famous Mocambo.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Courteous Counter-Attack

By Anita Raskin

You, well-meaning friend,
With candor to spend,
Mean well when you tell me
my faults,
When you point out each
lack,
When you sweetly attack
My mistakes with your
kindly assaults.

But stop to reflect in the
midst of your railing:
Isn't fault-finding a bit of a
failing?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Yesss, what about zis Mookomboo?" I said. The prince's next step was kismet.

At the Mocambo that night, they were expecting me. Frank had telephoned ahead, and "Right this way, your honor," said Johnny, the genial *maître d'* as he led me to the best table in the club.

"It's 'your ighnesshay,'" Frank murmured to Johnny in tight-lipped pig Latin, and "My achin' back, I goofed!" yelped Johnny, slapping his forehead with the heel of his hand.

Gracious Mary Morrison, owner of the Mocambo, joined our table and brought with her the featured entertainer, Edie Adams, of Daisy Mae fame in the Broadway production of Li'l Abner. Edie noted my dark glasses, suggested that if my eyes were sensitive to light, it might be wise to wear contact lenses. I promised to discuss the matter with the royal physician. The ladies left.

Then Jack Morrison, who claims kinship to Mary, sat down with us.

"Is your majesty on a business trip?" he asked.

I ignored the question and "Ixnay, ixnay!" whispered Frank. He then told Morrison in pig Latin that I was in some trouble back home, and he had best stay clear of the subject.

Morrison wiped his brow and suddenly summoned the Mocambo's instrumentalists. They clustered around our table, and soon music was in the air and an accordion practically in my ear.

"Any requests, your majesty?" asked Morrison.

"You'll have to speak more slowly, Jack," advised Frank. "The prince sometimes has difficulty understanding."

"Oh. Uh—does—your—majesty—have—some—favorite—song—or—tune?" Morrison queried, spacing his words carefully. I popped a cigarette in my mouth and Frank lit it.

"Ah. Well, I do not know," I faltered, putting the em-*pha*-sis on the "not." "I sink—Franch music, purhops."

I got French music. Boy, did I get French music! At Morrison's command, the quartet swung into a medley of French songs that lasted half an hour. They played every French number they knew, and what they didn't know, they made up, and when they'd done that, they started all over again.

By the third go-round of La Vie en Rose, Morrison had made some phone calls, and soon we were joined by the owners of the Encore and the Crescendo, and a star choreographer from one of the major film studios. As each one arrived, Morrison would explain in a whisper, "He's killed someone in Saudi Arabia, and now he's in exile. Speak slowly."

Then, "Your majesty," he said, turning to me, "I want you to be my guest this evening. I'd like to take you around to a few clubs and show you a bit of what we call 'Americana.'"

"Yesss, sank you very mush"—and with a hiss, a blare of French music and a wake of turned heads, we were leaving.

"Incidentally," whispered Frank to Morrison as we hit the door, "call him 'your highness.' 'Your majesty' is reserved for his father."

Morrison slapped his forehead. "Oh, my achin' back!"

At the Encore, the magic of Frank Ortega and his piano was the featured entertainment. Ortega was introduced to me, and before he could get back to his piano to start the show, Morrison caught his arm and whispered in his ear. Ortega nodded. In a moment, I was hearing La Vie en Rose, Autumn Leaves—in short, the lot.

"Your maj—— your highness," Morrison probed, trying to penetrate my dark glasses with his stare, "isn't there some one song that is your favorite?" I said yes and told him what it was. Quicker than you could say Nebuchadnezzar, Ortega was at the microphone, saying, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, a special request number dedicated to our royal visitor, Prince Khairallah el Hair from Saudi Arabia." Then came applause. Then came the song. The song was Danny Boy.

The Crescendo, where the Mary Kaye Trio was singing up a storm, was much the same old Arabian Nights story, except that Frank Ross, the very talented comedian of the trio, nabbed me as we were leaving and said he would be "honored if your highness were to be my guest for dinner some evening and meet my family." I was deeply moved.

I was moved equally by Jack's little speech in the car as we headed for our next destination. I had protested that I could not allow Jack to pay for all this gala entertainment.

"No, no, no," declared Morrison firmly. "In my country you are my guest."

"You are very kind, Zhack," I said. "You know—you know how zey treat my fazzer in New York when he come, and ziss Mayor Wagnair."

"Believe me, your maj—— your highness, believe me"—and he nearly drove off Laurel Canyon cliff as he waved his arm to emphasize the point—"what happened in New York was not representative. That is not—am I talking too fast for you, sir?—well, what Wagner did was not representative of the American people. We're just not that way. I mean, I know *I'm* not that way. I mean, I don't care who you are or what your politics or

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religion is. You're my guest and I respect you, right? I mean, if I came to Saudi Arabia, you'd do the same for me, right?"

"Yesss, yesss," I hissed brokenly, and for the first time removed my dark glasses to dab at what I hoped would pass for tears in my eyes. "I am so happy you say ziss, Zhack!" I sobbed.

"That's O.K., prince," said Morrison. "Look, someday I'm gonna visit your country and you can show me around, right?"

"Yesss." I was silent for a time, brooding. Then, "Zhack," I said, "before you come, you mus' send to me wire, so I tell you where I am. I am not always in same palace. Sometime in Jidda palace, sometime in Riyadh palace, sometime uzzer palace. If you not come to right palace, sometime not easy to travel to right one in my country. Maybe zey not allow you."

"Yeah," said Jack, wide-eyed. "Yeah, yeah." We nearly went off the road again.

In the flip of a bat's wing, we were in the San Fernando Valley, at a place called The Rag Doll. "Look, your maj——your highness," explained Morrison before we went in. "Anybody can take you to the Mocambo and the Beverly Hilton and those plush places. I mean, you're used to that kind of big-time operation. Am I talkin' too fast for you? No? O.K. Well, look, this Rag Doll—this is it. This is real Americana; this is the way the American people really like to live it up. But get set for something unusual!"

It was unusual, all right. It was crowded with teen-age bopsters, and on the stage were the Four Russo Brothers, a mad, radical quartet who stood up and gyrated as they played. I'm sure they'd never played a slow number in their entire careers. But their moment had come. One of the Russos took the microphone, announced a "special request for our honored guest from Saudi Arabia" (here the quartet picked up with The Sheik of Araby for a few bars), "Prince Hair, the son of King Saud. Ladies and gentlemen, the prince's favorite song!" Naturally the mad Russos played a dirgeful rendition of Danny Boy. Then they swung into a medley of French fox-trot numbers, and as they did, I felt a tap-tap-tapping at my shoulder. I swiveled around.

"Your highness," said a young, blond-haired lad seated at the table back of me. "Your highness, please pardon me. I've been working up my courage to say hello to you for half an hour. You see, I'd like to shake your hand. I've never shaken hands with a prince before. I mean, I've never even seen a prince before. Gee, I hope you don't mind my talking to you like this."

"For why I mind?" I said warmly.

"I mean, you're a prince."

"So, prince cannot talk to uzzer people? I am not different from you; no, not different," and I shook his hand, chatted with him for a bit, and turned back with his "Gee" still hot in my ears. Morrison's date, who had been sitting beside me and had heard the entire exchange, leaned over to me, peered glowingly into my dark glasses, and, with her hand on my arm, whispered, "You're so kind." Well, maybe I am.

As we said good-by to The Rag Doll and a ridiculous evening, we ran into the emcee, Lou Southern, who was just coming in the door.

"Lou," said Morrison, "I want you to meet a real right guy, His Royal Highness Prince Hair ——"

"Xeer!"

"Uh—Chair—King Saud's son."

"Why, yes," glowed Southern, pumping my hand up and down, "I recognize you from your pictures!" I got out of there fast.

But my name was spreading even faster. Two days after the Mocambo bit, I found myself invited to a special viewing of a TV rehearsal by N.B.C. studios in Burbank. Frank drove me out there, and when we pulled up to the gate he asked the guard for an N.B.C. public-relations Joe who was to be our guide.

"Is that the prince?" whispered the guard.

"Yeah," whispered Frank.

"Yes, sir," snapped the guard. "Park right through there in the 'star' lot, sir, and use the artists' entrance, sir." We were in again.

The public-relations man nodded as Frank cautioned him to "speak slowly," and then took us on a tour of the facilities. As we headed for the George Gobel set, "Here comes three guys who look like they're takin' over the joint!" Morey Amsterdam squalled at us in high good humor. I gave him an uncomprehending freeze as I walked by, and "Sh-h-h, I'll explain later," whispered my guide to him in an aside.

We sat up in the audience bleachers and watched George Gobel, Eddie Fisher, Phil Harris and the Rose Bowl Queen quip through rehearsal of an hour show. Then the public-relations man stepped down onto the set, whispered something to Gobel, and soon the two of them were coming up our way. Gobel straightened his tie and patted back the barbed fringes of his crew-cut as he approached.

"Well, there you are, your highness," he called out.

"Yesss, I am here," I hissed.

"George Gobel, Prince Hair," said the public-relations man.

"Xeer, Xeer," I insisted. . . . "I am glad I meet you, Mr. Zhobel."

"Gobel, Gobel," said George. "How did you like the show?"

"Iss what?"

"You'll have to speak slowly, George," said the public-relations man.

"How—did—you—like—the—show?" repeated George.

"Verry nice, verry. Verry funny. Also, you sing verry nice, I sink."

"Oh—thank—you—for—the—honor—your—highness."

"Iss nossing. Before you do zis you are singer, no?"

"No. I—sang—in—a—church—choir—when—I—was—a—boy,—but—then—my—voice—cracked—and—it—was—never—good—enough—after—that—so—I—took—up—comedy."

"No, you sing verry good."

"Thank—you—for—the—honor—your—highness."

"Nossing," I said, and lit my own cigarette, which was bad, because the cigarette lighter I used came from the University of Southern California, where I work, and when you strike it, little chimes play Fight On.

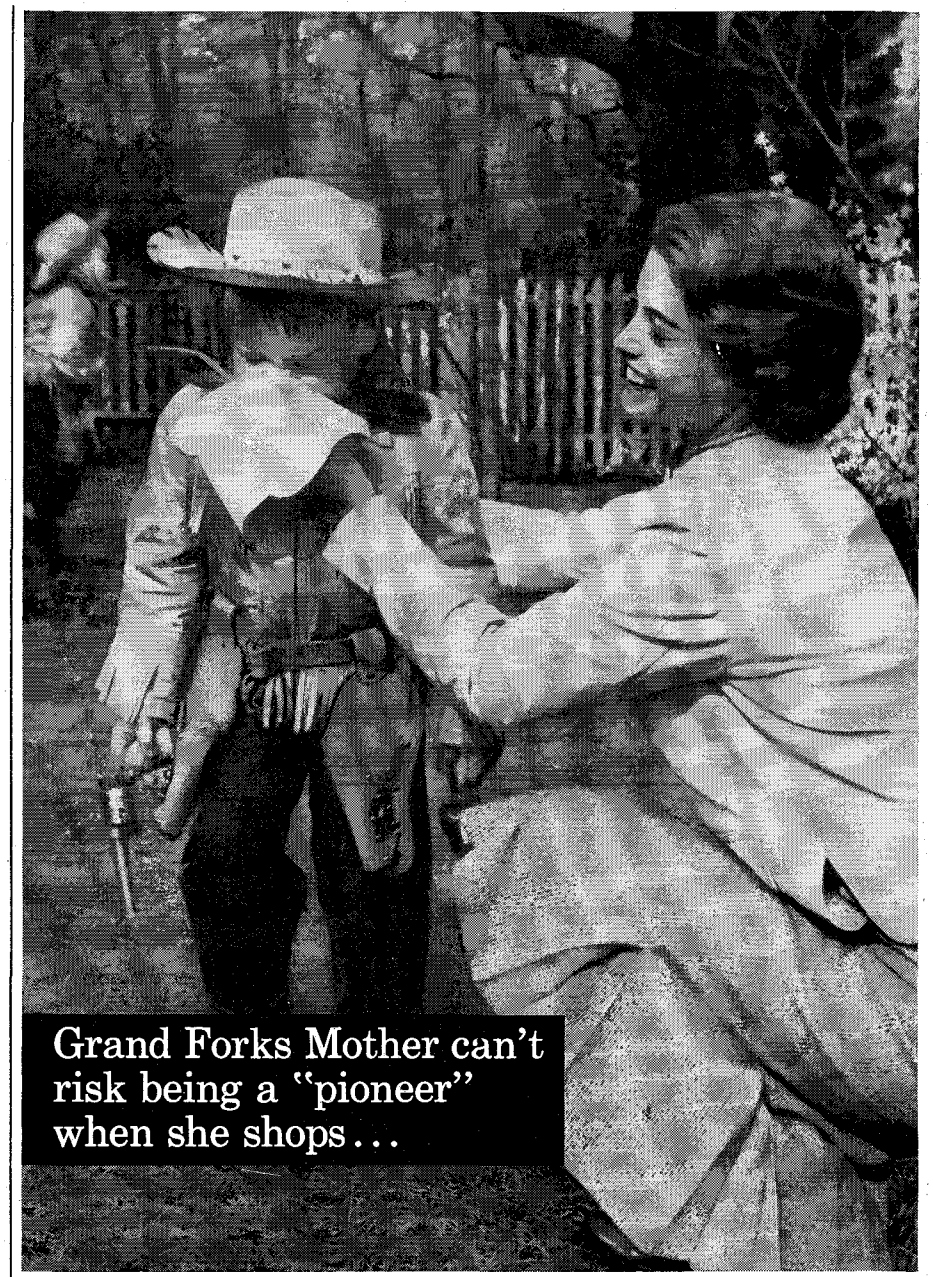
"Well, well, well," said George, eying the lighter and forgetting to slow down.

"Uh—his highness," said Frank, "was the guest of the Arab Students' Club at U.S.C. last month and they presented him with the lighter as a little memento. Heh, heh." He laughed weakly.

"Well—isn't—that—nice?" said George. "Well—gotta—go—see—what—I—did—wrong—at—rehearsal. Thank—you—your—highness—for—this—great—honor—in—visiting—us."

"Iss nossing," I said, and as George left, I turned to the public-relations guy and said, "Mr. Zhobel, why he speak so slow?" The P.R. guy didn't know.

But he did know that Leo Durocher, now an N.B.C. man, was near at hand, and he introduced him to me.



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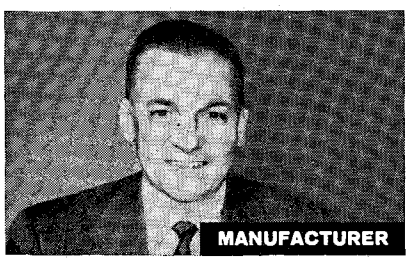

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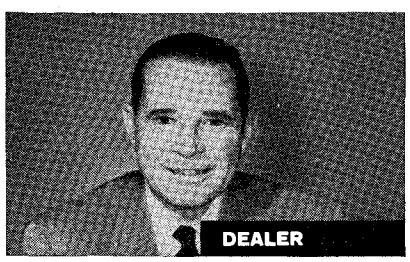

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"Well, your highness," said the affable, quick-talking, ex-baseball great, "great pleasure to be able to meet you."

"Iss nossing. Pleasure for me. I sink I know you are who. You are wis Brookleen Dozhars; yes, you are very famows. You are—how you call it?—ze Mouth."

"Ah, no, your highness," chuckled Durocher. "It's The Lip. But I left the Dodgers and went with the Giants, but I left them, too, and now I'm with this studio. You like baseball, your highness?"

"His highness used to watch the Air Force boys at Dhahran play ball quite a bit," explained Frank.

"Oh, yeah?" said Durocher, brightening. Then, at a machine-gun clip, he began, "Well, it's a great thing, O'Malley bringing the Dodgers out here, you know, your highness, but they got problems, see? I mean, the problem is the ball park. Now they got this Coliseum. But with the Coliseum, you've got home plate situated in the east corner, so the sun is shining right in the batter's eye!" He took a baseball stance and gripped an imaginary bat.

"Now what batter's gonna want to stand up there with the sun shinin' right in his eyes, huh? I mean, how would you like it, your highness, huh? No, you wouldn't. It's a problem, didn't I tell ya?"

He put his arm around my shoulder and someone shot our picture together. "I'll send you the print; you can send it home to your father," said Lippy kindly. "Now, O'Malley with the Dodgers, I don't know what they're gonna do about a park. That doggone sun." He looked up at me. "Say, prince, you're all right. You really know your baseball."

Lippy knew his baseball, too, and he was more than "all right." With the visiting stranger, this alleged ranting, raving terror of the major-league umpires proved one of the most kindly, charming and gracious people I've ever met.

We stumbled onto another set, but I got out of there in a hurry because ten feet away from me was Charlie Ruggles. As Bill Blatty, I once had dinner with him at a Boy Scout benefit and I figure he knows a prince from a chow hound. Frank and I took off, leaving N.B.C. and a bewildered public-relations man behind us.

The word about the "prince" was getting around. The erroneous word was also getting around that Frank was still with the FBI and assigned to guard me. Maybe this was because Frank always wore his hat indoors, but what I really want to tell you is that the rumor was a useful tool.

Frank was useful in other ways. He had once made the acquaintance of Regis Toomey, veteran actor and "Arvid Abrnathy" of Guys and Dolls fame. The inevitable happened and Regis was introduced to me.

"Well, prince," Toomey told me, "is there anything I can do to make your visit to our country more interesting? Do you have movies in your country? I mean, would you like me to introduce you to some of your favorite movie stars? Who's your favorite actress?"

"Hedy Lemarr," I responded.

"Well, she's not around right now," said Regis. "How about actors, who's your favorite?"

I pondered for a while. "Rudolph Valentino," I answered finally.

"Ah. Well, he's not around either." And to Frank he murmured, "Are those pictures just now getting out there?"

Regis finally decided to introduce me to Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson. The Powells, in turn, invited me to their home and to dinner, where our conversation was memorable as a Madison Square Garden handball match between Kim Novak and John Foster Dulles:

DICK: Did you accompany your father to Washington when he was visiting here a while back, your highness?

ME: No. Ziss my bruzzer Masshur.

DICK: Oh. How many brothers do you have, your highness?

ME: (*waving a dinner olive absently*): I—do not know. Ah—forty, I sink—purhops.

DICK: Perhaps?

ME: Purhops. I do not count.

DICK: Ulp!

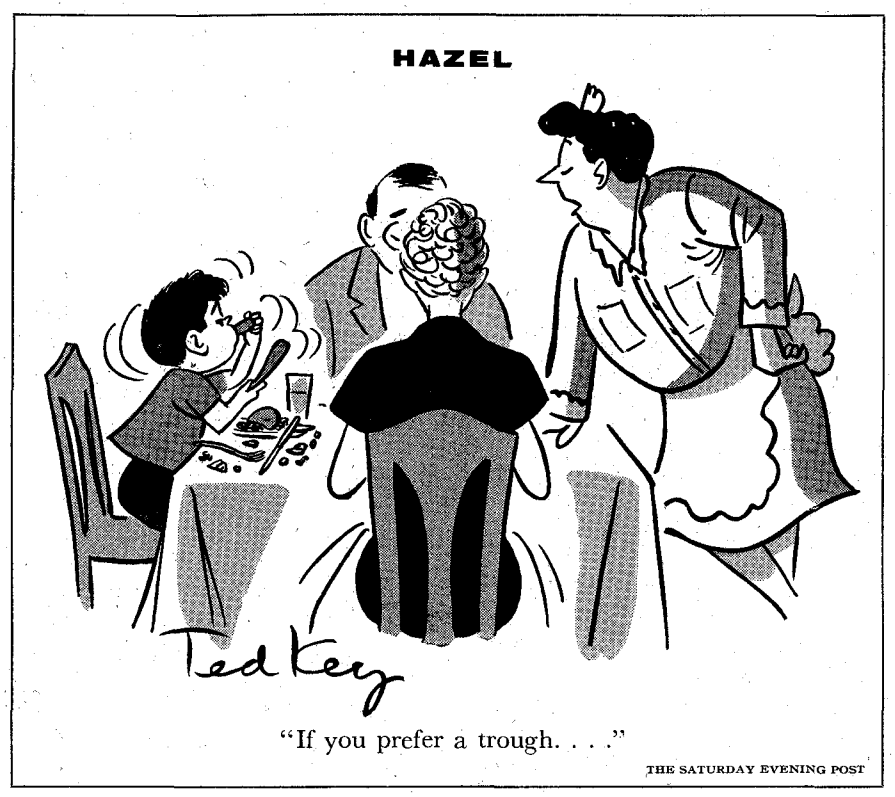
JUNE: Ulp!

DICK: Ah, that's quite a family you've got there, your highness. I like a big family myself.

JUNE (*uneasily*): Ah—me too.

DICK: How—many sisters do you have, sir?

ME: In my country we not count girl shildren, only boy shildren.



JUNE: I see. My, but your mother must be awfully busy keeping up with your family.

ME: I have four muzzer.

JUNE: *What*? I mean—excuse me—what was that you said, your highness?

ME: My fazzer have four wife.

JUNE: Oh. (*Bites into celery.*)

There was a brief session of throat clearing and coughing by the Powells as the main course was served. I, for my part, contributed to the general merriment in my own, inimitable, princely way. I sliced a delicious-looking sirloin into large but neat pieces, put down my knife and fork, and then ceremoniously picked up a morsel in each hand and chomped on them desert style, showing special favor to neither. Dick watched me, wide-eyed. Then I finger-snagged a sour-cream-covered baked potato for a good slobbering munch, and I think June was watching me. When I took a dripping handful of tossed salad with Thousand Island dressing to my mouth, I don't know who was watching me, because I didn't dare look or I'd have broken up.

An excruciating silence ensued, punctuated only by my chomping and noisy finger licking. But as I sneaked a look through my dark glasses, both Dick and June put down their forks and, without a word, dipped into the salad with their fingers!

"Now, about your family," said Dick, licking his fingers. I couldn't help feeling right then that there was something of a prince and princess in the Powells.

But my own princeliness had its hazards, and the hazards became brilliantly apparent to me one day as I was slurping clam chowder in the Student Union Building at the University of Southern California. A willowy blonde seated at a table opposite me was in the act of buttering a soda cracker when "Good heavens, it's the prince!" she exclaimed, dropping her knife.

I, for my part, dropped my teeth. SC has foreign students from seventy-two nations enrolled and I guess she thought I was one of them.

"Whaddya mean, 'prince'?" said Glenn Wilcox, of the SC music department, who was lunching with her.

"The prince—the prince of Saudi Arabia," she whispered urgently.

"Where?"

"There!"

"Him?"

"He!"

"You must be kidding. That's Bill Blatty, our publicity man."

"Don't be ri-*dic*-ulous, Glenn; that's a prince from Saudi Arabia! I saw him at a night club and they announced who he was. I guess I ought to know who I saw!"

"Well, I guess I ought to know who I drive to work every morning!" said Glenn, raising his voice a little and waving his spoon around in surrealistic circles, and maybe there was more arguing, but I don't know, because I whisked out of there as fast as my royal legs would carry me. I mean, sometimes it's a strain!

But strained or relaxed, my weekends and evenings began overflowing with fraud and laughter. No one detected my true identity. But this was not surprising. At the age of sixteen I had played the title role in Cyrano de Bergerac. At the age of nineteen, I had kidnaped the Villanova wildcat for Georgetown by masquerading as an Augustinian priest and persuading the watchmen guarding the cat—Villanova was expecting a raid—to load the mascot aboard a truck for me, so I could "deliver it to a Villanova pep rally." What I mean is, between the acting and OSS-type experience I had acquired at college, plus an intimate knowledge of the Middle East gained through a recent two-year tour over there with USIA, detecting the fraud behind the prince was almost beyond the power of any human agent.

Meanwhile, I saw Regis Toomey again, and he wanted to work an invitation for me to Danny Thomas' home and hearth, but I avoided that one as I would a camel's breath. Danny speaks fluent Arabic. I do, too, but he would immediately have been able to spot the fact that I use a Lebanese and not a Saudi Arabian dialect. I also turned down an indirect invitation to a dinner for ex-FBI agents in the Los Angeles area. I mean, what the hell!

But there was one dinner I didn't miss. That was the night a noted Hollywood publicist invited me along to an evening at "Prince" Mike Romanoff's. And thus it was that in the cool of the evening, "prince" met "prince"—ingenious impostor met up-and-coming challenger.

For the whole world smiles at the fact that "Prince" Mike Romanoff is really Harry Gerguson, an ex-tailor from Brooklyn, but if you think I was going to tell him that I was Bill Blatty from Brooklyn—well, you're crazy. .

The publicist and I were seated at our table no longer than it takes grease to slide down an icicle when "Prince" Romanoff hovered into view.

"Well, hello there," he smiled genially, coming up to us.

"Hi, Mike. . . . Uh—your highness, Prince Kheer, may I present his highness, 'Prince' Romanoff?"

"How arr you?" I murmured.

"A pleasure," said Romanoff.

"His highness," said the publicist, "is from Saudi Arabia. You know, King Saud's son."

"Oh, of course—of course." For one memorable, tremendous moment, Romanoff's gaze locked with mine. It was toe-to-toe and there was silence in the arena. The moment passed.

"I hope you're enjoying your visit to our country," said the Russian "prince." The Arab "prince" smiled. The Russian "prince" excused himself and was gone. It was over.

"Uh—by the way, your highness," said the publicist, "there's something I think you ought to know. I mean, I think I ought to tell you."

"Iss *what?*"

"Well, 'Prince' Romanoff—he isn't really a prince."

Our shrimp cocktail had arrived and, "Iss *what?*" I demanded.

"I say, he's not a prince. Everyone knows it, but we like him so much we go along with the gag. No harm done."

I put down my shrimp fork. "But iss *not* prince!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Sorry, I am insult." And rising majestically, I strode out of the dining room, out of Romanoff's and out of my life as a prince, because, brother, I believe in quitting while you're ahead!

Besides, I was too much in demand. Being publicity director for the University of Southern California leaves little time for "princing" and people were beginning to wonder—according to Hanrahan—why the "prince" never accepted appointments, other than weekends, earlier than six P.M. So I retired the "prince."

My dark glasses now lie despondently in a desk drawer and the "prince" is dead. But our original question is still alive: How do Americans feel about royalty?

Certainly, I've demonstrated—to my own satisfaction, at least—that Americans are warm, hospitable and generous to an extreme when it comes to wayfaring visitors and princes from alien shores. Yes indeed—that I've proved.

The real test comes now: How will my celebrity friends receive me as a commoner from Brooklyn! THE END

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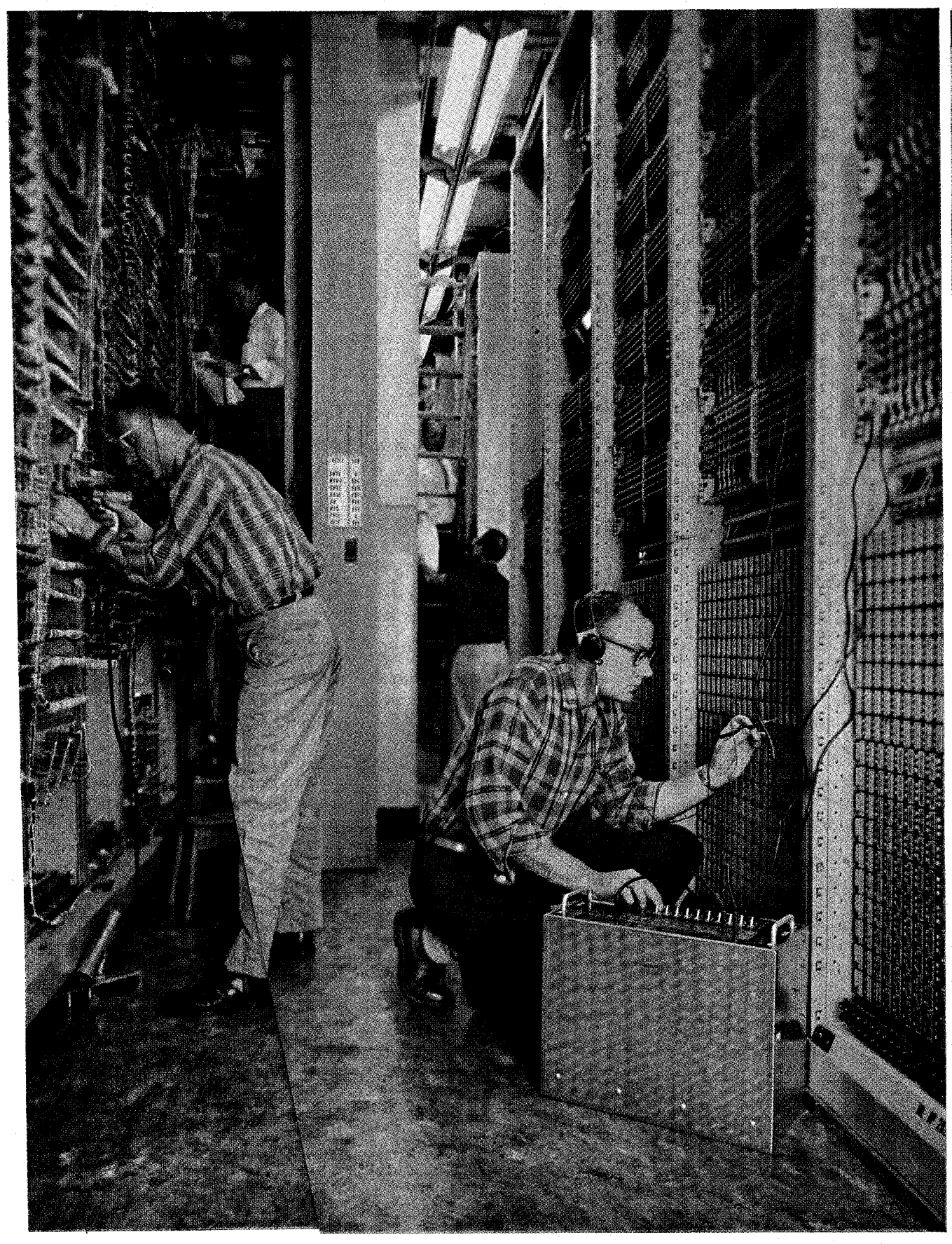

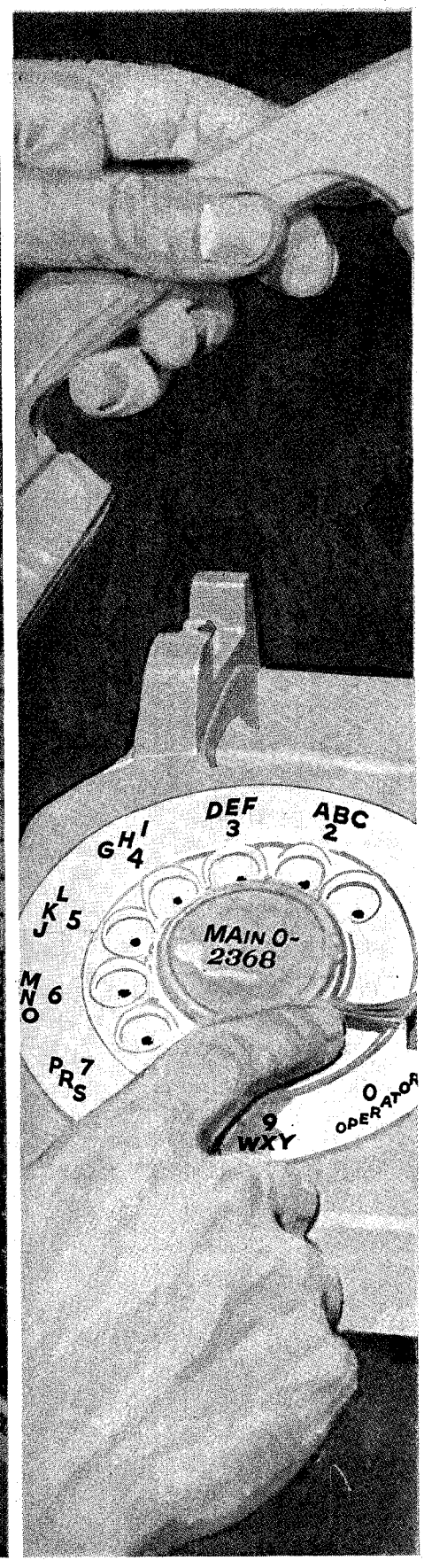

Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

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(at family fares)*

on the incomparable
EMPIRE BUILDER

You and the children go carefree on the Empire Builder. Great mountain scenery from Great Dome seats. Superb meals in diner or Ranch Car. Roomy Pullman privacy and comfort. Arrive rested, ready for fun . . . money ahead!*

***FAMILY PLAN FARES:** Leave Monday through Thursday; return any day. Dad pays full fare; mother and children pay half-fare or less.

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Keeping Posted

Soldier-Writer

Edwin William Chamberlain, whose latest war fiction is the stirring serial on page 43, recalls that when he was a lad in Challis, Idaho, the only scheduled transportation to the outside world was a six-horse stagecoach. The town was 60 miles from a railroad; it still is, but the stagecoach isn't running now. In due course, Chamberlain went through West Point, class of 1927. He chose the Coast Artillery on the promise of a Philippines assignment—a fine idea, for there he met an "army brat" named Marian and married the lady. Their first son, Infantry Captain Edwin W., Jr., is now in Germany with his wife and Edwin, Sr.'s, three grandchildren. The second son, John, was killed in action in Korea. The last son, Craig, "is happily still with us" in Rockville, Md.

World War II found Chamberlain on the War Department General Staff. He got transferred from Artillery to Infantry, hoping to get out of Washington, "but the skulduggery didn't work"; however, he went overseas on special missions, one of which gave him local color for his Burma story about Merrill's Marauders, "a great, unsung group of American volunteers." In 1945 he was made a brigadier general. He got the D.S.M. "for doing very little," he says, and in 1946 he was retired for physical disability. Bill Chamberlain dropped the first name from his by-line way back when he began writing Army stories as a second lieutenant—"They were a bit critical in a fun-loving way, and I wanted to dissociate them fom Elwin, the hard-working shavetail."

Bill Chamberlain likes to write wh soft music playing; Mrs. C. starts the machine as author starts day's work.

Tales of the Authors

Bill (the Prince) Blatty and his wife.

Bob / Ginny Ruark.

In a hilarious piece called I'M INVISIBLE TO ARABS (Feb. 23, 1957, Post), **William Blatty,** then a U.S. Foreign Service man in Beirut, told about inadvertently picking up choice earfuls of conversations between Arabs who didn't dream he understood Arabic. On page 28 this New York-born son of Lebanese parents does a zany switch, confessing that he recently bamboozled unsuspecting Hollywood stars into believing he was a visiting Arabian prince. What next? He has a publicity post at the University of Southern California, but since he has done some acting, and was being tested for a Hollywood role when he was sent to Beirut, maybe he'll wind up in the movies.

Although columnist-author **Robert Ruark** has recently spent time in North America, Australia, Africa, India, Japan, Cuba, New Zealand, Singapore and (see page 24) New Guinea, actually he lives in two houses in Spain. One house is in Barcelona; the other he and his wife Ginny have built at Palamós on three green acres that run down to the blue Mediterranean—"It has books, replaces, elephant tusks, tiger s, and the cook looks like Ingri ergman and the lady butler like I Taylor. So you can conceive that m not entirely dissatisfied with pain."

lliam Eastlake, the author wh s first-timing on page 34, has a ra n north of Albuquerque which i ades a complete mesa, and he es it will become a sanctuary for otes and big cats. He is more ndly than the Government, which inks these creatures should be exrminated.

Now You Can Hear Him

The late Vice President **Alben W. Barkley** was a wonderful storyteller; when That Reminds Me ——, his autobiography, written with **Sidney Shalett,** ran in the Post in 1954, and appeared as a Doubleday book, much of its charm lay in the Veep's many priceless anecdotes. Yet the full charm could not quite be realized in print—one needed to *hear* this artful raconteur. Well, The Barkley-Shalett conversations were tape-recorded and are available on a long-playing Folkways record. Including the Barkley hog call.

NEXT W K'S POST:
"A Visit W Bobby Jones"

Bob Jones lf's champion of champion stimates the pressures of t ro tournament circuit—in ding next week's Masters, d he gives his frank opinion today's top pros and amateurs.

Printed in U.S.A.

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